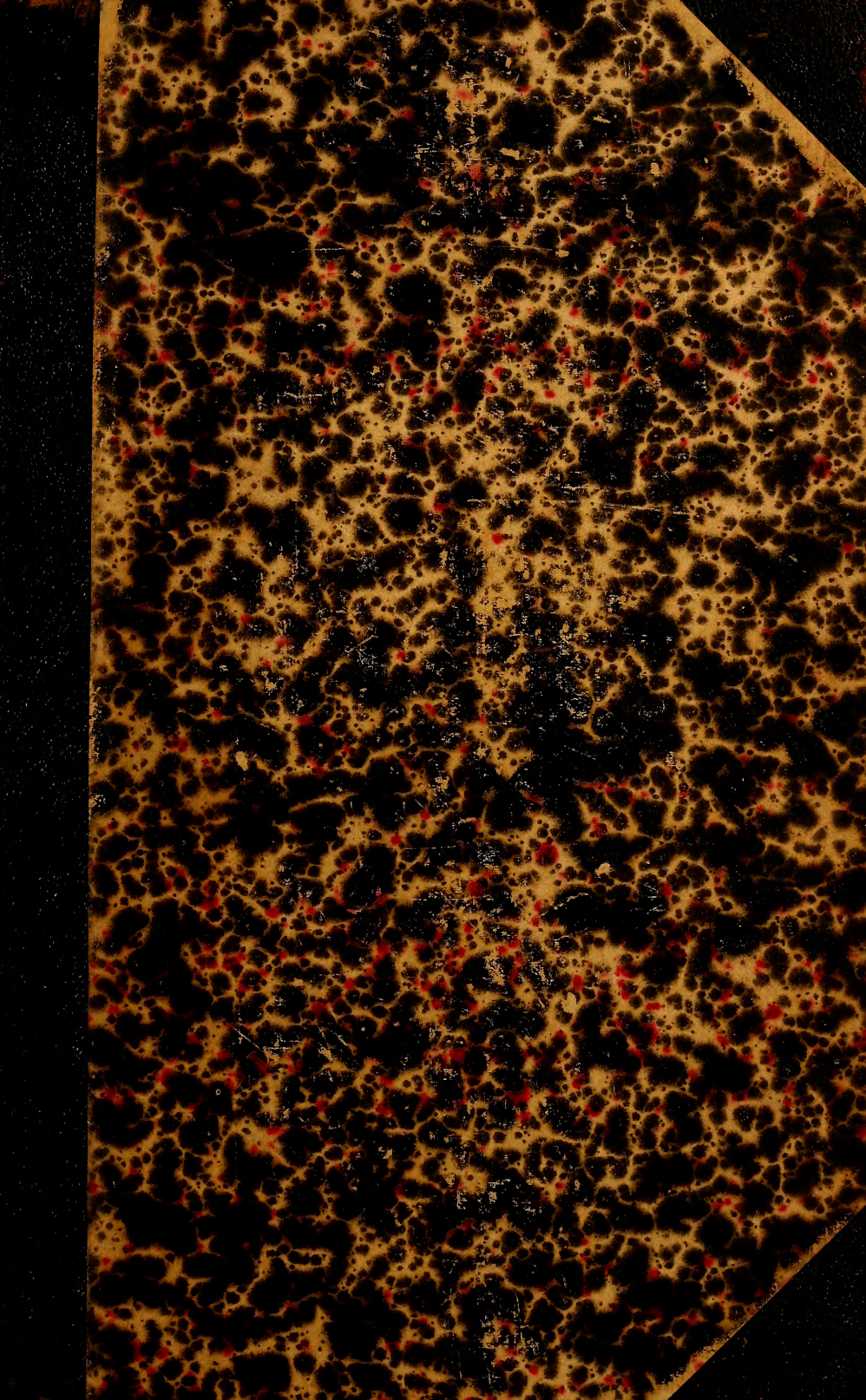




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THE

LAND WE LOVE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Military History, and Agriculture.

VOLUME I.

MAY---OCTOBER, 1866.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. I.

MAY, 1866.

VOL. I.

EDUCATION.

THE Latin poet has beautifully said that they who change their sky do not change their minds. The emigrant from his natal soil carries with him his old opinions, his old sentiments, and his old habits. In selecting a place for his residence in the land of his adoption, he seeks some hill or vale which resembles the spot on which stands the dear old homestead far away. The new edifice is made as near alike as may be to the paternal building. His garden, his vineyard, his orchard, his grounds are fashioned after the models so fondly cherished in his memory. His style of living, his mode of thought, his habits, his manners, his passions, and his prejudices will all be unchanged. The accents that first struck his childish ear will still be heard with delight, and most joyfully will he meet some countryman from that loved land, with whom he may converse in his sacred native tongue. And still more grateful will it be to him to find a colony of his own people, where familiar tones will ever greet him, and where the worship and customs of his fathers will ever be preserved. And in fact it is just because men do not change their minds with their sky that these colonies so frequently dot the surface of this mighty Republic. To us

there is something beautiful in this love for home and home associations, this clinging to the language, the religion, and the customs transmitted from generation to generation; and we never pass such a settlement from the Old World without the feeling that they who venerate the traditions of the past will respect the laws of the present, and that they whose hearts go out toward those of their own blood and tongue are the better prepared thereby to exercise benevolence toward all mankind. He who does not love his own family better than the whole of the rest of the world, who does not love his own land better than all the countries on earth, is so far from being a Christian and patriot, that he is a *monster* utterly unworthy of trust and confidence. The Apostle Paul pronounces him to be worse than an infidel. So strong was sectional love in the great apostle himself that he could wish himself accursed from Christ for the sake of his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh. Moses, the heaven-appointed leader of Israel, who talked with God face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, went even beyond Paul in his devotion to his people, and did actually offer the request which Paul expressed his willingness to offer:

"Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book, which thou hast written."

Among the sweet psalms of David, the man after God's own heart, and constituting a part of the sacred canon of Scripture, is the touching lament of the captive at Babylon as the representative of the true-hearted Israelite, invoking a fearful curse upon himself if ever found wanting in love to his native land. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Jeremiah, the holy prophet who was sanctified ere he was born, represents himself as weeping day and night for the miseries of his people. Nehemiah, while a member of the household of the king of Babylon, and occupying toward him the confidential relation of cup-bearer, had no relish for the enjoyments of that most luxurious city when he heard the sad news from his native land. So profound was his grief that the imperious monarch noticed it, and was offended. "Wherefore, the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live forever: why should not my countenance be sad when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed by fire?"

With all these holy men of old, love to their own nation was a part of their religion, nor did they understand that modern philanthropy which consists in going to the uttermost parts of the earth to seek objects of its beneficence, while squalor, ignorance, sin and misery are all around it at home. One of this school, whose name is a household word throughout the civilized world, visited every abode of wretchedness in Europe, but left his own son to become a maniac through

neglect and cruelty. On the contrary, our Saviour spent his energies and his activities in Judea and Galilee. His life of labor, privation, and suffering passed away among his own people. His last instructions to his disciples were to begin their ministry at Jerusalem, the capital of his native country. His example hallows the sweet charities which begin at home, and sheds a fragrance around that holy feeling which burns in the bosom of the patriot for the land we love.

But we of the South, however much we may revere our ancestors and their time-honored usages, and though the same sky be over our heads which looked down upon theirs, must yet of necessity change our minds upon many subjects, else our very name and nation will be taken away. Our system of labor has been abolished, our currency destroyed and our whole social organization has been overturned. Thousands of elegant mansions, the princely seats of luxury and refinement, where a magnificent hospitality was dispensed with a lordly hand, are now but heaps of rubbish and ashes. Thousands of acres, which once groaned under the weight of the golden harvest, are now waste and desolate places—the habitation, it may be, of reptiles and wild beasts. Hundreds of the sanctuaries of the Most High, where men were wont to go up to take sweet counsel together, are now marked by blackened walls or piles of ruins. "Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste. . . . The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sigh. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth. Our country is desolate, our cities are burned with fire; and the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city." A change has come over us mightier far than that made by the

poor emigrant, who changes his sky, and we *must* make our minds correspond to the new state of things. First of all, we must make a total radical change in our system of education. We must abandon the æsthetic and the ornamental for the practical and the useful. We need practical farmers, miners, machinists, engineers, manufacturers, navigators, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., etc., to develop the immense resources of our country, which war has not been able to destroy. Agriculture must be studied as a science, with all its coördinate branches—chemistry, geology, mineralogy, meteorology. Mining must next claim our attention, as our country is rich in iron, copper, gold, lead, zinc, manganese, lime, gypsum, salt, marble, etc., etc. These two (farming and mining) must chiefly for a while occupy the time and the energies of our people. In these the great bulk of our inland population will seek employment and subsistence. To labor successfully they must labor intelligently, and this can only be accomplished by educational training for the work. Next, in order to labor economically and profitably, we must have our engines, our tools, our implements of every description made upon our own soil; and this again requires skillful and well-instructed machinists. We must have our own foundries and workshops, and in them no ignorant and bungling workmen must be found. The buildings needed, that they may have the requisite suitability and adaptability to the end in view, must be planned by one who has made architecture his study, and must be erected by those familiar with carpentry as an art.

Nature has lavished upon us her most munificent bounties, and has invited us by her voice from a thousand water-falls to turn our attention to manufacturing. Steam-power can not compete with water-power, on account of the superior cheapness of the latter, and our rivers and lesser streams have unsurpassed and un-

surpassable sites for mills and factories of every kind. The James, the Tennessee, the Yadkin, Cape Fear, Catawba, Chattahoochee, and hundreds of others have as great advantages in these respects as any water-courses in the world. While, too, our streams can be used throughout the entire year, those of the North are locked up with ice for months. Spite of this immense drawback, and the additional impediment of having to transport the raw material from one to two thousand miles, the persistent, pertinacious, persevering energy of the North has erected a hundred cotton factories where we have but one. The fruitfulness of our soil should, and ordinarily does, render food cheap and abundant. The mildness of our climate, too, saves the Southern operative one half at least of the expense which his Northern competitor has to incur for fuel and woolens. With the fourfold advantage of streams always open, of the raw material at our doors, of abundance of food, and of smaller expenditures in living, we ought to excel the North in this branch of industry; and we will be utterly inexcusable if we do not. The wool of Ohio, New-York, Vermont, and New-Hampshire ought rather to be sent here to be worked up than the cotton of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to be sent there. The facilities for manufacturing are all in our favor; and it is owing to our own inattention and neglect that we are so immeasurably behind. This inattention is owing to three principal causes: 1st. It was thought to be, and probably, under the old system, was, more profitable to produce nothing but the great staples of the South, and to supply all our wants from abroad. 2d. On the great plantations of the South labor was in excess, and hence our thoughts were not turned toward those labor-saving and labor-performing machines which economize and multiply human effort. The use of machinery and the study of the mechanic arts were, as a natural con-

sequence, ignored and unheeded. 3d. The general prosperity of the South exempted a large class, and that the most intelligent, from the necessity of personal exertion to gain a subsistence. Hence, the ingenuity in mechanical contrivance which want engenders was not developed among our people. The privileged class, not having to turn their thoughts into the thousand avenues by which wealth is sought and gained, did not learn to prize it as a chief good. Ambition, which is natural to all mankind, not being directed in them to the acquisition of riches, found a more congenial arena for its exercise in the contest for political power. Hence those branches of learning which were calculated to fit the student for successful championship on the hustings and in the forum were assiduously cultivated, to the almost total neglect of all others. The dead languages, the English classics, political economy, rhetoric, elocution, law, etc., engrossed the time and the energies of the Southern youth. Probably no people on the globe ever prized so highly a knowledge of the ancient classics as did the planters of the Southern Atlantic States of the old thirteen. In their estimation, not to possess this knowledge was not merely proof of want of scholarship — it was an absolute demonstration of the want of gentlemanly breeding. The influence of such opinions upon the colleges of the South will be seen by a glance at the *curriculum* of any one of them. Science is thrust completely into the background, and mathematics, the essential pre-requisite to its mastery, is treated with a neglect amounting almost to contempt. Herschel said of the Calculus, that Newton had invented a new language, in which men of science could think. This difficult study is disposed of in at least three of our Southern universities in a few lectures. Is this a less sham upon the public than the quack advertisement of "French taught in three lessons"? But it would be unjust to these colleges to hold them

responsible for their low order of mathematical instruction. The great law of demand and supply is applicable to them as to every thing else. The Indian preacher, when told that his salary of twenty-five dollars a year was "confounded poor pay," replied, "confounded poor preach." When the demand is for an inferior article, of course the inferior article is furnished. The attention of the writer of this was first called to the difference between the training North and South, when he went to a Northern institution to receive his own education. The young men from the former section were well drilled in arithmetic and the rudiments of algebra and geometry, but knew little of Latin or Greek. It was precisely the reverse with the young men from the latter section. And this difference in the two systems of education is owing to the fact, as we will see, that the North sought wealth and the South political preëminence as the chief end of human exertion. The celebrated Dr. Channing, of Boston, has given this eloquent analysis of the characteristics of the two sections:

"The South has within itself elements of political power more efficient than ours. *The South has abler politicians, and almost necessarily, because its most opulent class make politics the business of life.* . . . At the North politics occupy a second place in men's minds. Even in what we call seasons of public excitement the people think more of private business than of public affairs. We think more of property than of political power; this indeed is the natural result of free institutions. Under these, political power is not suffered to accumulate in a few hands, but is distributed in minute portions; and even when thus limited it is not permitted to endure, but passes in quick rotation from man to man. Of consequence, it is an inferior good to property. Every wise man among us looks on property as a more sure and lasting possession to himself and family, as conferring more ability to do good, to gratify generous and refined tastes, than the possession of political power. In the South, an unnatural state of things turns

men's thoughts to political ascendancy. But in the Free States men think little of it. *Property is the good for which they toil perseveringly day and night. Even the political partisan among us has an eye to property, and seeks office as the best, perhaps only way of subsistence.*"—*Channing's Duty of the Free States*, Part ii. pp. 71, 72.

The italics in the forgoing extract are our own. If this publication were a recent one, and the author did not hail from a State preëminently union and hostile to rebels, we would be disposed to accuse him of downright disloyalty. The broad assertion that the people of the Free States toil perseveringly for property day and night as the chief good, and that their public men seek office as the best, perhaps only way of subsistence, seems to savor of treason and rebellion. Nor do we believe that he clearly perceived the cause of the distinction which certainly did exist between the two sections. The simple reason is this: "The unnatural state of things," spoken of by the writer, that is, the system of slavery, produced a privileged class at the South relieved of the necessity of scrambling for a livelihood. It surrounded these favored persons with all that heart could desire of comfort and elegance, and permitted them to turn their ambitious aims toward political power. They looked forward to the time when they would take their places in the councils of the nation with almost as much confidence as did the nobility of England to the time when they would take their seats in Parliament. The mental culture and the educational training of both Southerner and Englishman were to fit them for the position of honor and usefulness. There being no servile race at the North, the struggle for property became more general there than with us; and to achieve superior success in obtaining it became naturally the object of ambition. Not one in a hundred of those who wearily labored day and night to acquire riches was actuated by those benevolent aims which the

writer so eloquently describes. The successful man of business, on his entrance into life, found himself surrounded by a multitude, pushing, hurrying and scrambling for money as a means of subsistence. The natural desire for preëminence prompted him to attempt to excel in the pursuits in which all were engaged. His superior tact, energy, and address placed him at length in the front rank. Had he been born on a rice or cotton plantation with the same talents and ambition, he would have sought distinction in public life, just because his equals in society were elevated above the necessity of a struggle for a maintenance; and therefore in political triumphs alone could his love of superiority find its exercise. This seems to us the natural solution of the whole matter. But however this may be, Dr. Channing was unquestionably right in this, that the statesmen of the country have belonged chiefly to the South. Upon them have been lavished chiefly the highest honors of the Republic. Since the first meeting of Congress under the Constitution in the city of New-York, on the 4th of March, 1789, there have been seventeen Presidents of the United States, including the three Vice-Presidents, Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, who succeeded to office upon the deaths of their respective chiefs. Of these seventeen, eleven have been of Southern birth, namely, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, and Johnson. A single Southern State, Virginia, has been the birth-place of seven of them—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor. Of the six Northern Presidents, J. Q. Adams was not the choice of the people; the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, and he was chosen by a coalition of parties. Mr. Fillmore became President upon the death of General Taylor. So that in fact only four men of Northern birth, John Adams, Van Buren, Pierce, and Buchanan, were elected

by the people. And Mr. Van Buren was made President, it is well known, through the influence of his predecessor, a Southern man; and he, too, was supported as the "Northern man with Southern principles." On the other hand, excluding Messrs. Tyler and Johnson, nine of our Presidents have been elected by the free votes of the American people. Moreover, during fifty-four years of the seventy-seven of national existence, a Southern-born man has held the helm of government. *More than two thirds of the life of the nation has been spent under the administration of Southern men.* (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) Again, so emphatically have all sections of this mighty Republic indorsed the executive acts and foreign and domestic policy of the Southern Presidents, that every one of them who has permitted himself to be a candidate a second time for office has been re-elected, while not a single President of Northern birth has served two terms. Washington was re-elected; Jefferson was re-elected; Madison was re-elected; Monroe was re-elected; Jackson was re-elected; Lincoln was re-elected. Of the other five Southern Presidents, two, Harrison and Taylor, died during their incumbency; two, Tyler and Polk, were not candidates for reelection, and Mr. Johnson is still President. Mr. Tyler was personally unpopular, and certainly could not have been re-elected; but his general policy was indorsed by the people, as shown by the election of his successor, who, like himself, was an annexationist and an anti-tariff man. Messrs. Harrison and Taylor died in the full glow of their popularity. *The constituents of the Southern Presidents have shown an approbation of their policy never before accorded in history by subjects to a line of sovereigns.* (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) Let us look next at the verdict of the people upon the administrations of the Presidents of Northern birth. This has been adverse in every single instance except one, as

shown not merely by the declination to reelect them but also by repudiating their policy, and selecting as their successors men whose political opinions were just the opposite of their own. Washington left as his successor a man who differed with him so little upon the great questions of the day as not to deem it necessary to supersede Washington's cabinet by one of his own—an example, by the way, of magnanimity as rare as it is beautiful. But John Adams, a Federalist, was himself succeeded by Thomas Jefferson, a Republican. John Quincy Adams, a Whig, was succeeded by Andrew Jackson, a Democrat. Van Buren, a Democrat, was beaten for reelection by Harrison, a Whig, and the vote by which he was rejected indicated, on the part of the American people, almost a contemptuous disrespect of his administration. Their pronouncement was still more decisive when this "Northern man with Southern principles" came out once more as a candidate for reelection and the chosen champion of Abolitionism. And lastly Buchanan, a Democrat, was succeeded by Lincoln, a Republican. Of all the Presidents of Northern birth, Franklin Pierce alone has had as his successor a man of his own school of politics. His great purity and integrity of character won, not merely for himself, but for his party, the confidence of his countrymen. We admired him in Mexico for the kindness and courtesy with which he treated the officers of the old army over whose heads he, a civilian, had been placed. We admired him for resigning, and telling the President frankly that the preference given to civilians over veteran and meritorious officers was a cruel injustice. We admired him for the ability and impartiality with which he presided over the destinies of the nation, and during the last five years our admiration has grown into love and veneration. History has but five or six names of men who were unmoved when a whirlwind of passion and excitement swept by;

of few, who, when their friends and neighbors rushed wildly by, did not join in the throng and add to their frenzy. But history will add another name to the list of those sublime few whose memories will never perish.

Now it is very remarkable that while the administration of Franklin Pierce is the only one among all those of Northern-born Presidents which has not been repudiated by the people and succeeded by another based upon a different system of government, only one Southern President (James Monroe) has been succeeded by a man of a different school of politics. Washington, after serving two terms, was followed by John Adams, who agreed with him on all the great questions of the day. Jefferson, after his second term of office had expired, yielded the Presidential chair to James Madison, who was as strong a believer in the doctrine of State rights as he himself. James Madison, after his second term, gave way to James Monroe, a man of the same political faith. A coalition of parties, as we have seen, prevented Monroe from being succeeded by one who agreed with him on points of domestic and foreign policy. But this excited the utmost indignation throughout the entire country, and the people rose in their might at their next election, and bore in triumph to the White House their favorite hero, Andrew Jackson. He (Jackson) served his eight years, and then was followed by a Democrat of his own selection. Tyler, an anti-tariff man and an annexationist, was followed by Polk, who carried out the policy of his predecessor. Polk, a Democrat, was followed by Pierce, a Democrat. Finally, Lincoln, a Republican, after being twice elected, has been succeeded by Johnson, a Republican.

The case of James Monroe does not form an exception to the wonderful indorsement of the official acts of Southern-born Presidents by the great majority of the American people. He was twice elected, and the

people believed, whether right or wrong in that opinion, that they had been cheated in the choice of his successor. And at the next election they chose a man of the same school of politics with Mr. Monroe. We assert then that while Franklin Pierce alone of all the Northern Presidents has been sustained by the American people, the administration of every single Southern President has received the emphatic "well done" from the mouths of those who elected them. (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) We despise toadyism, and will not, therefore, pay that tribute to the ruling Chief Magistrate which our feelings prompt us to pay. But it is simple truth, and no flattery, to say that if Washington has excited the admiration of all mankind by rejecting a crown of doubtful honor and doubtful duration, what will be thought in after years of him who has scornfully declined real, substantial power, compared with which that of the Autocrat of Russia is as the small dust in the balance?

It is no objection to the views presented above that some of the Southern Presidents did not receive collegiate training, and that one of them (Mr. Lincoln) was elected from the North and by the North. They were all born among a people with whom political economy, statesmanship, and the science of government were household words. The mind of every one of them thus received its first bias. Their aspirations were thus first turned toward political honors. They were thus taught in early life to prize the civic crown more than heaps of gold and silver, the laurel wreath more than stately houses and broad acres; and a change of sky brought with it no change of mind. Would Mr. Lincoln, amidst every discouragement, have carried out his policy of suppressing the rebellion with such inflexible obstinacy had he not been born among a people with whom political failure brought infinitely more disgrace than failure in business? If

Mr. Davis had been born under other skies and other influences, would he have clung to the last with such desperate tenacity to the idea of Southern independence—

"Among the hopeless, hopeful only he"?

Who can fail to see in their portraits the striking resemblance between conqueror and conquered? Both were from the same section of the same State, and if not kindred in blood, as alleged by some, at least wonderfully alike in firmness of will and tenacity of purpose. The North has paid almost idolatrous honors to the memory of Mr. Lincoln. They have called him "the second Washington, who saved the life of the nation to which Washington gave being." It can not be unkind to remind these admirers that the one was a son of Virginia, and the other a son of Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia.

Another curious instance of that political ascendancy of which Dr. Channing speaks, is shown in this, that every Northern President has had associated with him as Vice-President a man of Southern birth. John Adams had as his associate Thomas Jefferson; J. Q. Adams, J. C. Calhoun; Martin Van Buren, R. M. Johnson; Franklin Pierce, William R. King; James Buchanan, John C. Breckinridge. On the other hand, Jackson and Calhoun, both from South-Carolina, served one term together. Harrison, and Tyler, his associate, were both from Virginia. Lincoln and Andy Johnson were both born in the South. (Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) But the manner in which the offices of Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury have been filled demonstrates the truthfulness of Dr. Channing's views in regard to the political tendency of the Southern mind, and the practical and utilitarian character of the Northern people. During the first fourteen administrations of this government, there were from the States which held slaves up to 1864 fourteen Secretaries of State, and

but eight from the North. In this enumeration the officer who held office for two terms has been counted twice. If we do not so enumerate, the South has had thirteen Secretaries of State, and the North but six, (6)—Pickering, Dexter, Adams, Van Buren, Webster, and Buchanan. In this time the North has had fifteen (15) Secretaries of the Treasury, and the South but six. Among the latter we have included R. J. Walker, who was appointed from Mississippi, but was born North; and Louis McLane, who hailed from Delaware, not properly recognized as a Southern State. During this long period, then, we had but four men judged to have sufficient financial ability to fill the office of Secretary of the Treasury. No doubt this opinion has been founded in reason. We have no men of preëminent business talents like those who have built up immense fortunes in the great cities of the North. Our educational system has developed theoretic, not practical qualities of the mind; at least not those which relate to the monetary affairs of life. Once more, the South has had in the same period twice as many Attorneys-General as the North, and a few more Secretaries of War and Navy. The North, on the other hand, has had one and a half times as many more Postmasters-General than we.

The facts and figures above have been given in warning, not in boastfulness. The pride which we might have felt in the glories of the past is rebuked by the thought that these glories have faded away. It is rebuked by the thought that they were purchased at the expense of the material prosperity of the country; for men of wealth and talents did not combine their fortunes, their energies, and their intellects to develop the immense resources of the land of their nativity. What factories did they erect? What mines did they dig? What foundries did they establish? What machine-shops did they build? What ships did they put afloat? Their minds and their hearts were engrossed in the strug-

gle for national position and national honors. The yearning desire was ever for political supremacy, and never for domestic thrift and economy. Hence we became dependent upon the North for every thing, from a lucifer match to a columbiad, from a pin to a railroad engine. A state of war found us without the machinery to make a single percussion cap for a soldier's rifle, or a single button for his jacket. The system of labor which erected a class covetous of political distinction has been forever abolished; but the system of education based upon it is still unchanged and unmodified. We are now placed far below the reach of political power; but the training of our young men is precisely the same as when every collegian looked forward as a matter of course to the time when he should enter upon his public career. The old method of instruction was never wise; it is now worse than folly—'tis absolute madness. Is not attention to our field and firesides of infinitely more importance to us than attention to national affairs? Is not a practical acquaintance with the ax, the plane, the saw, the anvil, the loom, the plow and the mattock, vastly more useful to an impoverished people than familiarity with the laws of nations and the science of government? What will a knowledge of the ancient classics, of metaphysics and belles-lettres do to relieve our poverty? What will it add to our prosperity? We want practical learning, not scholastic lore. We want business men with brain and hand for work, not the recluses of the library or the convent. A McCormick with his reaper is more valuable than a Porson with his stores of Greek; a Whitney with his cotton-gin than a Bentham with his theories of law. And what does our educational system do to produce such men? If we needed a president of a railroad, of a mining or manufacturing company, who would think of going to our colleges to select the right man? What would

be thought of the sanity of the stockholder who would gravely say, "Young A is the very man we need; he was graduated with the first honors of ——— College. He almost knows by heart the histories of Herodotus and Livy in the original tongues. The Right Reverend President says he has never had a pupil who so thoroughly mastered Reid and Hamilton"? If such a speech would be regarded as the extreme of folly, how conclusively does it demonstrate that the long years of that training which but disqualifies for the practical and useful walks of life, have not been spent in a manner suitable for our present wants and our unfortunate condition, nor to our future prospects and development. "Let the dead bury the dead." Let the studies pursued when prosperity crowned the land be buried with that prosperity; and let us have a system which will bring a greater beauty and glory to our desolate places than ever adorned them in the days of their pomp and their power. All unconscious of it, though most of us may be, a kind Providence is working in the right way for the land we love. As a people, we specially needed two things. We needed the cutting off the temptation to seek political supremacy, in order that our common school, academic and collegiate training should be directed to practical ends; not to making orators and statesmen, and men whose stores of useful knowledge may prove blessings *at home*. The state of probation, pupilage, vassalage, or whatever it may be called, in which we have been placed by the dominant party in Congress is, we believe, intended by the Giver of every good and perfect gift to give us higher and nobler ideas of education and of the duties of educated men. We deprecate as much as any one can a low utilitarianism in education. But surely the gifts and learning which God has thought proper to give to only a few should be devoted by them not to promoting personal aggrandizement, not to the

attainment of political honors, but to conferring benefits upon the less favored classes. We have a right to expect that the educated men of the country should be the leaders in every enterprise of public weal and general utility. They have not been so with us, for the simple reason that they know less of such matters than the ignorant rustics by whom they were surrounded. We have a right to expect that their illiterate neighbors should come to them for counsel and direction in their useful employments. But such an expectation with us, under an antiquated routine of studies, would be the height of folly. We must change all that; else the waste places will never smile again, the desolate habitations will never again echo with songs and laughter. In this view we cannot but regard our anomalous position as a positive good. It may be mortifying to our pride to be regarded as in the Union for purposes of taxation and out of it for purposes of legislation. But it will turn our thoughts from the strife of parties and the tilting in the political arena to the mightier work at home. It will bury our present system of education so deep among the fossils of the past, that the most curious antiquarian of the future will be constrained to say: "No man knoweth the place of its sepulchre to this day."

Again, we needed to have manual labor made honorable. And here a kind Providence has brought good out of evil. The best, the purest, the most unselfish, the most patriotic of our people are now the poorest. They gave their hearts, their energies, their property to the cause they believed to be right; and they are honored by all true soldiers who fought against them as much as by ourselves. We honor that tattered coat; 'tis a fragment of the old gray that was in many a storm of shot and shell. 'Tis soiled, but it is with the smoke of the camp-fire and the battle-field. There is no smell of selfishness and cowardice upon it. We can never pass it without a feeling

of respect, and without invoking God's blessing upon the wearer. Such a man dignifies labor. Those who had no better sense than to despise it, have learned to respect it for his sake. It has become the badge of manhood, patriotism, and unselfishness. *God is now honoring manual labor with us as he has never done with any other nation.* It is the high-born, the cultivated, the intelligent, the brave, the generous, who are now constrained to work with their own hands. Labor is thus associated in our mind with all that is honorable in birth, refined in manners, bright in intellect, manly in character and magnanimous in soul. Much as we regret their misfortunes for the sake of the noble sufferers, we doubt not that in the long run inestimable blessings will flow upon us through these calamities.

Now that labor has been dignified and cherished, we want it to be recognized in our schools and colleges. We do not want it to be the labor of the mule and the ox. We want it controlled and directed by education, and to have all the appliances of art and science thrown around it. We ask for a practical recognition on the part of those who have the teaching of our youth of the state of things now existing. The peasant, who would confine the reading of his son to Machiavelli's Discourse "On the Prince," or Fenelon's "instructions to his royal pupils," would be no more ignoring his rank and station than are our own teachers ignoring the condition of the country. Is the law of nations important to us, who constitute nor state, nor colony, nor territory? Is the science of mind useful to us just now, when our highest duty is to mind our own business? Will logic help us in our reasoning as to whether we are in or out of the Union? Will the flowers of rhetoric plant any roses in our "burnt districts"? Will oratory benefit those who have no constituents to harangue, no legislative halls to entrance? Will political

economy be as valuable to an impoverished people as a knowledge of household economy? Will the figurative digging of Greek and Latin roots aid us in extracting the real articles from our neglected fields? The old plan of education in the palmy days of the South gave us orators and statesmen, but did nothing to enrich us, nothing to promote material greatness. Let not that be said of us which Bonaparte said of the Bourbons: "They learned nothing; they forgot nothing." It is lawful to be taught by those who have far excelled us in developing the resources of the country. So great and so universal is the attention to science among all classes with them, that the great *orator* of New England, a few years ago, was chosen to deliver the *astronomical* discourse upon laying the corner-stone of an observatory in the West. About the same time the eminent President of a Southern college delivered and published an address to prove that the standard of mathematical science in our institutions of learning ought to be *lowered*. (Until then we had supposed that zero was the lowest figure in the table of numbers.) The system of instruction proposed by this great, good, and wise man was no doubt adapted to make profound thinkers on abstruse and metaphysical points; but it could never have made one single practical and useful man. It could never have improved the condition of the poor. It could never have added to the material comforts and enjoyments of life. It could never have lifted a ruined people from the depths of misery to a state of affluence and independence. It could never have made "one blade of grass grow where none grew before." We want, on the contrary, a comprehensive plan of instruction, which will embrace the useful rather than the

profound, the practical rather than the theoretic; a system which will take up the ignorant in his degradation, enlighten his mind, cultivate his heart, and fit him for the solemn duties of an immortal being; a system which will come to the poor in his poverty, and instruct him in the best method of procuring food, raiment, and the necessities of life; a system which will give happiness to the many, and not aggrandizement to the few; a system which will foster and develop mechanical ingenuity and relieve labor of its burden; which will entwine its laurel wreath around the brow of honest industry, and frown with contempt upon the idle and worthless. When our young men come forth from schools, academies, and colleges with their minds and hearts imbued with this sublime teaching, to enter upon the busy arena of life, they will be fully qualified to turn their strong hands and well-stored minds to any and every useful employment. Then the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." Then will "the days come when the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt." Then shall the captivity of our people be removed, "and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. They shall be planted upon their land, and shall no more be pulled up out of the land," which the Lord their God giveth them.

D. H. H.

(To be continued.)

HOW GREAT BRITAIN ESTIMATES INGENUITY AND SKILL; AND HONORS MEN WHO TURN SCIENCE TO A PRACTICAL ACCOUNT IN PROMOTION OF THE UTILITARIAN ARTS.

THERE is no royal road to national greatness. The ever-abounding wealth and unparalleled glory and strength of Great Britain are only the legitimate result of a wise policy, early adopted and efficiently executed—that of *encouraging skill, and rewarding its application to practical purposes.*

Whole volumes of facts and examples might be adduced, demonstrating at once the persistent sustenance of that policy, and its eminently beneficial results. But I shall at present give only a single noted example—that of JAMES WATT, noted for his great and beneficent improvement of the steam-engine.

He was of respectable parents, but without ancestral distinction. He brought himself into notice by his own personal efforts. His mind was naturally acute and active. He was early noted for investigation and reflection. His skill and attainment soon gave him great prominence. Universities conferred upon him their highest honors. Various other corporations and organizations did the same.

In honor of him and his discoveries a bronze statue was erected by subscription at Glasgow; another, of white marble, was placed in the "Hunterian Museum" of the same city. But the climax of distinction and honor was reached by the action of a great public meeting, held after his death, in the city of London, in which several chief men of the realm were the principal actors.

Cotemporary writers declare that the meeting at which it was determined to erect a white marble statue to the memory of Watt, was one of the most interesting that ever was held in the metropolis.

That meeting was held on the 18th of June, 1824. Lord Liverpool, then Prime Minister, presided. That day

will be memorable in the history of that great nation, as the day in which ingenuity and skill reached a culmination of dignity and honor unparalleled in the history of nations. It was the great public baptismal also of the industrial arts—the high officials of the realm standing as "god-fathers," commending them to the warm embrace and the fostering care of the nation! Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember how vastly, even before that period, that ingenuity and those arts had contributed to the greatness of that nation.

In relation to this matter, one of their own writers says:

"It would be singular indeed if the arts were not thus honored. And a minister of the Crown would be unfit for the government of our industrial community if he did not feel that the great inventions which have grown out of our commercial superiority, and *which have, in a large degree, created that superiority,* were eminently calculated to claim the noblest rewards that the people could bestow."

But the "animus" of the meeting will be best understood from their proceedings. Sir Humphry Davy moved the following resolution:

"That the late James Watt, by his profound science, and by his original genius, exhibited in his admirable inventions, has, more than any of his countrymen, demonstrated the practical utility of knowledge, increased the power of man over the material world, and extended the comforts and enjoyments of human life."

Another resolution, which declared "that the services of James Watt to the civilized world demanded a national tribute of gratitude from his country," was proposed by Mr. Huskisson and seconded by Sir James Mackintosh. From the thrilling speech of this distinguished philosophical

orator we quote the following paragraph :

"In less than half a century, from the Mississippi to the Ganges, the name of Watt has been pronounced, and the benefits of his invention have been proved! If such a vast progress has been made in so small a number of years, what hopes may we not entertain of the future?—seeing that the useful and the fine arts in combination have spread general information amongst such a multitude of minds—that knowledge has been placed within the reach of the humblest artisans—and that this class of men, for the most part remarkable for their intelligent, ingenious, active spirit, are full of the desire of instruction."

The third resolution, "That a monument to the memory of Watt should be erected in Westminster Abbey," was proposed by Lord Brougham, and seconded by Sir Robert Peel.

The following paragraph is characteristic of its distinguished author, Lord Brougham, who said :

"It is to honor the rare and excellent qualities of his character and genius that we are assembled, with the intention to erect a monument to the memory of the great engineer. Not that his memory has need of a monument to become immortal; for his name will last as long as the *power* which he has subjected to the use of man; but we are assembled to consecrate his example in the face of the universe, and to show to all our fellow-subjects that a man of extraordinary talent can not better employ it than in rendering services to the human race. And where could we more fitly place the monument of this great man than within a temple of that religion which preaches peace to all men, and instruction for the poor? The Pagan temples were decorated with the statues of warriors who had spread desolation amongst the people! Let ours be adorned with the statues of men who have contributed to the triumphs of science and humanity, and above all by the statue of one who, without ever having given pain to any of his fellow-creatures, has been able to accomplish works which remain a lasting honor and benefit to society."

The "life-picture" above exhibited

deserves and demands the attention and consideration of every Southern patriot. The *wisdom* of Great Britain is demonstrated by her *policy*. And we may profit greatly from her example. It was the only policy that ever could have given to her the vast resources and the astounding greatness which she has acquired. The very opposite of the course which we of the South have followed and lauded as the only honorable and desirable one, has made her the mistress of the seas and the glory of the nations.

She has done herself great honor, also, not only by so liberally patronizing the arts, but in honoring those to whom she is mainly indebted for her eminent greatness. Noble traits! Commendable example!

With what earnestness and animating power should the trumpet-tones of her examples and unparalleled prosperity bear now upon us of the South in our present prostrate and crippled condition! "GO, AND DO YE LIKEWISE." "Emulate this noble example, and secure to yourselves like beneficent results," is what it earnestly exhorts.

B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.—The statue of which our correspondent speaks was erected by Chantry in Westminster Abbey, where repose the ashes of Britain's most illustrious dead. Watt was also honored during his life by being made an LL.D. of Glasgow University, Correspondent of the French Institute, and Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. When will America learn to lavish her favors upon her great inventors, as she has done upon her politicians? Whitney and Fulton were harassed and annoyed by vexatious law-suits as the reward of their inventions. McCormick has reaped wealth, but no distinctions have been conferred upon him. What a revolution in warfare has been introduced by the revolver! But the inventor, a native North-Carolinian, died in poverty and obscurity at New-Berne, North-Carolina.

The foregoing article is from the pen of one who has labored long in the field of Southern education, and who deeply feels the necessity of adapting our educational system to the new state of things. But Southern youth are ambitious, and *honor* as well as wealth must attend the great inventor and the successful artisan, else mechanical skill will

never be developed among us. Charleston has set the example by sending to the Legislature a delegation of mechanics. May the day speedily come when inventive talent and industry in all its branches will meet the reward the most grateful to the Southern heart—the approbation of wise men and fair women.

GENERAL WISE'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,

JANUARY 30TH, 1866.

SUBJECT: "FEMALE ORPHANAGE."

GENERAL WISE always throws himself into the breach at the right moment. His noble and manly instincts always prompt him to do the right thing at the right time. Years ago, when the wild waves of "Know-nothingism" had rolled over the entire North, and its resistless surges had reached our borders, the voice of "the old man eloquent" was heard above the roar of its waves and the war of the elements. The tide rolled no further. The storm ceased, and there was a great calm. But if hatred of foreigners and of Catholics found no place in the Southern heart, it was due to the powerful arguments and fiery eloquence of Henry A. Wise. A revulsion of feeling took place even on the soil whence the persecuting spirit sprung. Those who had most bitterly denounced this class of persons were the very first to call upon them to fight their Union battles with the South. Meagher's brigade of Catholic Irish was in front for the attack and in rear for the retreat, till it ceased to exist at the bloody stone wall of Marye's Hill. A band of heroes composed that staunch brigade as true as any ever sent forth by that land of heroes.

And now, after more than a decade of years, the same man, with riper experience and maturer wisdom,

pleads the noblest of causes and makes the noblest of appeals—charity for the orphans of our departed heroes. But while he, in his earnest and impassioned way, arouses the compassion of all, except the gold-worshippers, for the children of want and of bereavement, he has performed a still nobler duty in his thrilling tribute to our soldiery. This, too, like his onslaught upon Know-nothingism, came just at the right time. There were those among us wearing the "toga virilis" who were exceedingly nervous when the man in blue saw them talking with the rusty man in gray. There were those who feared to welcome back to their homes and their firesides the men who had gone forth at their behest to peril life and limb, and all that the heart of man holds dear. General Wise has no such craven fear in his large heart. He has struck a chord which will find a responsive vibration in every generous bosom both North and South. When men were cowering and bowing with bated breath, he comes out with his magnificent eulogy upon the Confederate soldier, and his touching entreaty for the orphans of the Confederate dead. The great clock of some grand old cathedral peals out the hour in the blackness of the night, and straightway a

thousand musical chimes welcome his voice, and in sweetest strains echo it back. So this watchman on the tower has struck a note in this hour of our gloom and our darkness, which will awaken answering melody in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts all over this broad and beautiful land, irrespective of sectional lines and geographic boundaries. Every soul attuned to the music of heaven will join in the sublime anthem of praise to deeds of heroism and constancy, such as the world never saw before. We would not be guilty of the mean slander upon those who fought us manfully in the field to say that they can not appreciate the grand and the heroic as well as ourselves. If they claim a common brotherhood, who can deny them a right to a common heritage in Confederate fame?

All honor to the faithful sentinel on his post! All honor to the old hero, who has spoken "words of truth and soberness," as well as of genuine pathos and thrilling eloquence! The tribute to "the men in the ranks" is "a gem of purest ray serene," and we are sure it will be admired in all sections of the Union. If we neglect to honor these, who have deserved so much more than "the men of rank," we will richly merit a worse fate than our most implacable enemies can conceive, much less prepare, for us. There can be no surer mark of national degeneracy and public corruption than indifference to the great deeds of the good, the noble, and the true. Rome ceased to be the mistress of the world when she began to neglect her illustrious living and to forget her mighty dead. It is an encouraging mark of the general diffusion of right sentiment that many of our dead heroes, ay, and some of our living ones, too, are as much revered in one part of our reunited country as in the other. The piety of Jackson, the daring of Stuart, the chivalry of Ashby, the romantic gallantry of Pelham, the unyielding heroism of Elliott amidst the ruins

of Sumter — our glorious dead — all have contributed to American fame, and all are claimed by the American people.

But the Address does more than mete out justice to the hero-soldier. It calls for active, practical, working, *giving* sympathy with the suffering orphan of the martyr-dead. We have grievously sinned as a people, and God has justly punished us for our sins; but we will commit a darker, deeper, more deadly sin, if we fail to provide for the children of those who died for our sakes and fighting our battles. And such neglect will most surely bring upon us a heavier and more awful visitation of the wrath of God. How can that young lady enjoy her trinkets, her jewelry, and her gay apparel, when the wail of the orphan is in her ears? How *dare* that young fopling, who has never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, parade his finery about the streets, when the children of the *man* in his bloody grave are crying for bread? If not lost to all shame, his cheeks would be more crimson than the shroud of the martyr.

The Address of General Wise was for the benefit of the orphans in Richmond; but it is appropriate to every town, city, village, and country-neighborhood in the whole United States. There are suffering orphans in all of them. The wealthy North has them as well as the ruined South. The claims of humanity are the same in every locality. Let provision be made for the orphan of the Union soldier as well as of the soldier of independence. We honor the true soldier wherever found as much as we loathe and abhor the marauder and house-burner, who disgraces the noble profession of arms. The implacable, revengeful men of the North are not those who fought us fairly and squarely face to face. The discontented grumblers at the South are not those who stuck to their colors through every trial, privation, suffering, and discouragement. These feel that they did what they could to establish Southern in-

dependence; and, having failed, they will abide by their terms of surrender in good faith, and leave the issue with the Great Ruler of the universe.

In the most catholic spirit of sympathy, then, with the suffering orphans of the soldiers, Union and rebel, of the whole United States, we commend the address of General Wise to all who have hearts to feel and hands to relieve these children of want and misery.

MY FRIENDS: I address myself to no speculative theme. I am here to-night to *utter a cry!*—the most piercing to the ears and the hearts of all who have ears and hearts for human distress and suffering—the cry of the orphan! of the most helpless orphans; the cry of the female orphans of your city. It is for food and raiment and shelter—for a home, and that that home shall not only be made warm with fuel, but that it shall be made to glow with a bright burning love, and be fed not only with the bread of the grass of the fields, but be *filled* with the bread of life, and to spare; that it shall be so fed and so filled that it shall give back and give forth the good it has received with the heavenly interest on that good which it shall in turn bestow.

O man! at best “thy days are few and full of trouble.” A child is born, and its *first* note is a *cry*—a wail of humanity. From its first breath, it *wants* and it *wails*. Well it is that nature has provided one heart, at least, if none other, to be touched by infant cries, with a thrill known only to but one on earth. The babe is wrapped in swaddling-clothes and it is laid in arms which fold it to the bosom of a *mother!* O woman! woman, to whom a child is born, *thou* knowest, and *thou only* knowest, what a wonder and what a world of holy love is in that fold of thine! *Thou* answerest its cries; *thou* forgettest thine *own* travail to heed them, and they are hushed by a fountain the holiest and blesseddest that ever flowed on earth—a *mother's breast!* The child is drawn to that breast whilst

the fountains of life flow. It is placed in the cradle of a parent's care, but *still* it wails and wants. It then crawls and cries; and then toddles up in steps to wail, and steps forth to play and cries; and then walks to wail on and still on wails, even when it stands full up to man or womanhood. Day by day, night and morning, from infancy to youth, and from youth to age, through all stages of that child's existence, whilst a parent survives to heed its wants and its wails, it will come and come again, often and ever, to the parent for succor, for care, for caress, for comfort. It is no mere rural English custom for the child of every age to have its “*midlenting*,” it is the impulse of nature for it to “*go a-mothering*,” so strong is the law that the parent must ever be the source of some provision or supply needed by the child, and that the child will and must and ever look to its father and its mother. And to meet this yearning dependence of offspring, the instinctive love and recognition, or *storge*, as it is called, of parents, has been given to care and provide for offspring. The parent may be weak, the child strong; the parent may be poor, the child rich; old age may whiten both father and mother until utter weakness weighs them down, and they need help from children; and yet, there is *always something* which offspring want from parents, and which *parents* only can give, and when reverent children wait upon them with full powers of their own, and the best of their own means, it is still the child more than the parent who is served.

This strong love of parent and child, if exceeded by any, exceeded only by that love for which we are commanded to leave father and mother, and to cleave to another, is the only standard—immense as it is—of the measure of the bereavement of orphanage. To judge how desolate, how helpless, how constantly yearning and crying in vain orphanage is, we have but to measure the loss of parents by their providential care, by their strong *storge*, by their mighty love, by their

instinctive guardian power and their magic source of sympathy and comfort for their own offspring. Well may the brightest and bravest babe wail the gift of its very being, if it has to wail the loss of a father's and a mother's blessing. It may smile in health and vigor at the bliss of birth; it may bound into being with cherub joy; it may be the child of fortune; it may be wrapped in finest linen and be rocked on softest down, and be most tenderly watched and waited on, waking and sleeping; its cries may be hushed by sweetest lullaby; it may be nourished by the *pap* of most attentive kindness, and grow and bloom in beauty; it may be the pet of a princess; but if it has, though in unconscious infancy, lost its mother—if it has to coo to another nurse than mother, the time will come when, if the mother be not there, that child, like the child of the bulrushes, will surely find out, and know and feel that even the sweet Termuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, or her nurse, is not its mother—that it can know no other mother than the Jochebed who is its own. "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Yes! the time ever comes to every orphan to know and feel—to those, even, who never, in infancy, knew and felt a parent—that they have no father and mother. The hour *will* some time come that the orphan will know and feel that some *other* child *has* a father and a mother, and that it has neither parent. And oh! how sadly old a child is suddenly made when it is made first to know and feel it is an orphan!

And if this be so sadly true of fortune's favorite and pet, what must be the desolation of the bereavement of *poverty's* orphan child? Shall the orphans of the poor live? How shall *they* live? Not live the life of mere physical existence, but morally and intellectually live a life of useful labor and of love? Ah! if no hand be reached forth to help them with a mighty help, they will, intellectually and morally, surely die. Think not,

O lowly man of labor! that this should deter thee from seeking to enjoy the blessings of marriage and of progeny. If Douglas Jerrold's man made "all of money," shot through heart so that it might be seen through and yet survive to shoot out of life in a way worse than that of being shot through the heart; or the proud man's contumely; or the selfish, worldly, unfeeling, stingy man; or the miser or money-monger, whose piety is property, shall say that the poor have no right to marry and give in marriage, and leave children to tax their wealth with an orphan asylum, I repel the impious rebellion against God's orders, and tell you that you have not only the right to wedlock, but it is your duty to *love* as well as *labor*! If you have right to space and air, to light and flowing water, to think and speak, to read and write and work; so it is the highest of your natural rights to seek the happiness of matrimony, the holiest tie on earth. You, poor but strong young man, are bound by God's command to seek a helpmate, and to cherish a wife and her children. The very desire to do so shall elevate your mind, nerve your arm, and inspire your heart with the spirit, brave and noble, to strike the sturdy blows of manly labor, with a right good will, to gain the vantage stations of life. And the young maiden, without a dowry, should learn to spin for some worthy son of toil, and not refuse the hand of labor, though poor, on whose strong arm she can lean the safety of her virtue, in the love and purity of wife and mother. That you will have to labor is best both for parents and their offspring. Labor gives the bloom of health and the sinew of strength to progeny, and provides a country with a country's pride—a brave, strong, bold, and noble yeomanry—"its irresistible valor and heroic force." Do you repel this cheerful philanthropy, and morosely ask: "Why does God make orphans of the children of the poor and not so order it that they shall have a sure asylum?" The question is impious. Leave the solution to Him. It is enough for us

to know that He once descended from the heavens and became as one of the poorest of us, of no estate: that "the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air nests, but he had not where to lay his head:" that he took from the poor only a little ointment for his feet, and that because he was "*not to be always with us*." But he told us that the poor we "would always have with us," and if the poor, then the children of the poor were "always to be with us," and he left his provision for them too—a Christian charity, a holy religion which he defined to be "pure and undefiled before God and the Father"—"to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." He rebuked those who hindered "little children" from coming to him, and he took them in his arms and blessed them, and told us "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he told us more: "that it were better for one to have a millstone tied about his neck and to be thrown into the sea than to offend one of his little ones." If I understand these revelations, orphan children, and orphan children of the poor especially, are some of his "little ones," and they in this world who do not visit these "little ones" and assist in providing for them, *do them an offense*, and incur the divine threat of the millstone. The Father of us all, in his economy of grace, has set poverty, helpless poverty, the orphans of the poor, before us in the world, like many other trials, to prove our virtue and to test our obedience. The Infinite Sufferer consented to suffering in his own case, and the poor may not righteously complain that they as well as the sick and the lame, and the halt and the blind, and the countless other classes of sufferers have to bear every one of their own burdens in this world: the poor will always have to suffer the poverty, but the strong and the rich and the hale had better beware of giving offense to one of these "little ones," by neglecting the widow and not visiting the fatherless of the poor, and thus causing them to stumble and to fall.

O world, worldly world, wealthy world, working world, well fed, well clothed, well sheltered, well warmed world! O fashionable and proud world! that word "*visiting*" means that you shall seek to know and to supply the wants of the poor: that you shall care always for the widows and the orphans of the poor, and from your abundance satisfy their wants: that you shall always have them to try your virtue and to make you unselfish, loving, kind, and charitable—to keep them from stumbling and falling; to enrich yourselves whilst you fill them; and to make you, sooner or later, feel that if you *do not* do this Christian duty, that if you leave them to stumble for want, and thus be offended, you shall be left to the canker and corrosion of selfishness and the greed of gold, which will be worse than having a millstone about the neck and being thrown into the sea! The penalty of the rich or of the strong who fail to use righteously their wealth or their strength, to help the poor and the weak, is sure, if the asylum of the poor and weak on earth is not. Love is the chief solace of the poor, and their only treasures and jewels are their children. The poor, frail, sick mother often shivers in the blast, but she bares her own nerves to shield her babe and she dies! Who will shield that babe when she is taken away? Alas! the orphan of the poor is bereft of all when father and mother are taken away, and it is left alone in the world with poverty and misery! Will you not be with it too?

But what if that *poor* orphan is a *female* child; if feminine weakness be added to the helpless infancy, the poverty, the loneliness of its orphanage? O woman! born to be a mother, that thou shouldst ever be bereft of a mother, and thy infancy be thus left alone with want, and suffering, and sorrow, and sin! With nerves most delicately attuned to feel, to enjoy, and suffer most acutely; to thrill and quiver at every touch of pleasure or of pain; sensitively affected by any rude contact; capable of

the most unselfish, self-sacrificing love, and always yearning for its smile; with perceptions keen and quick to understand and feel every tone, and temper, and motive, and manner of treatment to thee; thus, in the tenderness of thy infancy and innocence, to be dashed on the hard, jagged pavements of the streets and alleys of cities! Well may thy cries be heard above the wails of all the throng of infantile orphanage! Thou art the tenderest; thou art the weakest; thou art the frailest and yet the most sensitive of them all; ah! more still, thou art the most sacred of them all; thou, thyself, mayest be an honored mother, and mayest not be a mother at all, if thou art abused; and thou wilt be abused if angels seek thee not and lead thee not away from exposure to the poverty, suffering, ignorance and vice of helpless orphanage! Thou especially art one of the "little ones" whom we are forbidden to "offend." Thy condition is more than miserable if some kind hand does not provide for thee an asylum, and provide that asylum with the best of good things, suitable not only to thy state and condition of orphanage, but to thy *sacred sex*!

Measured by the love and care of parents for their offspring, and by the divine economy of the relation of parent and child, the fate of orphanage, I repeat, is hard under any condition of the infant; harder still is the orphanage of poverty, and hardest of all is the bereavement of the poor female orphan. How sad to think, then, friends, of a *female orphan of poverty, bereft in times like these!* Some of these innocents are under two years of age, and their first breath inhaled the sulphurous smoke of civil war! The air of their birth was lurid with the red rage of their countrymen making a charnel-house of their country, whose every field is a graveyard of fathers, husbands, sons, brothers! War has reigned and ravaged nearly all the time of the few years of their existence; and now, that its alarms have ceased, the air of subjugation around them is dank

and dismal with the exhalation of graves and the gloom of ruins! Fire and sulphur have burned and smoked the very earth, and its ashes are arid! Oh! the barrenness and pallor and yet the putridity and stench of the stricken corpse of a country! All the rivers of plenty have been dried up! The grass sprouts and grows from blood only; the rains of peace can not wash it away! Want, want, want, cries! Suffering groans! Crime is rampant all around these innocents! Their land is the corpse of the past. They have no past and no country. None have a country who have no *home*.

"Alas poor country! It can not
Be called our mother, but our grave!"

Finance has failed. Confederate funds are dross, and Federal currency is sought after and caught at eagerly, but as eagerly passed on from hand to hand for him to pay the forfeit in whose hands it goes out; and gold is kept so close that the needy strong can hardly help themselves. There is no harvest but for those who have most of bread, and what harvest there is has no laborers—no husbandmen. The arms of the laborers were turned into the arms of the invaders, and laborers and invaders are now both consumers of the substance of a people who have been stripped bare, and now have but little to spare! These orphans, then, must surely sorely suffer in these times, unless the charity of each and every one of us shall enlarge herself and be mighty in more than ordinary exertion of active love and liberality and self-denial. But, my friends, these times of stagnation and apparent starvation; these times of stunning after sudden shock; these times of strange changes, as startling as bursting bombshells; these times of shifting chances, as trying to the strongest nerves as battle's batteries; these are the times to prove our truth, our piety, our patriotism, our endurance, our constancy, and these are the times, more than ever, to be true to ourselves and to each other!—to comrades who

are dead as well as to those who are living.

There are among these infants not only orphans, orphans of the poor, female orphans, and orphans whose lot has been cast in dreary and desolate times; but some of these are the female orphans of deceased and disabled Confederate soldiers, privates in the ranks which you embattled for your independence. You failed only by the fall of such men. They fell for you, and you fell. Are any afraid or ashamed to embrace them in the fall? Listen, whilst I repeat truths which you must not try and must not dare to forget; truths which, if you do not gratefully recognize and openly avow and maintain at all hazards, without the fear of showing sympathy, if not without some reproach, shame! shame! shame! shall so shout and hoot at shrimped, and shriveled, sordid, selfish souls as to shake them like misers' money-bags, until with appalling jars their coin-idols shall be jostled out and scattered to street-beggars and vagrants of the "Arts of Industrie!" War itself appalled not the hearts of the Confederate heroes who fell; and war is now over; the cloud has burst; the lightning hath done its scathing; the thunder hath ceased to mutter; in honor's name, then, let craven cringing cease!

The noblest band of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honor. They felt that they were no rebels and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection,

when there was such "*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*"

The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fane, and altar, and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of "*shanty*" homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defense were in their country's camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honored. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster's Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemy's emissaries, nor poverty, nor privation, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor danger, nor wounds, nor death could impair their constancy! They fought with a devout confidence and courage which was unconquerable save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries, Yankeeedom, Negroedom, and death! Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battlefield where at last they yielded for Peace! Alas! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms! Of these men of the ranks their beloved

leader, General R. E. Lee, said to me during the last winter on the lines: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are *not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks*—the privates!" I cordially concurred in the justice and truth of the compliment, for I had seen them tried on the rocks of Coal river, of Gauley, and the Pocotalico. I had tested their endurance in the marches and countermarches, and scouting and skirmishing, of the Kanawha Valley; I had seen them in a first fight and victory against all odds at Scary, and their last stand against greater odds on the Sewall mountains; I had seen their constancy and courage proved at Hawk's Nest, at Honey Creek, at Big Creek, at Carnifax Ferry, and at Camp Defiance, in North-west Virginia. I had seen them leap with alacrity to the defense of Roanoke Island, knowing when they went that they could not return but as captives or corpses. I have seen them in the "Slaughter Pen" there slay twice their own numbers before they stacked the arms for which they had no ammunition. I have seen them employ their leisure and amuse their *ennui* at Chaffin's farm by mechanic arts for the army of a blockaded country! I have seen their efficiency on the peninsulas of the James and York, and of the Chickahominy and Pamunkey. I have seen their successful strategy at Williamsburgh and Whitaker's Mill, and their steadiness in the din of metal at Malvern Hill. I have seen their temper and spirit tried in the lagoons and galls of the Edisto and Stono, and their pluck on John's Island, in South-Carolina. I have heard the shouts of the Virginia men when ordered back from South-Carolina and Florida to rally again around the altars of home, and heard them raise the slogan of "Old Virginia Never Tire," when they pressed forward to open the defile at Nottoway Bridge, and rushed to Petersburg in time twice to save the Cockade City against odds of more than ten to one. I have seen them drive through the

barricade and cut at Walthall Junction, and storm the lines at Howlett's, not for five days only, but for twice five days' successive fighting. I have seen them on the picket-lines and in the trenches, throughout all seasons of the year, in heat and cold, day and night, in storm and sunshine, often without food fit to feed brutes, with not enough of that; without half enough of fuel, or clothing, or blankets; under the most incessant fire of shot and shell; without forage for transportation, and without transportation for forage; scarce of ordnance stores; not supplied with medicines for the hospital; all the time rolling a Sisyphean stone of parapet, and traverse, and breastwork, and bomb-proof, for the want of material for revetment, and for the want of tools to dig out and work up the indispensable lines of defenses. I have seen their manhood worn by every variety of disease and wounds in the hospital wards. Starved, half-naked, rest broken, I have seen them summoned to stand to or to storm the breach, and do it, filling ditches and a crater full of the assailant's dead. I have seen their brigades blasted by the shock of mines, and rise from the *débris* and rubbish to repel and conquer the storming enemy. I have seen them bivouacked on the right of Hatcher's Run, and on the ever memorable days of the 29th and 31st of March last, advance first one, then two, then less than three brigades, on the Military and Boydton plank roads, against *two corps*, and fight them for hours, and so stagger them that they dared not follow the retreat. I have seen them on the quick night march to Church Crossings, and thence hurried to the Namozine, to Flat Creek, to Big Creek, to Sailor's Creek, to the High Bridge, and to Farmville, marching and charging, and charging and marching, and starving, but not sleeping or stopping on the way but to work or to fight. And I have seen them fire their last volleys at Appomattox; and oftentimes in marches, on picket, in the trenches, in camps, and in charges, I

have seen them sad and almost sink ; but I never saw their *tears* until their beloved commander-in-chief ordered them to surrender their arms. Then they wept, and many of them broke their trusty weapons! The blessed and ever glorious dead were not there to surrender, and they are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound, at every hazard, to declare that those men were no rebels and no traitors. Let whoever will swear that they were rebels and traitors, I will contradict the oath, and appeal to God on the Holy of Holies as high as Heaven's throne, and swear that they were *pure patriots, loyal citizens, well tried and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men*, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized them immortal heroes and martyrs! No one shall inscribe the epitaphs of rebellion and treason upon the tombs of their dead, without my burning protest being uttered against the foul and false profanation. And if any wounds of the living are labeled with rebellion and treason, I would tear away the infamy though the wounds should bleed unto death. If I suffer their names to be dishonored and their glory to be tarnished, and don't gainsay the reproach, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and if I suffer their orphans to be outcasts for the want of sympathy, warmly outspoken and more warmly felt, may my right hand forget its cunning! Alas! in these times it has no cunning, for it has no coins. I, too, am a beggar. I can beg, then, and do beg like a Belisarius, for them. Please give them one obolus! Have you a crumb to spare? Divide it with them! Have you comfort, give them. I implore you, give them some of your abundance! Their enemies who slew their fathers honor them enough to feed their poor orphans! They won't hurt you for daring to do deeds of charity. Many of them are brave men, and the brave are always generous to the brave. The orphan, the

orphan of the poor, the female orphan, the orphan fallen on evil times, the Confederate soldier's orphan girl-child, cry to you! Will you not heed their cries and in some way help the helpless ones? If you will not, then may we apostrophize the manes of their martyred sires, in the language of the Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers :

... "Last of Freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace—
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew!"

But if you will heed and help their cry, the question then is—How?

It is to no corporate charity that I appeal—it is to no charity which doles merely to indigence—it is to no charity which gives benefactions only to the poor. I appeal to a higher, a more Christian charity, the charity of active goodness, the *doing* as well as the *giving* charity of good affection, of earnest, watchful love and tender kindness. The necessaries of life and comfort are all wanting and must be supplied; but they are nothing compared with the warm, attentive love and sympathy which administer careful, tender, delicate services, which remind them not that they are orphans, and make them feel that they have guardians who try to supply the place of parents and provide a *haven*, a safe and sure *home*, for them on earth, and thus assure them that they in common with us have "Our Father which art in heaven!" Don't throw plenty even to them as to the dogs; they won't thank you for plenty even, thus given; but give them "that manna" which is the "bread of life!" That it is which will not only help *them* to live, but will make *you love to give*, so that *you* as well as they may live forever. This is that bread which feedeth him who freely from the heart giveth it to feed

the poor. When he tastes their eating of it, he shall find it so sweet that he will give more and more.

We can not feed the poor and nurture their orphans by any "Grad-grind" system! Dickens, the Shakespeare of prose, teaches in *Hard Times* the best lessons on that hardest of subjects for human hearts to digest—men's minds can not master it. It is a subject for the *affections*, not for the intellects. We must rely on *individual*, active love and goodness. Let us try each individual of every class. Can not all and each of us here this night resolve that the single virtue of self-denial alone shall raise the funds necessary for this asylum? Let each individual constitute himself or herself a self-denial's savings bank for the female orphans of the poor of Richmond. Let each, like Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, take a self-examining view of the myriads of little monads of habits which infest our nature, which tangle our powers, which bother our business, which hinder our action, which beset our steps, which torture our nerves, which weaken our energies, which pervert our wills and hearts, and which, like malicious midges, divert or distract us from the paths of pleasantness and of peace. The habits of all cause countless expenses, unnecessary, wasteful, and extravagant. Let us each and all curb these, and try watchfully to save from them the needful for the orphans. I might, for example, appeal to the man of the world, and ask him, "head of a household of high living"—can't he give up the expenses of one, or two, or three costly entertainments, taken from Timon's guests, to feed the orphans of Athens?

I might ask the fashionable matron, "Have you, madam, no costly weaknesses you could make tributary to the poor orphans of your own sex? Come, now, you are amiable. I see one, two, three little vanities—very small—very venial, to be sure—so small there will be no sacrifice—can't you eat and curb the little monads, and send them over to the asylum?

You are nursing them now, and they will be nursing orphans there.

Fair maiden—fresh, sweet, lovely lass of lassitude! How much of morning and of moonlight do you titter and tattle away? How much to the mantua-maker and the jeweler the past year? Can't you spare the price of one costly trinket? Come to an old wizard, and he can tell you a secret worth more than a necklace of precious pearls—how to get a *trousseau* for a bride richer than rubies and brighter than diamonds! Instead of laces, it shall be decked with graces!

I could scowl from the young gentleman at the door of the gambler's hell a saving from vice. Don't he go there? Good. But is there no other habit he can curtail a penny's worth for penury's sake?

I might coax even little children to believe that St. Nicholas might love them more if they would take a toy to the baker's for a loaf of love for the orphans! I would lure them to the asylum to play with the little children, like themselves, and teach them that joys of loving them are more precious than toys.

I could beg the poor themselves—the fathers and mothers who, though poor, yet live and love their own children. They can love and they can labor. Can't they strike one lovelier of labor for the orphans of the poor who have died? Remember their own cherished infants may soon need an orphan's home!

I might rally merchants and men of business; men of pleasure and professional men; lawyers, doctors, and mechanics, and the surviving comrades of Confederate soldiers—all to deny, each himself, a morsel to make up a mighty much of blessed bounty for the bereft; but such scraping for crumbs from worldliness, from human weakness, from vanity and selfishness, and thoughtless indifference and vice, is below the heavenly theme. They will or may dole a mite to-day, but will forget the privilege of giving again to-morrow! *They* will not stop work, or pleasure, or fancy, or fash-

ion, to count the accumulations of self-denial, who prize only the income of self-aggrandizement or the outlays of self-indulgence! *They* can not be convinced of what glorious and wondrous profits of great good a bank of self-denial's savings will yield to the corporators themselves, as well as to the poor beneficiaries of bounty, because they know not how to count the rewards of angel-deeds, which, if they enable us not to ascend to heaven, can bring down heaven to us!

No! orphans, you must look to Christian charity alone! To all Christians, then, and to all the churches I appeal. To thee, O Charity! greatest of all Christian virtues, I lead these poor female orphan little ones! All these orphans are thine; thou art the true nursing mother of all! Take *all* by the hand and bless them; but O nursing mother! let the poor female orphan, in these evil times, in this chill winter of woe, be thy chosen

child! Take *her* to thy arms and press *her close* to thy sweet bosom!

We are beautifully told in sacred biography that "ease and affluence generally harden the heart. If it be well with the selfish man himself, he little cares what others endure. But religion teaches another lesson: 'Love to God, whom we have not seen,' will always be productive of 'love to men, whom we have seen.' From the root of faith many kindred stems spring up; and all bring forth fruit. There arises the stately plant of heavenly-mindedness, producing the golden apples of self-government, self-denial, and contempt of the world; and close by its side, and sheltered by its branches, gentle sympathy expands its blossoms and breathe its perfumes—*consolation to the afflicted and relief to the miserable!*" You have the "golden apples," whose "sympathy" expands these blossoms and breathes these perfumes!

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

AGRICULTURE is both a science and an art. Every science, and its dependent art, is a connected system, linked together by such intimate dependencies, that each must feel the shock that impedes or impels the other. All labor, too, which is not simply undirected physical exertion, with no other guide than accident or chance, is but the practical outgoing of scientific principle, however crudely digested or imperfectly comprehended; so that the zealous, earnest worker in every department is the true friend and coadjutor of his brother in every other. Art is the progenitor of science; but science, in its turn, becomes the nurse and guide of art: science suggests; art illustrates and confirms: a principle in the one is a rule to the other. Science, without the practical demonstrations of art, is simply *theory*: art, without the guidance and control of science, can not be more than *empiricism*. Separated, neither can flourish; but

when united, a mutual interchange of life and light, like the mild and gentle radiance of a diffused sunshine, scatters warmth and energy through all the system.

Such is the relation of agricultural science to agricultural art. One can not flourish without the other; they are parts of a connected whole; and if our country is ever to realize the highest results of her industrial system, the foundation must be laid in a systematic application of scientific principles to all the departments of labor. Would you expect a skillful physician in the man who knows nothing of the science of medicine, the nature of disease, or the functions of life? Could that surgeon perform a skillful operation who had never studied the anatomy of the human body? The ruined health of all who came under the treatment of the first would convict him of quackery; and the mangled bodies of those who submitted to the knife of the sec-

ond, would demonstrate that he was only a licensed butcher. And what would the wasted hillsides, the washed and gullied ravines, and the barren fields of the South say for the tillers of our soil? But this must always be the case when science and art are divorced; both must suffer from the unnatural estrangement.

Indeed, it may be asserted, not only of every particular science and its dependent art, but of the entire sisterhood of science and art, that each is the assistant and handmaid of every other. It is the astronomer who instructs the merchant in what path to carry his freighted wealth over the trackless ocean; and if he toils through anxious days and nights to correct, by a single second, the record of his former calculations, it is that the hardy sailor may attain an equal accuracy in avoiding the perils of the deep: on the other hand, the astronomer is not less indebted to the artisan, who constructed his instruments, to the optician, who has expounded the laws of light, and to the chemist, who has taught him the nature and composition of his lenses. If the science of geology instructs the farmer relative to the source and origin of his soils, or the miner concerning the nature and locality of his ores, or the geographer as to the causes of mountain ranges and the configuration of land and sea; in return, the whole range of art and science pour their accumulated treasures into the lap of geology. So, too, the science of agriculture, contributing not merely to this or that department of labor, but, by the production of food and raiment, ministering at the very fountain of life itself, may be regarded as the foundation and support of all. But, if upon it all are dependent, so with reciprocal generosity and kindness to it, all contribute the offering of their peculiar treasures. The botanist brings to his aid a knowledge of the habits and functions of the vegetable which the farmer cultivates; the zoölogist in-

structs him in the nature and wants of the animals he employs for food or service; the entomologist enlightens him relative to the changes and habits of the insects which prey upon his crops; the mineralogist and geologist tell him of the origin and general properties of his soil; the meteorologist and astronomer instruct him as to his times and seasons; while chemistry, his special ally and friend, is associated with all he does, and must, of necessity, be the ground-work of whatever monument shall be erected to agricultural science in all coming time. By it his soils are to be analyzed, his manures composted, his crops furnished with suitable nutriment, the elements of air and earth made tributary to his purposes.

What has already been accomplished for agriculture by the science of chemistry, we can scarcely fully comprehend. Imagine the alchemist of a former age, searching for the seeds of the metals which he maintained were to be found in the earth, and the foliage and flowers of which he fancied that he saw in the crystalline structure of some of the native ores, and we get a glimpse of the darkness which chemistry has dispelled from the region of organic life. Imagine even Aristotle, that prince of philosophers, whose theories ruled with such an iron despotism, for so many years, over the hearts and minds of men, gravely maintaining that fire, air, water, and earth were the sole original elements of matter, and that these were formed from "primary qualities," as fire from "heat and dryness," air from "heat and moisture," water from "cold and moisture," and earth from "cold and dryness," and we see something of the jargon from which agricultural science has been rescued by the helping hand of the analytic chemist. These are general results.

What then, more definitely, has agricultural science accomplished for agricultural art?

In the first place, it has removed an immense burden of prejudice

and superstition. Nothing offers a more formidable barrier to progress of any kind than the prejudices of the human mind. But chemistry, by appealing to the understanding, and demonstrating its teachings by simple experiments divested of all complexity, has rendered nature's responses clear and intelligible; has disarmed the mind of its prejudices, and started it actively upon a new career of intelligent and rational progress.

He who had once seen the beautiful experiment by which water is resolved, through galvanic agency, into its gaseous components, and these same gases recomposed again into water, could no longer dream of "primary qualities," or of "cold and moisture," as the constituent elements of this useful and common article. And when Lavoisier had separated oxygen from the air by an equally simple and convincing process, it was natural, perhaps, that this singular substance, invisible, combustible, powerful in all its affinities, should have suggested to the mind vague impressions of ghosts that fill the air, and that with it the whole class of bodies to which it belongs should have been called gas, (gast or ghost, as the word originally signified,) but it was now no longer possible to hold to the doctrine of an elementary body composed of "heat and moisture." The most inveterate prejudices must eventually yield to the stern logic of facts, and it is the peculiar province of chemistry to appeal to facts, to submit all her teachings to experimental tests in which the problem to be solved is referred directly to nature herself. And thus, inch by inch, reason and experiment have triumphed over ignorance, till the old prejudice against "scientific farming" as distinguished from "practical farming" is fast passing away, and the good sense of our people is convincing them that all true science and all true practice are alike based upon principles derived from experience and observation. Practice that is false is unsci-

entific; and science that contradicts correct practice is untrue. The practical man, if he succeeds, must succeed on the principles of true science, however he may have attained it; and the scientific man teaches only a partial or a false philosophy, if he does not confirm successful practice. To array one correct principle against another, and call it science is a misnomer. We have heard of the clerical farmer who, arguing most logically from an unquestioned principle in the nature of the animal, concluded that if he would introduce his hogs into his potato patch, they would root up the grass which had become troublesome. Of course he was not disappointed; the grass was rooted up—and the potatoes also. Another, with equal philosophic acuteness, knowing that the proper place for seeds to germinate is in the ground, is said to have carefully uprooted and inverted all his garden beans, because they came up with the bean attached to the wrong end. This may be poetry; it is certainly not science; and it is well that our "practical" and "scientific" farmers have ceased to dispute about their respective merits; for it will be admitted that, in all such cases as the above, the "science" is at least as good as the "practice."

Superstition is closely allied to prejudice; the mind deeply imbued with the one, is always a mind obstinately affected by the other, and the two evils so interlace that they are not always separable. Superstition suggests an opinion, and this opinion, held without reason, and often against reason, becomes the basis of an inveterate prejudice, which is the more incurable because it pretends to no rational support. Chemistry, by inducing a habit of careful analysis, gradually undermines these superstitions, and being led along in the sure path of clear inductive reasoning, with the firm foothold of intellectual conviction to rest upon at every step, the mind first doubts, then suspects, and finally discards every thing that can

not stand the test of the retort and crucible. What agriculturist thus trained in the school of science would blame the phases of the moon, or the conjunction of the planets, for the failure of his crop of potatoes and turnips? We plant in the earth, not in the moon, and if we fail—

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."

But the prevalence of some of these fallacies entitles them to a more serious attention than a merely passing notice. They have taken hold largely of the popular mind, and in so far as they influence popular action, have become, to that extent, a public calamity.

True, some progress has been made. The sage prediction of "Look-for-rain-about-this-time," extending from the top of the page to the bottom, in our old almanacs, is fast losing its ancient prestige, and the poor old man who has stood for so many years transfixed by darts from head to foot, on the first page, is likely to escape from his tortures in these more Christian times. The constellations have nearly ceased to pour their baleful light upon his devoted head; but the gentle, quiet moon, and a few of our sister planets, have not entirely ceased to work their spells and charms upon the earth.

Moonlight, we are told, in a few hours will produce decay in fish freshly caught from the stream, and thrown upon the bank. Turnips should be sown, potatoes planted, meat killed, soap made—in a word, almost every thing should be done according to some phase of the moon, whilst, on the other hand, almost every thing she does portends some change in the economy of nature. If she runs far north, it will be cold; if she lies on her back when new, the month will be dry; with each of her changes, there will be a change of weather; and if, perchance, she should come into conjunction with

one or more of the planets, or they with each other, something more than usually remarkable must occur in the heavens or earth to signalize the event.

Now, as to all these atmospheric changes, it ought to be sufficient simply to suggest that the moon, in her night walk through the sky, is guided by immutable laws, which have never changed since the world began, and from which she will never deviate till the crack of doom. By these laws the astronomer can trace her path with all her changes, during every second of time to the remotest ages. But the "wind bloweth where it listeth," and who can tell what changes of heat or cold, wet or dry, sunshine or storm, a single hour may produce? Nothing can be more constant or certain than the movements of the moon—nothing more fickle or uncertain than the changes of the weather; and how, then, can we hope to trace between them any relations of cause and effect?

As to the influence of the moon's light, it ought to suffice to say that the moon's light is only reflected sunlight, just such as falls upon us from every object around us on the earth; it has no mystic charm. Earth-shine is just as good as moon-shine. In fact, moonlight is peculiarly unfitted for working wonders of any kind; for, owing to the absorption of its heat by the atmosphere through which it comes to us, it is impossible to detect the smallest trace of calorific power in the most concentrated moon-beam; it is a cold, dead, sepulchral light, that has lost even the life-giving power which it had in common with other sunbeams when it started from the parent source. Then how can the so-called changes of the moon, which only means that more or less of her illuminated surface is exposed to view, effect any thing? The moon can not change. It is the same moon now that it was four thousand years ago, when watched by shepherds on the plains of Chaldea; it

never waxes nor wanes except in appearance. The full moon is no larger than the new moon; it remains unchangeably the same dull, earthy matter, covered with cliffs and volcanic craters, probably without air or water, and unable to sprout a turnip even upon its own rugged and barren surface.

How absurdly, then, does it claim to wield an almost boundless power over the productions and every thing else on this distant world of ours! Truly, one would scarcely have suspected such a "busybody in other men's matters" in this same quiet, gentle moon, stealing so softly across the midnight sky.

But we are gravely told that the attraction of the moon causes the tides, and if the mighty ocean heaves and swells beneath her sway, why may not these other things upon the earth? We answer, simply because they are *other* things, and entirely different things; and for that very reason require other agencies and powers to effect the proposed result. If the moon, in common with all other bodies in the universe, has the power of attracting matter, and thus drawing up the water of the ocean into tides, does it follow that therefore it can do every thing else—make turnips and potatoes as well as soap—control and direct the seasons, and send us hoar-frost at its pleasure? Strange philosophy that!

But our honest farmer might have easily multiplied cases of lunar influence, far more striking than even the ocean tides, and certainly more philosophic than soap-making, if he had adhered to the results of universal gravitation, of which the tides are only a particular example. Through this all-pervading principle of attraction, possessed by the moon in common with all other matter, she lays her mighty hand upon the solid earth itself, and swings him to and fro in his orbit; and by the same far-reaching power extends her sceptre, though with a milder sway, through all the host

of heaven, ascending through the ranks of suns and systems to the utmost bounds of the universe of God. This the moon may do because it is her legitimate domain, the common office of all dead matter; but science must protest, with all due deference to her queenly majesty, against usurped authority and juggling arts.

But, it may be asked, if all this popular belief about the moon is erroneous, how can it be accounted for that so many intelligent practical men are thus deceived, seeing that it is a practical matter, appealing to every day's experience, and in a manner, too, most intimately affecting their personal interests? Such misjudgments are not at all surprising; they are perfectly natural; it has been so in all ages. Man is a religious as well as an intellectual being. He not only seeks for the reason of things, but when the light of reason fails him, and he finds some power external to himself working results he can not comprehend, his instincts incline him to ascribe these results to some mysterious influence residing somewhere in nature. On this principle, the sun, moon, and stars have in all past time been objects of religious homage to the ignorant. The whole class of soothsayers and aruspices of the Greeks and Romans belong to this same category. The younger Cyrus, just before the fatal battle in which he lost his life, and in which were blasted all the hopes of his devoted followers, publicly announced to his assembled army that his soothsayers had examined the entrails of the sacrifices, and that all the omens were favorable. The aruspex was the high-priest of the religion of a whole people, who could appeal to their daily experience to prove that the quivering entrails of a butchered victim unmistakably foreshadowed the fate of battles and the destiny of men and nations. The croak of the raven, the flight of birds, the path of the meteor, were all portents of good or evil.

Now, how is it that the learned and philosophic Greek, as well as the practical and astute Roman, could for so many ages appeal to his unquestioned experience, in defense of the truth and practices of an art, the absurdity of which is now too gross even to deserve a serious refutation? The ancient soothsayer was deceived, just as the modern moon-man is deceived; both loosely observed the facts, and more loosely reasoned from their premises, rejecting every thing which bore not in the direction of their preconceived theories; and as their facts proved nothing either way, like negative characters generally, they were only the more easily distorted into any shape the required argument might demand.

What shall we say then? Does human testimony go for naught? By no means. But the opinions of those whose habits of observation are loose and superficial, and the observations themselves scattered and accidental, should weigh but little in the scale against those whose whole life has been devoted specially to the subject under discussion. Which, for instance, should be received as most reliable, the crude opinions of the common observer, based only upon isolated phenomena of nature, or the whole body of astronomers, whose life-long studies especially fit them for analyzing the facts, and who have not only their own observations to guide them, but have also, in their observatories, the carefully collated records of centuries, by other men, equally devoted to the questions in dispute?

Do you ask what these learned astronomers, after all their accumulated and laborious research, have concluded? Why, simply this, that they find absolutely no *certain* traces of effects from lunar changes in all the records of their observatories.

Theoretically, it might have been supposed that there would be a slight decrease of rain during the brighter phases of the moon, because the moonbeams must contain heat, in common with all other light

originating from the sun, and as this heat never reaches the earth, but is absorbed by our atmosphere, it might be supposed that its absorption would, to an appreciable extent, dissipate the clouds that otherwise might have fallen in showers.

Theoretically, also, we might have expected that the lunar attraction, by producing tides in the air, as it does upon the ocean, would have sensibly affected the condition of our weather—not monthly, as the popular impression would require, but like the tides of the ocean, daily, and even twice per day. But no such expectations have been realized. These effects, if they are produced at all, are obliterated by other causes, or are so insignificant as to be lost among the errors of observation.

In fact, if any difference in the weather regularly occurs during the month, the evidence, from carefully comparing the records, points only to a time between the first half-moon and the full—the second octant—a time not indicated either by popular credulity or any known scientific principle. The evidence in favor of this period is indeed very slight, only a small fraction of an inch in barometric pressure—too small to be detected by any other method than that of appealing to a long-continued record of facts, carefully made and accurately analyzed; but still the evidence, small as it is, seems to have some force, for it is consistent and all the lines converge to the same point. One set of observations upon the number of rainy days; another upon the number of cloudy days; and a third upon the indications of the barometer, all point to the second octant of the moon as the period of most rain. Why it should be so, if indeed it really is, neither science nor popular opinion pretends to decide—it is purely an induction from recorded facts. These facts show no other change.

Then are we to conclude that all the facts alleged in favor of these popular beliefs are erroneous, merely creatures of the imagination? Not

at all. The facts are sometimes facts, but the poor moon is not to blame if they are. It may be, for instance, true, and no doubt is, that fish or any other kind of flesh will spoil sooner on a bright moonlight night than when it is cloudy; but only because the dew is heavier on such nights, and the moisture, as well as the gases absorbed by dew, greatly facilitates decomposition. So, too, in regard to the germinating of seeds; the dew, and not the moon or the moon's light, must be held responsible, if there be a difference: any clear, still night which favors the deposition of dew would do as well.

Again, it is certainly true that when the full moon runs far north the temperature of the weather will more probably be cold than when it is far south; but the simple reason is, that the first never occurs except in winter, and the second only during summer; for when the moon is full it must always be in the opposite part of the heavens from the sun, and as the sun runs far south in winter, the full moon of necessity runs far north; there is only a coincidence, but no connection between the phenomena of cold and the moon's position.

But surely, it is urged, the moon does affect the diseases of the human family; for lunacy and epilepsy demonstrate the fact, and even the great Lord Bacon always fainted when the moon was eclipsed. If the great Bacon had faith enough in the moon to allow a superstitious dread to disturb his shattered nerves, it only proves, what the world has long known, that even great men often have weak points.

We admit that there is a tendency in the animal system to return, at regular intervals, after a series of changes, to the same physical state. This tendency is common to man and brute, to male and female, and we have no doubt that these recurring changes modify disease. The period itself may correspond very nearly to a month, as we know in some cases it actually does, or it

may include only a few days, as in the case of intermittent fevers; but whether it be one month or one day, it in no sense can be caused by any peculiar phase of the moon. It would be as rational to insist that the third day's sun caused the tertian fever, as to hold that the thirty days' moon produced the epilepsy.

How fanciful, too, is the impression that pork killed during the decrease of the moon will shrink away, while that slaughtered during the increase will not. Is it the argument from analogy that carries such convincing power to the popular mind on this point—that as the moon is waning, therefore the meat must wane? But the moon waxes, also, and then what a happy thought it would be, during these times of pressure, when corn is scarce, and hogs have already waned quite enough, to buy up large supplies of meat and slaughter it when the moon's waxing process is in full tide! Such a speculation would be worthy of a down-east Yankee. But, perchance, we have missed the argument, and it is, that our veritable porker has heard that the great Lord Chancellor himself was accustomed to swoon away at the changes of the moon, and that, therefore, all true *bacon* should do likewise; we know it is said that there is a loyal branch of this Bacon family down East, whose hams, (wooden,) defying all precedent in heaven or earth, obstinately refuse either to wax or wane. But be that as it may, the argument is at least as good as it was before, for we would prefer for ourselves, in so grave a question as that of meat and bread, some more sure reliance than a vague analogy to rest upon; and even if shut up to the necessity of an analogical argument, we would prefer to draw our analogy from a waning corn-crib rather than a waning moon.

What, then, can be the cause of the undisputed fact that our hams of bacon do sometimes shrink away? Two causes may be assigned. First, the character of the food that made the bacon; and second, the unhealthy

condition of the animal that digested the food. Every intelligent farmer ought to know that the different portions of the flesh of animals are composed of different elements, and that appropriate food to supply these elements is necessary. The solid parts, for instance, such as muscles and sinews, must contain nitrogen, and in the absence of food which can supply this necessity, no muscle can be formed, or if the supply is only partial the result will correspond. Would you expect a stout, muscular, hardy animal to result from feeding upon turnips alone, as well as if corn, wheat, and peas were added? The child fed upon arrowroot may have a round, plump limb, but it is composed of soft, cellular, fatty matter, which would shrink away far sooner than the solid muscular development of the laboring man. And if, in the second place, any morbid, unhealthy action in the vital functions should cause a development of a soft, cellular, unsound flesh, of course the same result would follow. So with our bacon.

But we will pursue our fickle and inconstant neighbor, the moon, no further. We have thus fully considered her powers and capabilities in order the more efficiently to protest against the unauthorized manner in which she has hitherto interfered with the business of our farmers. We will now dismiss her ladyship, hoping that in future she may be permitted quietly to confine her attention at home to the "man in the moon," and that no more of his progeny may be colonized in this far-off world of ours; and that our people, thus left to themselves, may seek to develop their own resources, and promote the best interests of the "land we love."

We have been discussing difficulties in the way of agricultural progress. To return more directly to a consideration of the science of agriculture itself, we would insist that this is now one of the great necessities of the South. Our young men should be taught its elements

in the primary schools, its practical details on the model farm, and thoroughly grounded in all its scientific principles at the college and university. If to secure the greatest good, not only to the greatest number, but the highest interests of all, is a safe principle for the guidance of nations or communities, surely that pursuit which is to engage the personal attention of nine tenths of our people, and upon which the remainder must depend for bread, deserves special attention. If we would not have our sons and daughters to be merely automatons going the round of a treadmill process, our people must now awake to the reality of their situation. Labor—personal, manual labor—is now a necessity, and to relieve it from the servility of mere routine drudgery—to elevate it to the character and tone of our Southern society, it must not be simply machine-work; it must be a cultivated, intellectual pursuit—one that enlists all the warmth of the Southern heart and all the energies of the Southern head. And why not? The farmer stands in the very workshop of nature herself. He is the assistant chemist in the laboratory, where the great Master chemist, by his reagents and solvents, is metamorphosing the gross materials of our barn-yards and compost heaps into beautiful fruits and flowers, and converting the dull earth of our meadows into luxuriant fields of wheat and corn. And shall he stand by, amid these scenes of curious and wonderful phenomena, and look on only with a stupid vacant stare, as one would gaze at the handicraft of a juggler whose tricks he could not understand, and of whose science he knows nothing? Or should he not rather, by fitting himself for an intelligent coöperation, take hold of the chemicals himself, and assist in the performance of the grand experiments going on around him? How is this to be accomplished without the necessary preparatory training? It can not be. Then let our Southern education be remodeled to meet the

demands of the times; let our schools, academies, colleges, and universities recognize the changes that have come over our people. It must be so, or we must lose the high preëminence we have gained for thorough intelligence upon all subjects engaging our attention, as well as for that sterling common-sense by which an enlightened people should always accommodate themselves to the necessities that surround them. We would not abandon the classic fields of Greece and Rome, nor neglect to cultivate the gentle slopes of Helicon and Parnassus; we would neglect nothing elevating, purifying, and refining, in all that has contributed to our character as a people in the past; but, preserving that character intact, we would engraft upon it our new condition, and, by the process of a vital digestion, assimilate all its elements to the true Southern type.

Why should not agriculture, the great business of our people, be thus ennobled and dignified by a special and suitable scholastic preparation? Can there be any position in life in which the refining and pleasure-giving influences of knowledge are more needed to relieve the mind and cheer the heart, than among the hardy, earnest, toil-worn children of the farm? Or can there be any pursuit which has more practical connections with other branches of knowledge than the cultivation of the soil? We have already pointed out some of the sources of knowledge tributary to this calling, and the list might easily be so extended as to demonstrate that, instead of the neglect it receives, the science of agriculture, by its intimate dependence upon so wide a range of human learning, is entitled, as few other pursuits can be, to be lifted from the low level of a mechanical art to the high dignity of a learned profession.

This change is now practicable. Under a former system when our young men had but little to do, by a precocious hot-house culture, their primary training in academies and colleges was necessarily too hurried;

time was not allowed for laying the foundation sufficiently broad or deep. Now it is different. The necessity for attending to business details and assisting in all the duties of family economy, will put a wholesome check upon the railroad speed of our educational system, and allow time and opportunity for inculcating not only the elements of an agricultural education, but for converting every fire-side and country farm into a practical school for agricultural science. The universities of Europe impose a course of study, requiring for its completion the time of their students till they become from twenty-five to thirty years old; and could we not, in even less time, accomplish all that is truly excellent in our curriculum, and engraft upon it, in addition, these new features, so eminently required by the times, and so easily applicable, now that our young men will be in the daily practice, at home, of the principles illustrated in the teacher's laboratory at school? That agriculture can be successfully introduced and taught even in the primary school, is no longer a speculation. More than twenty years ago three thousand Irish schools adopted the system, and the Scotch about the same time followed their example. Two or three hours per week devoted to the children of a class, produced results that astonished and gratified all who witnessed them. These few hours, with the aid of such an elementary book as Johnston's "Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry," and a few simple illustrative experiments suggested by the author himself, such as any intelligent teacher could easily repeat, are all that is required at this stage of the instruction. A higher development will require a systematic home training, or a model farm, under the eye of the pupil, to test the accuracy of his scientific principles; while a scientific school, attached to our regular colleges, and taught by the professors of the regular faculty, could carry on the work to a tolerable degree of perfection. The bias given to the mind

in youth generally directs the whole current of life; and a taste for agricultural pursuits, thus engrafted upon the young by the studies of the school-room, would start the current in the right direction, the impetus would carry it forward by its own momentum, till our people, hitherto too much devoted to the pursuit of elegant leisure, would find themselves naturally and easily borne onward by the stream into the fields of energetic business life and productive industry.

Nor would we confine this course of instruction to the males alone. Why should our young ladies not become expert gardeners? Must they who have so refined and polished our society under a former system, become under the new only mechanical "helps," and not a "help-met" to their farming husbands? Surely not. Every instinct of the Southern heart rebels against it. Then let them, by an appropriate scientific education, be rendered fit companions for their loving "lords," so that, while the one is delighted in the open fields, converting muck and mud into nice dishes of peas and potatoes, the other may, with equal pleasure, contemplate her sauce-pans and ovens converted into chemist's crucibles, full of curious and interesting phenomena. Thus the drudgery of daily life may become a source of high intellectual enjoyment, and the toil of a rural retreat refining and elevating to the last degree.

But elevation and refinement is not our only plea, though this to a Southern mind is much—very much. A nation of scientific agriculturists is necessarily a nation of material progress. Consider what has already been done in the mechanical department by the substitution of the cotton-gin for the old process of picking out each seed from the raw lint with the fingers; or by the invention of the horse-reaper, which, as compared with the old hand-sickle, multiplies the efficiency of human labor a thousand-fold; or by the application of the steam-plow, through the intro-

duction of which instead of the old wooden harrow, human labor may be reduced to a minimum, in the process of simply directing the forces of nature.

Now, science is as capable of advancement and perfection as art; the theoretical as the practical; the principle as its application. Witness the illustration of astronomy: from the first crude observations of roving shepherds as they watched their flocks by night, it has advanced step by step, till the man of science, sitting in his easy-chair, can now weigh the moon as readily as he can weigh a feather, or track a comet in its long flight of years as readily as the hunter tracks the hare.

And why may not agriculture, in like manner, approximate an exact science, so that under the guidance of established laws we may increase its products at will to any desirable amount? Consider what has already been accomplished toward increasing the fertility of soils naturally sterile and unproductive. Flanders was once a poor sandy region, scarcely repaying the laborer for his hard and patient toil. Scientific manuring, careful culture, and systematic rotation, have now converted the whole country into a luxuriant garden, yielding annual crops of thirty-two bushels of wheat, fifty-two of oats, and three hundred and fifty of potatoes per acre, and supporting on its once barren surface the densest population of any country on the globe.

Will it be said, in discouragement of this hope of attaining perfection in the agricultural department, that the science of astronomy deals only with blind physical forces, unvarying in their action and universal in their application, while the science of agriculture has to do with the mysterious principle of life, and the ever-varying functions of vegetable organisms? This in no way alters the nature of the case. Every thing is mysterious till investigation has rendered its laws and their operations simple and intelligible. This was equally true of astronomy once. And

the laws of organic phenomena are subject to just as unalterable conditions as the forces that guide the planets in their revolutions. All are alike the physical exponents of the will of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—*that will* sustains and energizes all the powers of nature, and by it the least organic cell is assigned its law, as fixed and irrevocable as that which directs the stars in their course. Not a process in all the varied functions of the vegetable kingdom can add to or subtract a single atom from the composition of its fibre; a thousand analyses of starch or gluten would exhibit the same identical composition—not an atom more or less; for He who "weighs the hills in a balance" apportions every thing by the strictest rules of weight and measure.

That the vital functions are less fully understood only shows their greater complexity, and the more urgent need of increased attention; but that these functions are performed by the ordinary laws of nature, under the guidance and direction of a vital principle, is demonstrated by the fact that many of the phenomena of vegetable life can be reproduced by the chemist in his laboratory. Starch, for instance, a vegetable product, is often converted, by a vital process, into sugar, to serve as a nutriment for the young and tender germ of the plant; the chemist repeats this process at his pleasure. Formic acid and oxalic acid, likewise products of the vital principle, are equally products of the chemist's art. So of many other things. Even in the department of animal life, "hard-boiled albumen and muscular fibre," says Liebig, "can be dissolved in a decoction of a calf's stomach, to which a few drops of muriatic acid have been added, precisely as in the stomach itself." On this same principle, too, of the dependence of the vital process upon the ordinary laws of matter, rests the whole science of medicine. Will it be denied that the skillful physician can, by promoting

the activity of a torpid organ in one place, or applying a counter-irritant in another, restore the lost equilibrium of nature and establish the health of the invalid? His medicines are only chemical reagents which, by their active affinities, produce the requisite conditions for healthy vital action in the animal economy. How much more, then, may we hope for in the less complex department of vegetable life, where experiments may be repeated with the utmost freedom, under every possible condition, without the moral restraint of endangering life, such as hinders the researches of the physician. Would it be too much to expect that God, in his infinite wisdom, is slowly preparing the earth, by the agency of agricultural science, for the sustenance of its population, when millions have accumulated on its surface, where only hundreds may now be counted? It is thus, by his provident care and mercy, that millions now are warmed and sustained in regions where no wood exists, by the coal-fields and peat-bogs, accumulated in past geologic ages. In like manner we know that he has treasured up the very element most sought after by the practical farmer, in exhaustless abundance, in the very air we breathe, where it only awaits the discovery of some chemical process, by which it can be made directly available for the uses of the farm; and the discovery in the laboratories of science of some new process by which the nutriment of plants might be rendered a thousand-fold more abundant, or by which this nutriment might be taken up and assimilated a thousand-fold more readily and actively than at present, would scarcely strike us with so much surprise as the actual applications of steam and electricity would do if now announced for the first time. If it be too much to assert that the time may possibly come when the farmer can calculate the amount and character of his crops with as much certainty as the astronomer predicts the time and character of an eclipse, it is due to no fault of

his science, but only to the fact, that there are unknown quantities in the problem beyond his reach, such as heat and cold, sunshine and storm, which he can not eliminate, because

God has reserved their control to himself, that man may not forget the great moral lessons of dependence and humility.

J. R. B.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

EXCESS of cold equally with excess of heat hardens the earth and unfits it for tillage. Undue coldness and severity alike with undue fondness and indulgence ruin the moral cultivation and development of the child. Parents in their intercourse with their children should shun an austere manner and a stiff formalism as much as real harshness and cruelty. Water drops its impurities before it is changed into ice. Other solutions in the same way deposit their sediment ere they are converted into those beautiful crystals which please and refresh the eye. If we wish the characters of our children to crystallise into lovely and symmetrical forms, we must remove from them depraved and dissolute companions. Those accustomed to an unwholesome atmosphere and to noxious smells are at length not aware of the pollution in which they live; so familiarity with impurity takes away the perception of it. When the parent perceives that his son is not shocked by coarse, vulgar, and obscene language, he may be sure that the associates of that son are the vile and the vicious.

Parents and teachers often become discouraged by the slow progress of their children as pupils in the attainment of knowledge. But they should reflect that the most precocious are seldom in the long run the most eminent. The first-honor men of colleges are not often heard of again in after life. The slow, persevering plodder is sure to gain rank, fame, and fortune, while the brilliant genius but too often sinks into obscurity. Nature itself seems to teach a system of gradual development.

The sun does not burst upon the earth in full meridian splendour. It first sends forth its harbingers of light, next peeps softly over the horizon, then rises with a softened light, gathers his glories around him as he ascends in his high career, and not until the eye has become accustomed to his increased magnificence does he put forth his full overpowering lustre. The little shrub is many generations expanding into the majestic oak, under whose mighty arms the beasts of the forest seek shelter and repose. On the other hand, "ill weeds grow apace" is a proverb as true as it is old. It is then not the lack of brilliancy that is to be deplored in the child, but the lack of energy, perseverance, and determination. This latter want can only be remedied by judicious help and encouragement, by making knowledge attractive, and by stimulating the desire of the child for its acquisition. Let him feel that he is in the pursuit of something not merely useful and necessary, but that is pleasant in itself, and that will add to his comfort and happiness. His own self-love then will prompt him to a persistent effort after an attainable good. The love of knowledge is natural to the human mind, and its acquisition would be universal did not difficulties conflict with the still greater love of ease and self-indulgence. Yet we see indolent men make painful exertions for the sake of gratifying their passions or their appetites. The idle, listless, irresolute student may in like manner be incited to manly work by the hope of future enjoyment in the stores of learning he will have acquired. There is a

pleasure to all, even to the most sluggish minds, in knowing something not known before; there is a pleasure in conquering the obstacle which has kept that thing from being known earlier. Now these two powerful auxiliaries nature has given to the parent or teacher to aid him in training and developing the faculties of the child. Hence the impropriety of repressing his curiosity and of refusing to answer his thousand natural inquiries about the name, the nature, or the reason of things. Light is the symbol of knowledge in all languages. And just as the plant or the tree desires light, so does the human mind naturally desire knowledge. Place a plant in a dark cellar with but a single aperture where sunshine can enter, it will put forth its tendrils toward that aperture seeking for light. The twig in the forest overshadowed by its neighbors of larger growth, shoots up into a slender tree, and seeks to overtop them, that it may receive the much-coveted rays of the sun. In the bosom of every child there is the same struggle after, the same longing for unattained knowledge. Gratify that earnest desire, that his mind may be vigorous like the sturdy oak, which has grown up in the sunshiny plain. Especially should he be instructed about the mysteries of his own nature, his relations to his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, the realities of an eternity of misery or happiness. We believe that few have attained to even intellectual greatness whose moral nature was not cultivated *pari passu* with their mental. And as the moral development has usually devolved upon the mother, it has passed into a common belief that no man ever attained to eminence who had not a remarkable mother. Hence the very natural mistake that intellectual gifts were derived from the mother. And we are referred in proof of this to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon; to Mary, the mother of Washington; to the mother of President Jackson; to the mother of the brothers Hum-

boldt; of Sir William Jones; of Telford the engineer; of John Wesley; of Philip Henry, Count de Morny, and of hundreds of others who have risen to eminence. But the simple explanation is to be found in the religious character of the mother. Women are more devotional than men, and when the training of their children has devolved chiefly upon them, the Bible has been the book of instruction placed in the hands of their sons: and this is superior to all other books for mere intellectual training. A study of its precious contents will develop and will strengthen the mental faculties more fully than all the literature of earth. Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, has left this decided testimony: "I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence *than can be collected from all other books*, in whatever language they may have been written." This is the opinion of no tyro in literature, but of one who had read more books in other tongues than any man of his age. A love of learning may be excited in the dullest boy, and his dormant powers may be aroused by the reading of the simple stories in the Old Testament, or the parables of the Saviour in the New. But not only will his mental faculties be expanded; the moral nature will also be reached, and there will be that simultaneous development, without which there can be no true greatness. The pious mother instructs her son in the truths of the Bible, not to make him intellectually great but morally good. The chief object may be lost, while the secondary one is gained. Thus men have become great, because their mothers have been pious. And the world, with its usual proneness to err, has ascribed the greatness to the intellectual, and not to the combined intellectual and moral training of the mother. A lesson is here taught

even to the wordly-minded, who desire for their children the honors and distinctions of this life. This can be best attained by imbuing their minds with biblical lore. When Lord Chatham had to make any great effort in Parliament, he shut himself up in his study and read Isaiah, that his mind might receive the rapturous glow of the inspired prophet. The greatest essayist of any age draws his most beautiful and forcible figures from the Bible. From hence the most celebrated poets of the world have derived their glow of fancy, their loftiness of style, and their sublimity of ideas. To this source the wisest of legislators have gone for the best code of laws. Here the great painters of the world have sought subjects for their canvas, and their masterpieces have been representations of scenes or thoughts in its sacred pages. Here men of science have found the truest interpretations of the mysteries of nature. Hence the great luminaries of that department of knowledge, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, the Bernouillis, Herschel, Horsley, Stewart, Locke, Flamsteed, Chalmers, Bachman, Whewell, etc., have made its mighty truths the study not of their leisure moments, but of their lives. Professor Huxley has justly said: "True science and true religion are twin sisters; and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes exactly in proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. *The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious tone of mind.* Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial than to their logical acumen." The sentence quoted above affords the true explanation of the phenomenon so often observed, that distinguished men have had remarkable mothers. No man has ever become really great in the

widest and best sense of the word who did not receive in his youth that religious training which usually devolves upon the mother. It was "the direction of their intellects by an eminently religious tone of mind" which constituted the greatness of Washington and Stonewall Jackson. Men who have not had that bent given to their faculties may have possessed higher gifts and learning, and yet proved a curse to their species and to themselves. Had Byron's intellect been sanctified by a mother's prayers and example, what a blessing to the world he would have been, with his genius, his sensibility, his love of the grand and the heroic! But his mother, unfortunately, was not qualified for the task of training such a mind. Macaulay tells us that she passed in her treatment of her son from paroxysms of anger to paroxysms of tenderness. At one moment she lavished upon him her fondest caresses; at the next, she reproached him for his deformity. Hence filial reverence was wanting in him, and with it were wanting all those high and noble qualities it brings in its train. In his correspondence even with his female friends, the poet spoke of his mother as his Alecto, his Hydra, his Fury, his Upas-tree, and so on. He wrote to Miss Pigot: "Her (his mother's) behavior on any sudden piece of favorable intelligence is, if possible, more ridiculous than her detestable conduct on the happening of the most trifling circumstance of an unpleasant nature." Since the world began, did a son ever before use such language about a mother, and heighten the offense by addressing it to a lady friend? We hope that no son will ever again employ such cruel words, and that no mother will ever again deserve them.

Oh! mighty is the influence of woman; highest in her position in the scale of being; the most exalted are her duties and her responsibilities. The Redeemer of mankind owned no mortal man as his father, but a woman was his mother! To women

belonged the honor of ministering to him during his weary pilgrimage upon earth. They were the last at the cross and the first at the tomb. To them the risen Saviour first appeared. Thence the first training of the infant mind. No good enterprise has ever succeeded without their aid. None has failed without their defection.

Being thus distinguished by heaven, and intrusted with the most solemn accountabilities of life, how circumspectly should they walk, how prayerfully watch over the young immortals committed to their care! How carefully should they guard against the pollution of their tender minds by any species of defilement! They should perpetually bear in mind that all good must be implanted in the soul, and is of slow growth; but evil springs up naturally and thrives apace. With what patience the husbandman gathers the seed of cotton, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, etc.! With what labor he prepares the soil and plants it! But the seeds of pestilent grasses and noxious weeds need no gathering and no sowing. The fowls of the air and the winds of heaven scatter them everywhere over the earth, and the soil is ever ready to receive them. As long as their children are in the world parents can not keep them from *all* baneful seeds; but they can at least plant and cultivate the good seed, so that they may overshadow and dwarf the pernicious. But children can be kept from *much* that is dangerous. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil," said our Redeemer in his intercessory prayer. Evil books and evil companions must be guarded against. The great mental philosopher of England has compared the mind of a child to a piece of white paper, upon which any thing may be written legibly. The mind of the man is the same piece of paper, written all over, crossed and interlined, upon which few new characters can be traced. How important that this fair and beautiful scroll

should be interscribed with the living letters of truth! Late in life, Dr. Franklin said that if he had done any good in the world, it was owing to a little book which he had read in boyhood, by one of the Mathers, and called, if we remember rightly, "Hints on Usefulness." The mother of Washington was accustomed to read daily to her family "The Contemplations, Mental and Divine of Sir Matthew Hale." A writer has said: "The singularly near assimilation of Washington's character to the general principles inculcated in this book has very naturally led to the conclusion that it furnished the model to which he disciplined himself." On the other hand, the perversion of great natural powers by vicious reading is strikingly exhibited in the case of Robert Houdin. He had probably as much mechanical genius as Watt or Fulton; but having seen in early life a book on jugglery, he spent his days in automaton-making and in tricks of legerdemain. The talents which God gave him to bless mankind were spent in exciting the wonderment of the mob. A few years ago a midshipman in the navy, the son of a prominent and most estimable citizen of New-York, was hung for an attempt at mutiny and murder in an United States brig-of-war. His mind was said to have been poisoned by reading the "Pirate's Own Book." In our own personal knowledge, a young man of fine promise was made a nuisance to society by the same pernicious book. A chaplain in the army, and a most enthusiastic lover of nature, was intrusted for a time with the education of William and Alexander von Humboldt. This man, "Campe, had plainly perceived," says their biographer, "that the mode of education and instruction till then adopted in families and institutions, only tended to develop the memory and not the mind; he opposed from the first the mechanical training of youth, and endeavored to develop the susceptibility of the youthful mind by a perception of the world—of for-

eign nations, men, and manners." The spirit of research and thorough investigation, awakened in the minds of those young men by their teacher, made William Humboldt the profound philological historian, and Alexander the greatest explorer of the age. And here it may be as well to mention, for the comfort of those parents who are discouraged at the dullness of their children, that Alexander was so dull that even his own mother—a wise, prudent woman, thought him incapable of receiving an education. His sluggish powers did not seem to arouse from their lethargy until he approached toward manhood. And yet, before his death, that which was said of another could have been said of him—"He touched the whole circle of the sciences, and adorned them all." He has embodied a mass of learning in his "Cosmos" which seems almost beyond the attainment of any mortal man. Let no one then be disheartened by the backwardness of his child, when this miracle of knowledge was thought to be stupid in boyhood. These examples are given out of hundreds that might be selected of the influence of books and conversation upon the susceptible mind of youth. They show that parents can not be too guarded with respect to the reading and associations of their children. Newspapers, reviews, and magazines are more generally read than books. It appears from the census of 1860 that the number of political papers in the United States, including quarterlies and monthlies, amounted to 3242; the number of religious newspapers and periodicals to 277; and the number devoted to farming and gardening to 40. The aggregate circulation annually is put down at 927,951,548 copies, or over 34 copies for every individual in the country! What a fearful thing is such a circulation! How tremendous the responsibility of the writer in these days! What an engine for weal or for woe is the modern press. It was once said: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." But

it is now, "He who controls the press has the destinies of the nation in his hands." No one can pick up even the most insignificant of the ephemeral productions of the times, whether daily newspaper, review, or magazine, without seeing something worthy to be known and remembered; and alas! too often much that ought not to be seen by an ingenuous and a pure-minded youth. How often do we see an obscene advertisement flaunting upon the first page, because it pays well! How often do we meet with the profane jest or the indecent joke! The light literature of the day is more to be scrutinized than books; for the simple reason that they are written to please and instruct for the hour, and not to have the sober judgment of posterity passed upon them. Hence they often pander to present tastes and fashions, regardless of what the decision of truth and right may be in the future. Such reading matter can not be criticised too closely, it can not be examined too rigidly. Wiser far is the parent who allows his infant child to play with a case of medicine in which are deadly poisons, than he who allows son and daughter the selection of their own reading. The temptation from this source is infinitely more dangerous than the temptation from wicked companions. They present themselves face to face, and "the snare of the fowler is laid in the presence of the bird." But that comes to the child in his loneliness and retirement, and, like Satan, whispers in his ear the guilty suggestion. He can look at it, contemplate it, and gloat over it without deeming it necessary to call upon his virtue and his manliness to resist it. Evil companions have slain their thousands, but pernicious reading has slain its tens of thousands. The latter does not evoke the blush of shame, that potent shield against the shafts of sin. The wicked understand the might, yea, the majesty of the blush of the ingenuous youth. Hence, they ply their arts of ruin

upon him when night has dimmed the lustre of his armor. We once heard a venerable man, who had spent some forty years of life in a town, say that he had never known a boy "turn out" well who had been allowed to run about the streets at night. Weak and foolish parents, who know and feel the danger of the thing, have not nerve enough to deny their children this privilege, or make them deny themselves. And yet, the teaching of self-denial is the most important part of home education. Self-denial in its antagonism to self-indulgence lies at the root of all those virtues which made Plutarch's heroes great and the Roman name famous throughout the world. Self-denial in its antagonism to selfishness is the one cardinal doctrine of Christianity. "Take up thy cross and deny thyself," was the burden of the preaching of the unselfish man of Nazareth. The self-indulgent man is a soft weakling, unfit for any thing great and noble. The selfish man can not be trusted as a friend or patriot. When his real or supposed interests clash with that of friend or country, his own will have the preference, though the most solemn pledges and obligations may rest upon him to sacrifice them. Stonewall Jackson said to a friend that he only remembered of fainting once in his life. Some one had placed a mustard-plaster upon his chest for some ailment, and then, to divert his mind from the pain, had sent him on horseback to a neighbor's house some two miles off. "I reached the house," said he, "and then fell fainting from the horse." Upon being asked why he had not removed the plaster when the pain became intolerable, he replied: "I had always tried from my earliest recollection to endure pain patiently." This heroic self-control was the preliminary training to his great career. It fitted him who had learned to command himself to command others by his iron will. It fitted him, habitually a sufferer in body, to endure an almost incredible degree of hard-

ships and fatigue by the mere force of his invincible resolution. It was an aphorism of Sir Francis Bacon that "selfish parents made unselfish children, and unselfish parents made selfish children." Who has not seen illustrations of this? And the philosophy of it is plain. The selfish parent, for his own personal gratification, makes the child deny himself, and the child grows up to be generous and self-denying. The unselfish parent gives up his own ease and comfort to gratify the child; and the pampered creature grows up with lofty notions of his own importance, and with a contemptuous disregard of the rights and privileges of others. The noble generosity of the parent makes no impression upon the mind; but the preference given to the child's tastes and inclinations soon ceases to be looked upon as an act of kindness, and is thought to be a right. "Do you know the cause of that young man's ruin?" inquired a friend of the writer on one occasion; "his father always sacrificed his own enjoyment to promote that of his son. If there were but few delicacies on the table, such as a scant supply of early vegetables, the father's portion was given to the son. If some exposure had to be endured on a wet or a cold day, the son sat by the snug fireside and the father went out into the storm. The boy grew up, not to feel grateful for the goodness of the parent, but to feel that he was the more important personage of the two, and that he was like a sovereign receiving but the natural homage of the subject—his own unquestionable dues. Hence, the indulgence of his appetites was not regarded by him as wrong; it was inculcated almost as a duty by his father. See in the animal expression of his face the natural fruit of such training." Many persons wisely insist upon implicit obedience in their children, without understanding precisely how this affects their moral character. It is because obedience lays the ax at the root of selfishness and self-indulgence that it is so important an

element in domestic education. The child who has learned to surrender his own will to that of his parent has gained an important step toward the mastery of self, and consequently the first step toward becoming an unselfish and therefore useful member of society. When the mother of Washington was asked what was the secret of her success in training her son, she replied that her great lesson was "implicit obedience." And we are told how, when his young heart was set upon the sea and foreign travel, and his midshipman's warrant was in his pocket, and his trunk on board the boat, he gave up his own eager wishes, because it so pained his mother to see him leave. But for this act of self-denial George Washington might have been an officer of the British navy, and not the father of a mighty nation; and this country might have been a colony of Great Britain to this day. The influence of early self-discipline upon Washington is seen throughout his whole life. It made him tolerant of pain, patient under fatigue, calm under reverses, and magnanimous in success. It made him a patriot, preferring the interests of his country to his own, seeking its prosperity rather than his own aggrandizement. Hence he gave it a republican form of government rather than adorn his own brows with the royal crown. The whole world admires the greatness of Washington; but the world does not trace up that greatness to its source, the self-denial taught him by his mother.

The laws and ceremonies of the Mosaic code always contained collateral reasons for their observance over and beyond those which were obvious and apparent. The most unimportant regulation guarded against some evil, pointed some moral, or contained the germ of some great truth. Thus the kid was forbidden to be seethed in the mother's milk, and this apparently trivial prohibition we find recorded among the most solemn and responsible duties. It was repeated three times, once from Sinai itself, trembling at

the presence of its God and enveloped with clouds and darkness. It was uttered, not by an angel, but by the awful Jehovah, amidst the terrors of that fearful mount. We can not therefore regard the prohibition as a small and insignificant matter. First and least of all, it related to health. Physicians tell us that food prepared in that way is unhealthy. The whole Mosaic dispensation had such special reference to health, that Hall, in his "Journal of Health," says that there are more wise sanitary rules in a single chapter of Leviticus than were ever passed by any board of health in Christendom. But the great thing taught by the prohibition was an abhorrence of human sacrifices. The Israelitish mother learned thereby that she was not in any way to be accessory to the death of her child. If this was forbidden after the fact in case of the beast that perisheth, how much more before the fact in case of a living child with an immortal soul? Hence all the tribes of Israel learned in the way most impressive to the uncultivated mind to detest the practice, then so prevalent among the surrounding nations, of sacrificing their children to Moloch and other heathen deities—"the giving the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul." Moreover, as the mother's milk typified the mother's functions, the perversion of these to the injury of the child was forbidden by the figure. Thus is clearly set forth the crime of exerting the parental authority to force a mercenary marriage upon the daughter, or an ambitious one upon the son. It is seething the kid in its mother's milk, and consigning it to a life of torture, compared with which death in the boiling caldron would be a blessing. Again, it is not straining the figure to apply it, as Walter Scott has done, to the infliction of injury through taking advantage of the noblest instincts and purest emotions of our nature. So when Amy Robsart was ensnared into the fearful fall through the trap-door by her love for her wayward husband, the Duke of Lei-

chester, Tony Forrester said to her murderer: "Oh! if there be judgment in heaven, thou hast deserved it. *Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections. It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk.*" Thus, too, when the boy is entrapped into sin through friendship for his wicked companion, the son through regard for his worldly parents, the unsuspecting maiden through love for her betrayer, the innocent kid is seethed in its mother's milk.

We have made the foregoing digression to show that the punishment by stoning to death of the disobedient son or daughter under the Mosaic economy, involved another reason than that which appeared on the surface. It is not merely that the relation between parent and child can not be maintained and that the happiness of domestic life can not be preserved without the most entire subjection to parental authority; but it is also because the disobedient child will grow up into the selfish adult, who will prove a curse to society; and society does well to cast stones at the head which will breed nothing but mischief and destruction to it. The mocking Ishmael always turns out to be the man whose hand is against every man, while every man's hand is against him. If the early history of all those incarnate fiends who have wrought desolation upon the earth could be learned, we doubt not that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them would be found to be vicious, selfish, disobedient, and ungoverned boys. Benedict Arnold, the traitor and the monster of cruelty, is but a type of the whole class. The Roman boy, who delighted in killing flies, became the bloody emperor of infamous notoriety. But if the appeal to the parent to curb selfishness in the child, because it is hostile to the interests and well-being of society, be unavailing, surely the appeal ought to prevail based upon the happiness of the child himself. *The selfish are always unhappy.* They seek but their own enjoyment; but

they find instead supreme, unmitigated misery. They wrap themselves in a covering of egotism; but this, like the shirt of Nessus, burns and stings, and tortures them to death. It makes them morbidly sensitive, jealous of the devotion of their best friends, and suspicious of all the world besides; keenly alive to their own rights and privileges, and ever suspecting that these have been infringed.

The Christian parent who allows his child to become a martyr to selfishness is more cruel than the Ammonitish mother, who caused her offspring "to pass through the fires to Moloch," whose brazen arms were made to press the quivering victim to its seven-times heated breast. A few sharp pangs, a few piercing shrieks, and the sufferings were over. But the spoiled and indulged and therefore selfish pet of foolish father or mother spends a lingering life of torture, and goes down to an unregretted grave. Imaginary wrongs and fancied slights will be perpetual subjects of contemplation. Suspicion of neglect or injustice will pour the wormwood and the gall in every cup of happiness. Far less the agony of the poor wretch stretched upon the rack, than that of the mind harrowed by its own ideal and self-inflicted grievances.

Now the religion of the Bible aims to make man happy by divesting him of his selfishness. The Mosaic economy taught by type, and the Christian dispensation by precept, *that the sacrifice must go before the blessing.* Nature herself joins in the same lesson. *The pruner must go before the gatherer of fruit.* Redundant limbs must be cut off, superfluous shoots must be plucked out. Even the poet whose own excesses had never been pruned, could sweetly sing:

"The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopped with care, a strength will give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live,
All greenly fresh and wildly free."

D. H. H.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN LYRICS.

THE first three pieces are from the pen of Philo Henderson, who was born near Charlotte, Mecklenburgh county, North-Carolina, and who died in early manhood, leaving a large number of unpublished poems of rare value behind him.

THE LONG AGO.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the ears in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper clime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul be in sight."

THE FLOWER OF CATAWBA.

Down in a fair romantic vale
 Where willows weep, and to the gale
 Their sighing branches fling,
 A peerless flower unfolds its leaves
 When eve her mystic mantle weaves,
 And twilight waves its wing.

And never since that golden morn
 When earliest flowers of time were born
 'Neath Eden's cloudless sky,
 Has evening shed its weeping dew
 Or stars looked from their homes of blue
 On one with it could vie.

For that sweet flower the silver wave
 That weeps beneath the Indian's grave
 And echoes still his song,
 As it sweeps onward to the sea,
 Pours strains of plaintive melody
 Its winding shores along.

To it was, at its natal hour,
 By her who reigns in Flora's bower
 Immortal beauty given;
 And when from off its native shore
 It greets the evening star no more,
 Where Eden's sunny waters pour,
 'Twill fadeless bloom in heaven.

THE ANTHEM OF HEAVEN.

THROUGH the dark realm of chaos, ere the morning of time,
 The strains of an anthem pealed onward sublime;
 Swelling up from the harps of angels on high,
 Unechoed they swept down the dim, starless sky.

The sun, moon, and earth, and stars were not there,
 To catch the grand strains of that heavenly air;
 But on, ever on, through dim chaos and night,
 They bent their grand, solemn, and measureless flight.

When God, by his word, spoke in being the earth,
 Those strains echoed back, sung in heaven its birth,
 And sun, moon, and stars beneath Jehovah's glance,
 In beautiful order wheeled into the dance.

And now, where the farthest bright, tremulous star
 On the horizon's verge drives its silvery car,
 The strains of that anthem are reëchoed back,
 And that to their music pursues its bright track.

The sky-piercing mountain, the shadowy vale,
 The cloud that unfolds its white, vapory sail,
 The flower that blooms by the cataract's roar,
 And ocean along its desolate shore,

Adoringly feel and respond to those tones ;
 And the proud heart of man their sweet influence owns,
 When they swell on the wings of the dark tempest's night,
 Or breathe through the calm of the weeping twilight.

To their music in time the wide universe sweeps
 In its grand stately march through unlimited deeps ;
 From the loveliest to which Chaldeans prayed,
 To the insect that winds his small horn in the shade.

When the Archangel's trump, with its loud pealing strain,
 Shall wake the long sleepers from mountain and plain,
 The strains of that hymn will swell higher and higher,
 And blend with the roar of time's funeral pyre.

Then onward sublimely, unanswered once more,
 Through the dim, starless sky they will sleep as of yore,
 And forever bend down their long, measureless flight,
 Through the dim, rayless regions of chaos and night.

TO HELEN.

WRITTEN BY E. A. POE, WHEN FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicean barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand !
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land !

LIGEIA.

ALSO WRITTEN BY POE IN HIS BOYHOOD.

LIGEIA ! Ligeia !
 My beautiful one,
 Whose harshdest idea
 Will to melody run,

*Say, is it thy will
 On the breezes to toss,
 Or, capriciously still,
 Like the lone albatross,
 Incumbent on night,
 (As she on the air,)
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there?*

THE MOTHER TO HER SON IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURGH.

THE winter night is dark and chill,
 The winter rains the trenches fill—
 Oh! art thou on the outposts still,
 My soldier boy?

Thy mother's heart is sick with fear,
 The moaning winds sound sad and drear,
 The foeman lurks in ambush near
 My soldier boy!

One treacherous shot may lay thee low;
 My stricken heart, with such a blow,
 Nor rest nor peace again would know,
 My soldier boy!

Thy tender years and soft brown eyes
 Ill suited seem to such emprise;
 But in thy soul the manhood lies,
 My soldier boy!

I think by day and dream by night,
 I start at tidings of the fight,
 And learn thee safe with such delight,
 My soldier boy!

Cheerful and bright, thou dost essay
 To chase my every fear away,
 And turn the night into the day,
 My soldier boy!

In thee I gave what most I love.
 For thy return, thou weary dove,
 I lift my fervent prayer above,
 My soldier boy!

Temper the wind to my dear child,
 O God! and curb the winter wild,
 And keep in thy embraces mild
 My soldier boy!

W. D. PORTER.

GATHERING SHELLS.

WANDERING on the shores of memory,
Gathering up the fragments east
By the surging waves of feeling
From the ocean of the past.
Here a shell and there a pebble,
With its edges worn away
By the rolling of the waters,
By the dashing of the spray.

Some lie smooth and many-tinted
High upon the glistening sand ;
Others, sharp and freshly scattered,
Wound when taken in the hand.
Here a wreck of by-gone treasures
Garnered in our early years,
Gathered now in hidden caverns,
Crusted with the salt of tears.

Every hope and every sorrow
That the heart hath ever known—
Vessels launched in youth's bright hour
On the shadowy beach are thrown ;
Here are pleasure-boats that glided
O'er smooth waters for a while,
There, rich argosies of feeling,
Freighted with a tear or smile.

Joy that vanished ere 'twas tasted,
Is but sea-weed wet with spray :
Eagerly we seek to grasp it—
Lo ! its beauties fade away.
Floating in the brilliant future,
It was dipped in rainbow-dyes,
But upon the sands of memory
Now in tangled masses lies.

Here are wrecks of early friendships,
Living only in the past,
Vessels which were far too fragile
To withstand life's cutting blast.
By them nobler barks are lying,
Barks that weathered every gale ;
Till on death their life-boats shattered—
These were never known to fail.

Round about are fragments lying
Of the cargoes which they bore ;
And on each these words are graven ;
"Friend, we've only gone before."
Oh ! it gives both pain and pleasure
To reflect that when we die,
Shattered on the sands of memory,
Thus in loving hearts we lie.

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

TOO LATE.

I HEAR it forever ! It sounds in my ear
 Like the sigh of the pine when the wind-cloud is near,
 Or the moan of the ocean that sobs on the shore,
 When wailing the wrath of the storm that is o'er.

As the ghost of the miser, in slumber unblest,
 Haunts ever the spot where its treasure doth rest ;
 Sad mem'ry returns unto days that have fled,
 And the "dead past" seeks vainly to "bury its dead."

No hope hath my soul this refrain shall cease ;
 Time doth not assuage—Death will not release ;
 More sad than the raging of passion or hate
 Is the voice of despair when it whispers "*too late !*"

Too late to amend—too late to atone,
 'Tis grief unavailing that's left me alone ;
 For the red stain of sin, though we steep it in tears,
 Like a scar on the soul, through life reappears.

The head of the mountain, though hoary with snow,
 Cools not the fierce fire that rages below ;
 And if the hot lava has rolled down its side,
 Kind nature seeks vainly the traces to hide.

O Faith ! canst thou whisper no comfort to those
 Whose hearts, like the geysers, boil e'en in repose ?
 Untamed by misfortune, unsated with sin,
 Yet longing for peace and comfort within.

Still passing the road which leads unto death,
 With good resolutions that melt with a breath ;
 Still hoping 'gainst hope that they backward have prest
 The fiery passions that boil in each breast ;

That belief is triumphant, and banished each doubt—
 The geyser extinct—the volcano burnt out :
 Till despair lowly whispers, " This, this is thy fate,
 To yield to the stream, and lament when *too late !*"

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Thou gentle brook, by thy sweet side,
 With lingering steps, I love to stray,
 And hear the ripple of thy tide
 Make music on its joyous way.

Chafed by thy pebbly bed below,
 I see thee now in bubbles foam ;
 And now I mark thy wavelets flow,
 In glassy smoothness gliding home.

Now thou art lost in yonder dell,
Where matted foliage hides from sight,
In darkness there awhile to dwell,
Then laughing leap once more to light.

Now thy bright surface takes the beam,
To throw it back to yonder sun ;
And now again thou hid'st thy stream,
And all unseen thy waters run.

Thus light and shade alternate play
Upon thy current flowing free ;
And musing on thy changeful way,
A moral hast thou taught to me.

The brook is life ; the pebbly bed,
The trials that keep pure the stream ;
The bubbles, airy hopes that fled
Like visions of a vanished dream.

The leafy darkness of the dell
Is sorrow's clouds of faithless fears ;
The sunny light, the joys that swell
When heaven has kissed away our tears.

But, gentle brook, the pebbly bed
I see is not thy changeless lot,
Nor bubbling foam, nor darkness dread,
But many a sweet and sunny spot.

So trials sore and hopes delayed,
And sorrow's cloud, are not the whole
That God on earth for man has made--
For there is sunlight for the soul.

Nor light nor shade we changeless see ;
The stream runs dark, and now 'tis bright.
In light then let me grateful be ;
In darkness, patient, waiting light.

REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D.

BAD HABITS.

WEAVING silently round the soul,
Crawls the spider of sin ;
"Who can not break his weak control ?"
Nothing but threads he can spin.
Nothing but threads, thin little threads,
Beautiful sunshiny strings,
Round our hands, our feet, our heads ;
"Who fears such bright little things ?"
See, see ! that silken glistening thread !
'Tis red as it swings in the breeze ;
It waves and it sways till it wraps round my head ;
"Who cares what a father or mother has said ?"
I say and I'll do what I please."

See, see! another; 'tis green, but 'tis bright;
 It dances and tosses like fun;
 It floats in the sunbeam, it bathes in the light,
 It winds round my hands, and it binds them tight,
 And I do what I would not have done.

Another; oh! that is a bright golden thread;
 Ah! 'tis strong and 'tis thick, though 'tis bright;
 It catches my feet and it draws them along,
 And I follow, not willing, a wild noisy throng,
 And they lead me far out in the night.
 My head, my hands, my feet are now bound;
What would I not give to be free!
 I can not unwrap them, my strength can not break,
And they've lost all their brightness to me.

BALTIMORE, MD.

ISABELLA R. BYRNE.

IDYL.

TO M. N. T.

I.

A VISION which I had of late,
 By the orchard's lattice-gate,
 Let this simple song relate.

Vision of a little girl,
 With a cheek of peach and pearl,
 And the promise of a curl!

Daintily in white arrayed,
 Borne by Ethiopian maid,
 Blending well with light and shade.

Dimpled hand on dusky neck,
 Ebony, with silver fleck,
 'Twixt a turban and a check!

By the cedar's scented gloom,
 By the violet's perfume,
 By the jasmine's golden bloom,

By the graceful hawthorn-tree,
 By the stately hickory—
 Pausing for a kiss from me!

Melting where the sunlight shines
 On the blossomed nectarines,
 Melting down the orchard lines;

II.

Melts, but bids before me rise
 A wiser pair of wider eyes,
 In a wide world of surprise;

And a world of rapture swells
In her accent, as she tells
All the legends of our dells :

Where the wild bee builds her cells,
Where the humming-birdie dwells,
Where the squirrel drops the shells !

Voice by soul of music stirred,
Eloquent in tone and word,
Mocks the very mocking-bird.

And she knows the ways of fruit,
All the tricks of bud and shoot,
All the secrets of the root.

Much that wiser folks call weeds,
Her wide horticulture heeds ;
Boundless her delight in seeds.

Leave her to her slender hoe !
Let the seasons come and go !
Let the flowers and maiden grow !

III.

Another presence ! bright yet pure,
With mien more modest than demure,
Not our little maiden, sure !

Yes ! by dimpled cheek and chin !
Violet eyes and velvet skin,
'Tis our "Summer-child " again.

'Mid the roses she hath wrought,
'Mid the lilies, till she caught
Health and grace in form and thought.

Greet her, all ye clustered blooms !
Apples, peaches, pears, and plums !
Greet your sweetest, as she comes !

By the cedar's scented breath,
By the violets underneath,
By the jasmine's golden wreath.

Crown her with your fragrant hands,
All bright things from all bright lands,
Crown your brightest where she stands,

By the graceful hawthorn-tree,
By the stately hickory,
Pausing for a kiss from me.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

ADELE poised her light, graceful figure upon a broken pedestal in the Campagna, in the attitude of Canova's *Dancing-Girl Reposing*. In her fantastic play, she thought herself entirely alone, not a living being in sight or hearing, when she suddenly became aware of the fact that a pair of dark eyes, whose brilliancy even the twilight did not conceal, were fixed upon her. She saw that she was mistaken for a statue, and she determined to maintain her position until the unwelcome intruder should pass on. But he folded his arms, and leaned against the trunk of a tree, and seemed quite at his ease and quite at leisure, and the position upon one foot was too fatiguing to be long maintained. So with a palpitating heart, she calculated the distance she could spring on the side farthest from the stranger—made the projected bound, and ran off as fast as possible. The gentleman brought his reeling figure bolt upright, stood for a second in extreme astonishment, and then, like a hound on the track of a deer, sprang after the fugitive. When she found herself pursued, terror lent wings to her feet; but a stalwart young Englishman, accustomed to all sorts of athletic exercises, is not easily beaten in a foot-race, and Adele soon felt a strong arm thrown around her, and a laughing voice exclaim—"Ho! my little signorina; marble figures are not usually so fleet of foot—pray explain."

But the child turned upon him with such a defiant gesture and such flashing eyes, that he involuntarily relinquished his hold, and retreated a pace or two, even before the "How dare you, sir?" issued from the childish lips as naturally as from those of an insulted woman. Alfred Mowbray had a vague sense of having not captured an Italian peasant child, but of having offered a rudeness to a full-grown English lady. For although those eyes flashed like an Italian's, they were not Italian eyes—although the

little head reared itself like an enraged cobra, it was not an Italian head. Large blue eyes they were, and the complexion was snowy, and the golden hair rippled over neck and shoulders like that of Guido's Magdalene. But a second glance somewhat reassured the young Englishman. The little figure before him *could not* have seen more than twelve summers, so doffing his cap with mock humility he said,

"If your august highness, majesty, or whatever else your dignity may be, does not fancy being chased and caught, you should not go playing tricks upon unwary strangers after that fashion."

The little girl's manner instantly changed—her face crimsoned with shame, and with tearful eyes and pouting lips, she said:

"I did not know that any one was near—I was only playing."

"No harm done, carissima, you looked charmingly—Canova never had so pretty a model, I am sure. Now you will pardon me, will you not, and tell me your name?" Adele gave a sweeping glance all around, hoping to see if her faithful old attendant Bernardina had not returned. But no Bernardina was to be seen. She had told her little charge to remain here, thinking it a safe, secluded spot, until she should return from the errand of charity upon which she had gone. Adele, notwithstanding her recent brave defense of her dignity, was still terribly afraid of the stranger, and would have told him her name, or any thing else he asked her; but she knew her father shunned Englishmen as he would the pestilence, and was always particularly afraid that some of his countrymen might learn his name and place of residence. Completely embarrassed, and at a loss for a reply, she stood twisting her fingers nervously together, and looking down upon the ground.

"My name is Alfred Mowbray"—

the child started—"and your countryman, if I am not mistaken in thinking you English."

"I can not tell you my name—the English treated my poor papa so badly that he does not wish to know any of them. He says he has no country and"—her voice faltering—"no kindred."

A stout middle-aged Italian woman now hurried up, and seizing the little girl's hand drew her away, talking in an eager, remonstrating tone. They were soon out of sight, and young Mowbray walked slowly back to the broken pedestal. On the grass beside it, something white glistened in the light of the now risen moon. On stooping to pick it up, he found it was a child's handkerchief—and when he came to a street-lamp, he read, daintily written upon one corner, "Adele St. Maur." "So I have learned your name, you little witch," he muttered to himself, "and I think it is probable some of my own blood runs in your veins; for St. Maur was the name of that renegade, penniless officer who ran off with my aunt Adele some fifteen years ago, and almost broke my grandfather's heart, and quite broke my poor aunt Mildred's. I must find out these people."

When Adele told her father that evening of her adventure, and that the young stranger's name was Alfred Mowbray, his dark face grew darker than she had ever before seen it. He drew her toward him fiercely, and said in a tone quivering with emotion: "My child, your grandfather's name, as I have told you before, was Alfred Mowbray; but I now tell you what I never told you before, and that is, that but for his cruelty your mother would be living to bless the lives of her poor husband and child to-day. I have always considered you too young to listen to her sad history, but now you shall hear it. Your grandfather, Sir Alfred Mowbray, was induced by his father to marry a lady for whom he felt no love, and this poor lady died a few years after their marriage, leaving one child—a son. Sir Alfred then married a lady distinguished for her

beauty and fascinating manners, and to her he was devotedly attached; but she also died in a few years, leaving twin daughters, your mother, and your aunt Milfred, who died recently. Your grandfather, while he showed his son but little affection, devoted his life to his beautiful daughters. I need not tell you how I met your mother; but she loved me, and finding her father inexorably opposed to our marriage, we were married without his consent; she fondly hoping that her father, who had never refused a wish of hers, except in this matter, would forgive her as soon as he knew that she was really married. But he was as hard and relentless as a rock. For the first year of our marriage, she seemed happy, for she fondly believed that her father's forgiveness was only a question of time, and that he could not persist in shutting out from his heart and home his darling Adele. You were then born, and your poor mother used every endeavor to regain the lost place in her father's heart, but every effort only served the more to convince her that it was hopeless. She could not bear the trial, and sank under it. From the day she was married, she never saw either her father, sister, or brother. Recently I heard of your aunt Mildred's death, and your grandfather has now come to Rome to ask—listen, my Adele—to ask that I shall give him my child! To ask that the child of my broken-hearted wife shall be given to him whose cruelty killed her! All his pride is gone now, and he condescends to make every concession to the once despised and penniless officer. But," he added, fiercely springing to his feet, "he shall never, *never* gain the boon he asks—he shall not even see my beautiful darling." Adele looked at her father's knotted brow and dilated nostrils with fear—she had never seen him under the influence of so strong a passion before. But she knew not, in her bewildered little child's heart, that conscience was whispering throughout this gust of passion, "You robbed the poor old man of his child, and although it was

his duty to forgive, is it not also *yours* to make some reparation?"

After walking the room rapidly for a few minutes, Colonel St. Maur sat down again, and Adele, drawing close to his side, kissed him timidly and said: "Papa, do you not think my poor mamma would have wished my grandfather to see me?" He winced as if in pain, and said slowly, "I—of course, my child—your mother would have been perfectly happy if this proud and cruel grandfather of yours would have condescended to look at you. But he would not—and now he shall not."

"But, papa dear, it makes you so unhappy to be so angry with any one," her eyes filling with tears; "if you would make friends with my grandfather, would you not be happier? I am always miserable when I quarrel with any one until we have made friends again. And then he loved his daughter very much, I suppose—as much as you love me, papa, and if I should be ungrateful to you"—she stopped, embarrassed at what she was going to say; and her father, looking into her eyes fully, said, "I would forgive you, my darling—you could do nothing for which I would not forgive you."

The next morning Adele was dressed by Bernardina in traveling costume, and when she came down to breakfast found her father also equipped for a journey and full of business, reading papers, etc. After kissing him good-morning, she asked in wonder: "Where are we going, papa? Bernardina said she did not know."

"We are going to the Crimea, love—to live in tents and fight the Russians."

"Oh! are we really, papa? *are* you going into service again?"

"Yes, darling, and you have not more than fifteen minutes for your breakfast; so lose no time—you are going to be 'la fille du regiment.'"

"And is Bernardina going too?" said Adele with some sinking of the heart. She was relieved by a hasty "Yes, yes," and the carriage stood at the door. When she was seated, she slipped her hand in her father's and

said: "Dear papa, won't you—for my mother's sake—say good-by to my grandfather before you leave Rome?" Again the dark cloud gathered on the stern man's face, but after pausing a moment, he directed the coachman to drive to a hotel in the Piazza di Spagna. They were soon at the designated spot, and Colonel St. Maur silently conducted his child up the broad marble stairs.

Adele trembled as the noble-looking old gentleman into whose presence she was ushered took her into his arms, and with his tears falling upon her face, said in a broken voice: "Colonel St. Maur, I thank you—from my soul, I thank you for this unlooked-for and undeserved kindness."

Colonel St. Maur explained to him that he was leaving Rome, and was taking his child with him to the army. Sir Alfred, without ever once taking his sad yearning eyes from the face of the child, and in a hopeless sort of way, remonstrated against it—saying that neither the moral nor physical atmosphere of the camp was fit for a child of this tender age, and then detailed, with trembling eagerness, the advantages of the pure air of his place in Westmoreland—how much better and happier it would be for her in an English home, with a pious governess, etc. St. Maur listened unmoved, and with folded arms, said quietly: "A soldier's daughter must learn to share a soldier's hardships. But I assure you she will be well taken care of—the wife of my friend Colonel D—— will take charge of her; and if any thing should befall me, she will be sent to England, to your care." Sir Alfred raised his tall figure and said: "Promise me this, St. Maur, promise that you will make such arrangements as will place my grandchild in my care in case she is placed beyond yours." "I promise," replied St. Maur, and the two gentlemen clasped hands cordially and solemnly; for upon St. Maur's mind was impressed one of those vivid flashes of "coming events," casting not their shadows, but their lurid lights before, that he felt convinced he would never return from the expedition upon which he was now starting.

CHAPTER II.

Lanstead Abbey was one of those exquisite English places, where the splendor of the palace is united with all the sweet domesticity and individuality of home. The gray walls sprang from the soft emerald turf as if they grew from it—now projecting into the broad sun-light—now sinking into cool shadowy recesses. The morning sun poured its glory over the grand old pile—bringing out buttress and pinnacle, tower and gable, gothic arch and traceried window; and, darting also into that east breakfast-room, touches the gray locks of the old man who sits there with a silvery radiance, and the brown curls of the young man who sits there with a golden. The same old man whom we saw in the Piazza di Spagna—the same young man who won the foot-race on the Campagna. But it is not the sun-

light which now sends the faint color over the fair wrinkled cheek of the old man. It must be something in the paper which he holds in his hand which moves him so—for now he clasps his hands in silent prayer, and then he speaks to his grandson.

"Alfred, Colonel St. Maur has been killed at Balaklava!"

"Indeed, sir! Then I suppose you wish me to go for his child."

"Yes, and I will go also. Give orders that every thing shall be ready for our journey by to-morrow morning."

"I will, sir."

And they go forth—the old man seeking his lost Dead in the Living—the young man seeking the beautiful and poetic child who played Canova's Dancing-Girl upon the Campagna.

CHAPTER III.

The steamer plows the waters of the Euxine sea with a heavy freight—a freight of aching hearts and pain-racked bodies. The battle of Balaklava sent many a brave, good man to his grave, and the brave and good always carry with them the heart-strings of father, mother, brother, sister, wife, and child. The vessel is crowded with wounded soldiers—some hoping to reach England ere they die—others fondly believing they will grow well and strong when they reach home. But the heaviest freight are the hearts of bereaved ones—those who mourn their dead left upon a foreign soil—or those who carry with them the sacred remains to place them with their kindred dust.

Our poor little Adele lies with her head in Bernardina's lap, her eyelids swollen with weeping; all the roses have faded from her cheeks, leaving only the snowy whiteness, which makes her more resemble a storm-drenched snow-drop than any thing else. And the plaintive, incessant wail, "Papa! papa! O papa, my poor

papa!" seems to fill Bernardina with despair. She has listened to it for day and night, vainly striving to soothe and quiet the stricken little one. An old Jew with a flowing beard is seated near them on deck, and looks toward them with deep sympathy. At last, without speaking, he goes below and returns with a glass of iced water, and taking from his valise a small vial, pours a few drops from it into the glass, and presenting it to Bernardina, begs her to give it to the young lady, saying it would act as a sedative, which she evidently so much needed. Bernardina had not observed him until this moment, and she now hesitated, but catching at any thing that promised relief, she took the glass, and placed it to the feverish lips of her little charge. Adele drank it eagerly, and in a few moments sank into a profound slumber. Bernardina looked gratefully toward the old Jew, and in a faint voice thanked him for his kindness.

"You look very ill yourself," said

he; "I am afraid you are worn out with fatigue and grief."

"I am afraid," she answered, "that I *am* going to have an attack of illness." And then she added, clasping her hands, "what will become of Miss St. Maur?"

"Have you no friends with you?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Colonel D—— was also killed; and his wife who had charge of the child was raving with grief, and I thought it best to try to reach Rome, where I expect to find Miss St. Maur's grandfather. But I feel so strangely ill that I begin to feel alarmed about myself." The leaden hue of her face and the pinched appearance about her nose, confirmed her words, and a strong shiver passed over her frame. The Jew procured a cushion, and gently lifted Adele's head and placed the cushion under it, saying to Bernardina: "Now go and lie down and I will find the English surgeon who is on board and send him to you."

"Thank you, my friend," said she, "and if you can find a priest, send him also;" and she added, catching his arm and looking into his face, "*will* you—for you look like one to be trusted—*will* you watch beside Miss St. Maur until I return?"

"I will," said the Jew in a tone which left no doubt on Bernardina's mind. He found the surgeon and the priest each at his post of duty, among the wounded soldiers, and after sending them on the new errand of mercy, he returned to the sleeping child. He kept his watch for long hours, and Adele slept on, as pale, as motionless, almost, as the blood-stained dead who lay so near her, in their coffins. Presently a solitary figure began to pace the deck, and the Jew saw it was the English surgeon; softly approaching

him, he asked how the sick woman was faring.

"No better; a hopeless case of cholera; she will not live until morning," was the reply. "And there are two other cases on board, and I advise you to get that young lady out of this infected atmosphere as soon as possible. She is in your charge, I presume."

"No," said the Jew, "she has no attendant but the sick woman; but I will take care of her until she reaches her friends who are in Rome. We will arrive at Constantinople by day-break, and I will then have both conveyed to a safer locality."

"What is the name of the young lady?"

"She is Miss St. Maur, daughter of Colonel Henry St. Maur, who was killed in the recent battle."

"Indeed, and who are you?"

"My name," said the Jew haughtily in reply to this abrupt questioning, "is Lionel Benjamin. My son is head of the —— Department in the Crimea."

"Ah!" said the surgeon extending his hand, "I am happy to know you. Your son has been of the greatest service to our army. I am Dr. C——, of —— division."

"Your name is familiar to me," said the Jew. "I have been much with the soldiers for some months past." A young officer on crutches now approached, and Dr. C—— related the conversation which had just taken place. "Poor St. Maur! he was one of my best friends. And this sleeping child is his daughter. What an exquisite beauty!" And with the ever ready appreciation of the artist, he drew out his drawing materials and commenced sketching the pallid face, and the slight figure which lay in its motionless weariness, in the light of the overhanging lamp.

CHAPTER IV.

When Adele was told of her new misfortune, nature gave way; brain fever set in, and for a time she was unconscious of every thing. Mr. Ben-

jamin had her conveyed to the house of one of his own race, where the gentle Jewesses, skilled in medical lore, nursed her with all tenderness. When the fever subsided and consciousness returned, Adele was too weak for any violent outburst of grief. Helpless as an infant, she lay watching calmly every object around her—the shadow of the trembling leaves, which fell through the open window upon the counterpane, or the shifting rays of light as they glanced across the floor.

Mr. Benjamin remained in Constantinople until she was able to be moved, and then learning from a reliable source, that Sir Alfred Mowbray was not in Rome, he determined to take her to his own house in Venice until he could write and ascertain her grandfather's whereabouts.

The voyage thither was almost a blank to Adele. Her whole heart was filled with one dull absorbing pain, and her kind guardian wondered at an excess of sorrow which he considered so unnatural in a child. His wife and daughter exerted themselves to the utmost to entertain and interest their Christian guest, and so kind and gentle were they, that Adele soon learned to love them, and love always exerts a soothing effect. Love is happiness, and happiness is health, both to the soul and to the body. Eva and Sarah Benjamin were fully grown girls, and Sarah was a year or two older than Adele; little Joseph was a bright little boy of six years of age; and old Leah, a kind motherly old Jewess who lived with them, completed the family. Mrs. Benjamin was a beautiful woman, and as tender toward the little waif cast upon her care as a mother could have been.

But though Adele learned to love them and felt very grateful for their kindness, she always felt that between her mind and theirs was a barrier which could not be passed. Their faces were beautiful, but upon them all was imprinted a spiritual dullness, a veil which seemed to place them far off from her. Their

dark soft eyes were loving and intelligent; but there was something there which impressed Adele with an idea which she did not like to admit to herself—an idea that they were like the beautiful eyes of a fawn or a spaniel, and that no soul looked from those human windows. But her own grief was still too recent for her to speculate upon these things, and she would lie with her hand in Sarah's for hours, while Sarah read to her English books. One morning, she said:

"Sarah, I have been praying every day since my dear papa was killed that God would give me some evidence, some assurance, that he was saved. And this morning, I felt so comforted while praying—it seemed as if God were listening in pity. Won't you bring me my portfolio? It is in the trunk marked No. 2. I wish to read all papa's old letters."

Sarah brought the portfolio. On opening it, the first thing Adele saw was a sealed letter, addressed to her in her father's handwriting. Her hands trembled so that she could scarcely open it, but when torn open, her eager eyes devoured the contents. Sarah looked at her with wonder, as with glittering eyes and lips apart apparently breathless, she looked from line to line, from page to page. She then exclaimed: "My God, I thank thee! Oh! enable me to devote my whole life to thee for this great goodness," and the first tears she had shed since the fever left her forced themselves through her closed eye-lids, and were absorbed by the precious paper upon which her cheek was pressed. Sarah kissed her fondly, her own tears flowing in sympathy, and said:

"Then you are relieved about your dear father?"

"Yes; this letter was written the day before the battle, and he says he puts all his trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and with his brother officers had that day received the sacrament." And her face glowed with rapture which to Sarah seemed unearthly. She was

thinking, too, all the time, "Can these Christians be so entirely mistaken?" and her mind rapidly ran over what she supposed were incontrovertible errors. "They worship a woman—a Jewish woman; they worship images, which God has expressly said were not to be bowed down to; they neglect all the purifications which are so necessary to health; the priests shave their beards and their hair off, which God has expressly forbidden, (Ezekiel 44 : 20 ;) and they eat all kinds of unclean food, which God forbids. *They can not be right.* But I have never seen a Jew who attached so much importance to his religion as this Gentile girl does to hers; but my mother says God's people never seem to believe the truth so firmly as the heathen believe in error."

Adele now began to improve very fast; the heavy weight was removed from her mind, and the whole world began to seem joyous and happy to her again; not that her father was ever out of her mind for an hour, but she had the inexpressible relief of thinking of his safety and happiness, and that she would see him again. Her young companions were delighted to see her spirits begin to improve, and she was soon able to go out with them in a gondola and see the city. Her room was furnished with oriental magnificence, and in the bathing-room adjoining a stream of flowing water ran constantly through a marble basin, and poured itself downward through a tube into the court-yard below. Old Leah, who was a very devout Jewess, said to her one day: "I suppose, little lady, you have always been accustomed to bathing in warm water; but our law commands running water, for all manner of personal impurity." Adele did not much like this old woman; she had a coarse Jewish face, and she shrank from her with instinctive repugnance. "I suppose running water in the Bible only means fresh or pure water, and it could be warmed, I should think, without lessening its purity," said

Adele. "Not that I wish warm water; cold water answers very well; but you are more particular than most Jews, I think; those who lived in the Ghetto at Rome looked as if they never used either warm or cold water."

"Alas!" said the old woman shaking her head, "some of our people are very corrupt. They have forsaken the law of their fathers; but we still have our Scriptures pure, and we *know* our duty, if we do it not."

"I can not think, though," said Adele, "that you understand your Scriptures rightly, or you would be Christians."

"Our law forbids us to be Christians," said Leah.

Adele was not an adept in controversy, but she looked so clearly and decidedly incredulous that Leah went on.

"Our law forbids us to worship images as the Christians do—"

"You are mistaken," interrupted Adele, "in thinking all Christians worship images. The Protestant Christians condemn it as much as you do."

"Oh!" said Sarah, running into the room laughing, "you are not trying to argue Nurse Leah into believing Christianity? I think you will remove mountains first."

Adele looked very grave; it seemed to her a terrible thing for any one to reject the Saviour of mankind. She looked from the aged Leah to the youthful Sarah—both with such strongly marked Jewish faces; the former ugly as the witch of Endor; the latter as beautiful as the Sarah—princess—who tempted Egypt's Pharaoh. Yet in both appeared that mystic veil—that cloud which seemed to envelop their souls and shut them out from the Sun of Righteousness."

"Come away from Leah," said Sarah, drawing Adele's arm within hers, "she is a little cross sometimes, and I see she has said something to make you unhappy."

"Far be it from me," replied Leah,

"to treat the stranger and orphan with aught save kindness."

Adele left the room with Sarah, but she still looked grave and sad.

"Come," said Sarah coaxingly, "do not look so grieved—you seemed quite happy this morning—what has occurred to distress you?"

"O Sarah! I can not bear to think that you do not believe in Christ. I love you so much; but when I go away, I fear I shall never see you again."

"Oh! yes," said Sarah, "papa is going to take us to London next winter, and we shall probably see you there."

"I did not mean that," said Adele, "I mean that we may be separated in eternity. And this life appears to us long, but it is really so short in comparison to eternity, that—"

"We will certainly go to heaven," said Sarah, "we always keep the Law, and we are Karaite Jews—not Rabbinites."

"But the law will not save you," said Adele. "I had a governess, Miss DeLeon, who was a converted, I mean a Christian Jewess, and she said the Jews *before* the coming of the Messiah, were not saved by observance of the law alone, but by looking *beyond* the law to a divine saving power. If they loved God, as they were commanded in the first commandment, this great love would make them think their best observance of the law deserved no reward; and they trusted to a promised Saviour. A really holy man sees no merit in himself—he is so accustomed to studying the holiness, perfection of God, that in comparison he feels himself nothing. He is required to walk 'humbly with his God.' You know that is what your Scriptures say. Do you think David trusted to his observance of the law to save him? You know sacrifices and offerings were commanded in the law, yet David said: 'Thou desirest not sacrifice—thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a

broken and a contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.'"

Sarah listened earnestly and thoughtfully.

"But Miss De Leon said that does not mean that we were not to observe the law, but we were not to trust to any righteousness of our own for salvation. And a person who had been a very wicked man, and repents immediately before his death and trusts in Christ alone, will be saved, while a person who has been a strict, outward observer of the law all his life, and does not trust to the Messiah, can not be saved. I say *outward observer*, for if he has in his heart loved God with all his strength, he must necessarily be enlightened."

"But can not we trust to God and not to the Christian's Messiah? My mother and my aunt Miriam were talking about it yesterday, and they said a Jew could not believe in three Gods and a Goddess—the Virgin Mary."

Adele was so shocked that she became pale. "O Sarah! we believe in but one God. We Protestants do not worship the Virgin Mother; but my dear nurse Bernardina"—here her eyes filled with tears—"was a Roman Catholic. And she used often to take me to her church after Miss De Leon went away. But Miss De Leon and my papa were Protestants, and although they consider the mother of our Saviour the most blessed of women, they do not worship her."

"But you worship God the Father, and God the Son, and—" Adele placed her hands over her lips. "Do not say any more, Sarah." Her eyes were round with a feeling of awe and fear. "Do not talk about these holy things. I will explain to you what we believe; I once heard a priest explain it to Bernardina. He said: 'There is the snow upon the mountain side; the sun shines upon it and the snow melts into water: the water, upon the blowing of a cold wind, freezes into ice. There are snow, and water, and ice, yet it is the same thing.

God is but one, yet he is God the creator, God the redeemer, and God the sanctifier.”

“I see,” said Sarah slowly, “it is quite different from what I thought. But still I can not see that the—your Saviour—is really the Messiah.”

“I can not explain to you all the reasons for our belief, for I am very ignorant, but I think if there were no other proof than that his disciples, who were ready to die for him, gave us a history of his life in which no man since has been able to find a fault, that would be sufficient proof. Miss De Leon said the way in which the sacrifices are spoken of in the Old Testament showed clearly that the old-time Jews must have been convinced that they pointed to some great sacrifice made once for all. And those of them who were truly godly people recognized their Messiah in the Lord Jesus Christ. But those who were proud, their pride interposed between them and One who made no pretensions to earthly grandeur. And those who loved pleasure more than holiness did not find any congeniality with One who

taught such purity of life. And those who were avaricious cared for nothing but the loaves and fishes which he could multiply at pleasure.”

“But the Christians of these days are not such good people. Mother says that Jews do not commit any thing like so many crimes as the Christians.”

“A Christian commit a crime!” exclaimed Adele, whose ideas of Christian character were formed by the example and precepts of the gentle Miss De Leon and her faithful old nurse; “what do you mean?”

“All these people in Venice are Christians, and they are constantly doing the most horrid things.”

“But they are not really Christians—those who are wicked only call themselves Christians.”

“Very few of them are good, I think,” said Sarah.

“That is not the fault of their religion. Miss De Leon says the Jews always had a perfect law, yet very few of them led holy lives. You do not know the real Christians, perhaps.”

CHAPTER V.

Adele greatly enjoyed seeing the beautiful old buildings of Venice. Old Mr. Benjamin and Sarah were usually her companions in sight-seeing. Every thing was familiar to them, but they seemed delighted at the interest which Adele manifested in every thing. “Now, do not tell me when we come to St. Mark’s—I think I shall know it by a beautiful description of it, which Miss De Leon once read to me. The writer said the buildings in front of the cathedral looked as if they had suddenly been struck back into lovely order and obedience, and stood at a distance that we might see it far away. And then he describes the cathedral as consisting of a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a pyramid of colored light, which appeared to be a trea-

sure heap of gold and opal and mother of pearl. He said, underneath it was hollowed into five great porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture of palm leaves and lilies, grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes. And then he described the solemn forms of the sculptured angels, robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. Then he

described the mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the cross; and above in the archivolts, a continuous chain of language and life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

Adele paused breathless and laughed; and Sarah said:

"What a memory you have to remember all that! And I really do think it is great nonsense, for I was never struck with any extraordinary beauty of St. Mark's." They had stopped for Mr. Benjamin to make some little purchase, and Adele raised her eyes. Before her was St. Mark's. Yes, it was all there! Even to the white doves which she had forgotten in the description, but which filled the porches, "mingling the soft iridescence of their living plumes with the marble foliage, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years." Adele's eyes filled with tears, and she thought of Madame de Staël's remark: "Architecture is frozen music." A grand *Te Deum* was St. Mark's.

They entered the church. The cross—the cross was the grand symbol to which all this beauty pointed—lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone. It was not the Madonna which was here the presiding deity. The third cupola over the altar represented the witness of the Old Testament to Christ, and

showed him enthroned in its centre, surrounded by the patriarchs and prophets. The centre of the church was, however, the point upon which the poet-artists had spent their labors most conspicuously, and the two ideas which they strove to embody were, "*Christ is risen*," and "*Christ shall come*."

But Miss De Leon had taught the English girl that image-worship was sinful, and she turned away, wondering in her own mind if any one ever in this world became capable of entirely separating truth from error.

When they reached home Adele found Leah in her room, placing a bouquet of freshly-cut exotics upon her toilette-table. "Thank you, Leah—you are very kind—you must forgive me for what I said about the Jews in Rome. I do really love the Jews; our Saviour was a Jew, and our Saviour's mother was a Jewess."

"Yes, the prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, was a Jew, not only in lineage but in religion: he was a holy man. If Christians kept the law as he did, they would be truly holy."

Adele prayed silently for guidance as to what she would say, and then replied:

"The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' 'For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.'"

"I have read your New Testament. I read it to please a dear young lady who was very kind to me once; but I was more firmly convinced than ever that Jesus of Nazareth never intended to abolish our holy law. He commands even the tithing of garden herbs not to be left undone, and he says: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, before one jot or tittle of the law shall fail.'"

"Miss De Leon thought that the law was not abolished, and that breaking the smallest command was wrong; but it was a yoke too heavy to be borne without sustaining grace,

that is, that a person who is constantly watching his own actions to see whether they are in accordance with the rule, is miserable. He must look away from himself to Christ. But the law is still holy, just, and good."

"And can we be Christians and conform to all our law?" asked Leah in surprise.

"Certainly," said Adele. "There was a great company of Jewish Christians in the time of the Apostles, who observed the Jewish law. St. James the apostle said there were thousands, and they were all 'zealous of the law.'"

Leah looked at the bright young face before her, in its clear, innocent,

earnest beauty, and she thought of Samuel in the temple.

"O Leah!" said Adele, catching the withered hand of the old woman—"I am ignorant—I can not instruct you, but there is one certain way of finding out the truth. Pray to God to enlighten you: he will certainly give wisdom to all who ask it sincerely. Promise me, won't you?"

"I will pray that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will show me whether Jesus of Nazareth be the Christ."

Adele's heart gave a bound of joy, for this solemnly spoken promise was to her an earnest that Leah's face was turned to the light, and she felt that she would find the truth.

CHAPTER VI.

When Sir Alfred Mowbray reached the Crimea and could learn nothing of his grand-daughter, the shock to him was very great. Colonel St. Maur's fellow-officers all declared that they thought the young lady had been sent to England; that immediately after the battle, there was so much confusion they did not remember seeing the child. That she had taken boat was certain, for Captain F—— had forwarded her luggage on a steamer bound for Constantinople. Doctor C—— had returned to England, or he could have told whose Samaritan care had enfolded the desolate little stranger—watched over her in illness, and surrounded her with all the sweet comforts of home.

Under the bitter disappointment, Sir Alfred's mind reeled, and he would talk about his daughter "Adele—poor lamb—she had made a very unfortunate marriage—but he had forgiven her—and he was searching for her," and it was piteous to see the trembling anxiety with which he looked at every lady who passed him, hoping to find his lost daughter. Alfred Mowbray was distressed at not finding the child, but far more distressed at the change the shock had

wrought in his grandfather, and would constantly tell him that it was only a temporary thing. They would certainly hear some news of the missing one—probably find her in England when they reached home. But Sir Alfred would not hear of returning to England. "I must find my child," he would say, "I will travel the world over to find her. Do not talk to me, Alfred—you never loved your sister," and so he would wander on. The mail from England brought Mr. Benjamin's letter. Alfred rushed to his grandfather with the glad news. The old man wept and cried like a child, but seemed quieter after the first paroxysm was over than he had been for many weeks.

They reached Venice, and Alfred, leaving his grandfather in the care of a servant, went in search of his cousin. Sarah and Adele had just seated themselves in a gondola to go out when Alfred came up. Mr. Benjamin was with them; the silvery beard of the old man and his bright sparkling eyes formed a sort of background to the twin rose-buds—the two girls. Sarah with her dark eyes, brilliant complexion and faultless features, and Adele, with her profusion

of golden hair and lily-like fairness—what a contrast!—the diamond and the pearl.

Adele recognized immediately her pursuer on the Campagna, and she blushed and did not seem very glad to see him. But he was her rightful guardian, and good old Mr. Benjamin delivered her up, exacting the promise that she would return that evening and stay with them until her grandfather left Venice. Adele sat quietly beside her cousin, feeling very sad; it brought her father's death back to her so vividly that, after a vain effort at self-control, she burst into tears. Alfred had all the virtues and faults of an Englishman, and although he would have given any thing to be able to comfort his little cousin, he was as much at a loss for words as though they did not understand each other's language. So it was a great relief to both when the gondola reached its destination. Adele was surprised at the change in her grandfather—so old, so feeble he had grown. His manner towards her was a blending of the stately grace of the old-time gentleman with the most touching parental devotion.

His mind had become more collected, and he would repeat every now and then, as if reminding himself, "This is my grandchild—the daughter of my poor Adele, who married Colonel St. Maur." Adele saw that he needed the most tender care, and she began to talk to him in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, which had the happiest effect upon him, and he never wearied listening to her. "I am sure I am greatly indebted to old Mr. Benjamin for his kindness, my love. You must invite them all to Lanstead Abbey. Now tell me about your poor nurse again—she died so suddenly of cholera."

"Yes, grandpapa," but here her voice failed, and she buried her face in her handkerchief. He laid his hand caressingly on her head. "Poor child—poor child—just like her mother!" he muttered.

"I never could understand," she resumed in a low tone, "how it was I slept fourteen hours, when my dear Bernardina was so ill; she must have been very ill before I went to sleep; but I was so unhappy about papa that I did not notice it."

CHAPTER VII.

By the time Adele reached England, she and her cousin Alfred were fast friends. Sir Alfred seemed to have a new lease on life; he became strong and almost young again. Adele was his constant companion. Beautiful England! with what delight the young girl greeted the land she had thought of and dreamed of as home. She nestled into all her belongings at Lanstead Abbey as if she had lived there a hundred years; and she little knew what a radiance her own presence shed over the old place. She soon learned to know the cottage people on the estate. Her grandfather resumed his active habits of superintending his estate, and Adele soon became very wise in agriculture and stock-raising. She went with him over the cultivated fields

and through pastures upon which the immense flocks of cattle grazed. She soon learned, to her grandfather's great delight, to distinguish a Devon from a Durham; and an Alderney from an Ayrshire.

In fact, her love for the open air was so great, that there was no part of the farm economy that she did not become familiar with—enriching land, draining meadows or upland, making plantations of young trees—any thing which enabled her to live in the sunshine and among the green trees. And she grew apace. Never was a child more indulged—both her grandfather and cousin Alfred seemed to have no greater pleasure than to carry out her wishes in every trifle.

All the neighboring ladies, who

managed their daughters according to the most approved rules, exclaimed when they saw Sir Alfred build a new conservatory, with a dome, almost like a mosque, to please the oriental taste of little miss. "Costly toy!" said Lady Talbot, who lived at a beautiful place adjoining Lanstead. Adele had been so caressed and petted all her life, that she always had a sort of feeling of queenship, without being really spoiled. She was neither selfish nor self-willed. But she had none of that *mauvaise honte* so common to English girls. She was as unconscious of self as a kitten, and had a clear, straightforward way of looking at people which, child as she was, they sometimes found rather embarrassing. Sir Alfred felt constrained, at last, to yield to the remonstrances of his lady friends, and begin to look about for a governess for her. Many were recommended; but his choice was at last fixed upon a Mrs. Cecil, a widow lady of good family, and whose friends would have gladly supported her, but she preferred being independent. She was about forty, had a fine mind, highly cultivated, and great vivacity of manner. Adele found her a charming companion, and became greatly inter-

ested in her studies. When she was taught by Miss De Leon, she learned her lessons as a dull task, which must be accomplished to avoid distressing her kind and gentle friend. But Mrs. Cecil had a way of infusing a life and interest into her lessons which made study a real pleasure. She was a large, masculine woman, not handsome, but yet with such a bright, honest face, such a dignified, graceful manner, and strong good sense regulating every action, that she had a charm greater than beauty. Sir Alfred esteemed her most highly, and Alfred pronounced her a real "brick." Sir Alfred seemed happy, and so he was generally, but he sometimes had his heart wrung with agony and remorse when any casual circumstance reminded him of his lost Adele and Mildred. "I broke my Adele's heart, and that broke Mildred's," and he would lock his door and throw himself upon his knees and pray for forgiveness and mercy. No one knew of these paroxysms except his old servant Carter, and he never spoke of them. The only trace they left was a new softness and tenderness of manner to all around him. "Godly sorrow worketh righteousness."

(To be continued.)

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"AND the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air,"—1 THESS. 4 : 16, 17.

LIFE's strong and fevered and resistless pulse
Beats on as erst in ages past,
And men, grown confident as gods, in scoffing wisdom ask,
"Where is the promise of his coming?"
Others, ne'er thinking of the future, give
All time and thought and wishes to the present—
Ignoring God and prophecy and conscience!

The recording angel, with expanded wing,
Hovers above the busy earth, and notes with care
God's chosen ones. Here, a little child,
Taught by a sainted mother, lisps, "Thy kingdom come,"
And knows and wishes what he asks.
Here, a holy man, vexed with the wrong and wickedness
And folly of his fellows, echoes still, "Thy kingdom come."
And again, a bereaved one, whose treasures all are stored in heaven,
Implores with broken heart, "Thy kingdom come."
And multitudes of Bible-taught, renewed minds
With waiting expectation stand.

The setting sun falls on the beauteous world, lighting up
The gorgeous city and the verdant plain.
Anon the holy stars and silvery moon assert their sway,
Unnoticed by the busy city's throng, who hasten
To their various haunts—some to festive halls,
In revelry to while their hours ; some to watch beside the dead ;
Some to loved home-circles hie, to rest with joy
After the day's dull care. Here, in earnest conclave,
Statesmen sit ; and there, with reckless folly, does the
Gambler stake his fortune on a throw.

In other climes are varied scenes ; but all
Have for their central figure MAN—Man, with his joys,
His sorrows, hopes, and fears : all busily pursue their ends
This day as other days. On the battle-field the glittering hosts
Confront each other, with deadly purpose in their hearts.
The general's stern command goes forth,
Echoed from rank to rank, and swift obedience moves
The well-trained thousands ; when suddenly
A strange, mysterious expectation falls upon the minds
Of men, arresting every motion save
The eager upturned eye, which sweeps the blue horizon.

Where midnight reigns, the sleepers suddenly awake,
And look and listen. All is still, all dark, not even
A sound of breeze upon the still night air.
All human eyes look up, not knowing why, in instant fear
Of some unknown but awful crisis.
Nor is the expectation vain ; for now a trump,

As though the heavens were changed to one vast sound,
 Fills air and sky and shakes the earth,
 And thrillingly reverberates from pole to pole!
 To the saint, ecstatic harmony—to the sinner, harrowing peal;
 For well does all the human race conceive
 The meaning of that thrilling, awful blast!
 And now a light, before which pales the noon-day sun,
 Yet mild and gentle to the Christian's eye as twilight haze,
 Is seen in heaven afar; and nearer, nearer coming, resolves itself
 Into a heavenly host innumerable. The glorious army comes—
 Of saints, apostles, martyrs, prophets, angels, and archangels;
 And in their midst enthroned, the risen Lord appears!
 Nor eye hath seen, nor mind of man could possibly conceive,
 The beauty, glory, love, omnipotence which beam
 From his once tear-stained face.

Oh! what a fearful cry now rises from the doomèd earth!
 All nations mourn, and call upon the solid mountains and the rocks
 To hide them from the face of Him who sitteth on the throne,
 And from the dreadful wrath of the slain Lamb.
 The saints on earth, with trembling, yet with eager joy,
 Stretch out their arms and cry, "My Saviour and my God!"
 And those who are fettered least with sin begin,
 By agency unseen, to rise and upward float.
 Others, like Peter on the waves, in agony cry out, "Lord save us or we
 perish!"
 "Oh! bid us come to thee." And love in mercy answers, "Come!"
 And they, too, join the heavenly host, which, moving
 Swiftly round the earth, while still the clear, resounding blast
 Of the last trump is heard, gather out the elect!
 Then these redeemed, from every nation, kindred, people, tongue,
 Cast themselves at Jesus' feet to hear his thrilling
 "Come, ye blessed of my Father!"
 Safe! safe! with Christ at last, like children nestling in a mother's arms.

Now one vast flame bursts o'er the sin-cursed earth,
 Consuming every thing impure. The first baptism was by water;
 The last by fire. Anon, regenerated, purified, and cleansed,
 She, like a new-born planet, springs upon her path
 And sings for joy. And glittering clouds about her gathering
 Pour their copious streams upon the soft, new, fragrant mould.
 And balmy zephyrs play among the hills and vales, where verdure springs
Eternal!—for henceforth all is holy.

The saints shall now inherit this fair orb, and their risen Lord
 Shall o'er them reign; and all the kingdoms of the earth become
 The kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!
 Oh! who can tell the intense, unutterable joy
 With which those parted long by death
 Now rush into each other's arms!
 The mother and her long-mourned children meet—
 Husband and wife—father and son—sister and sister—
 Oh! what joy to meet again!
 No more sorrow! no more sin! no more sickness!
 NO MORE DEATH!

THE HAVERSACK.

WE have selected the above title for the caption of our army notes, because, like the Confederate article of the same name, though it may be occasionally crammed with good things by a successful raid, we fear that too often it will contain only the thin cake and the lean beef, or the homeopathic slice of bacon. And as the soldier's haversack, like General Harrison's door, was always open, or ready to open, to welcome any guest *inside*, so our editorial haversack has an open mouth to receive the rich contributions of our army friends.

We believe that for real, racy humor, the Southern soldier has never been surpassed. His cheerfulness and equanimity under hardship, trial, and suffering were beyond all praise. The amusing jest and the keen repartee could be heard on the hot, dusty march, amidst the pelting rain and the snow-storm, the roar of artillery and the rattling of musketry; nor hunger, nor fatigue, nor exposure, nor danger could repress fun in the bivouac, the road, or the battle-field. The Western troops were more rollicking and boisterous in their sport, and not so appreciative of quiet humor, as those from the four States which composed a portion of the old thirteen. But all were distinguished for calmness and self-possession when fortune seemed to be unpropitious, and for a disposition to enjoy themselves whatever fate might betide them. We believe that they will bear up grandly under calamity now, as they have always done before, and that they will cheerfully accommodate themselves to the new order of things, and be the most law-loving and law-abiding men to be found anywhere in this broad land. The men who stuck to their colors to the last, are the noblest and the best the sun ever shone upon, and can be trusted to carry out honestly and honorably any obligations they

may have taken upon themselves. Those who had too much principle to desert a cause because they saw that it was a failing one, have too much honor to violate a compact. They have seen enough of war to desire peace for its own sake, and they love their country too well not to seek to promote its happiness and prosperity. We can not rise to the height of doing justice to these pure patriots, but we hope to illustrate through these pages some of their remarkable characteristics.

Sydney Smith, the great English humorist, had a poor opinion of puns. "They are," says he, "in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world." On another occasion he said, "The punster ought to be executed without benefit of clergy." But, notwithstanding the dictum of this high authority, we have often enjoyed the puns of our soldiers, and think that our readers will relish them too. At any rate, we will try the experiment, and if not acceptable, we will exchange the wit of ideas, as found in the ranks, for the wit of words.

When Johnston's army lay around Smithfield, N. C., no flour could be obtained, and meal only in such small quantities that two corn-dodgers per man constituted the bread rations. Colonel R——, who had gained such an enviable reputation as the commander of the sharp-shoot-

ers of Sharp's brigade, was a rigid disciplinarian, and determined to stop the practice, so common among the rebel soldiers, of yelling at citizens who passed by, especially if within the conscript age, and suspected of keeping out of the army for the same reason as Perey's fop—a mortal antipathy to “vile guns” and “villainous saltpetre.”

One day a nice dapper young man, elegantly mounted and handsomely dressed, with a bell-crowned hat, rode by the fun-loving regiment, and was immediately greeted with the old cry, “Get out of that hat; we know you are thar; see your toes working under it,” etc., etc. Colonel R— immediately dashed up, crying, “Stop that hallooing; it is coarse and ill-mannered; no well-bred gentleman would be guilty of it!” “I don't know, Colonel,” replied a Mississippi boy, with a merry twinkle in his eye, “how you expect men to be well-bread on two corn-dodgers a day.” The Colonel had no further remarks to make upon that interesting occasion.

The following pun, by an Irishman, we can not trace up, but as Colonel (now Governor) Humphries had a goodly number of the Irish persuasion in his regiment, we rather think that it was perpetrated by a broth of a boy of the old Twenty-first Mississippi, one of the very best bodies of men that ever drew trigger. If mistaken, we trust that His Excellency will excuse us for the sake of the merited tribute to the regiment he loved so well.

Throughout the war our bakeries did but little toward supplying that indispensable article, hard tack, to the soldier; and his ration of flour was wetted, rolled on a stiek, and thus cooked; or it was made into what housekeepers call *short-cake*, the army cake, however, having neither butter nor lard in it. On one occasion, when flour was very scarce, the Colonel passed by a group of Irishmen cooking their breakfast, and accosting one of them asked him what kind of bread he was making? “*Short-*

cake, yer honor,” replied Pat, holding up an infinitesimal portion, “any body with half an eye even can see that, and this is me day's ration, and the bloody commissary is riding about upon his fine horse, not thinking of the poor soldier at all, at all; long life to yer honor if you'll only let me give him a bit of a bating.”

That accomplished scholar, gentleman, and soldier, the lamented General Garland, of Virginia, related to the writer a conversation which he overheard between an Irish prisoner, taken at the second Manassas, and a friend of his in the “ould country,” but then serving in the Southern army. The rich counties around the field of battle had been desolated by General Pope's order. Not a chicken could be heard to crow or a pig to squeal for miles and miles. The seven or eight thousand United States prisoners were, therefore, of necessity badly fed, as shown by the following dialogue:

YANKEE PAT: “Dinnis, my boy, have ye ribils no pity upon a poor fellow? I've had nothing to ate to-day, and the sun most gone down. Faith, and you'll have a big score of sins to confess to the praist for such tratement.”

REBEL DENNIS: “And is it for having nothing to ate to-day you're after grumbling, Pat? In the Southern Confederacy we have one male a wake and three fights a day. And how are we to fade so many uv ye, when your Ginerall has disolated the land? No, no, Pat, we'll not confess to the praist, we'll confess to the *Pope himself*.”

—
Captain Joe G— furnishes us with an illustration of North-Carolina gallantry. Soon after the battle of Gaines's Mill, he saw a captain of artillery brought through Petersburg as a prisoner, and overheard a conversation between him and a friend, also a prisoner:

FRIEND: “Why, Captain, you here too! how were you taken?”

CAPTAIN: “Well, you see we were all lying down at our guns resting,

when a North-Carolina regiment appeared in our front. I did not think that they were fools enough to try to capture the battery; but presently a little tallow-greased Colonel stepped in front, and sung out through his nose, (imitating him,) 'Fix bayonets! charge bayonets!' and that was the way I was taken."

We opine that the indomitable Colonel would rather not have his name appear, as the hit at his personal pulchritude may be thought to more than counterbalance the compliment to his gallantry. We would, however, suggest for his comfort the thought that his gallant antagonist was not in the best condition coolly to take in and appreciate all his comely parts and graces of person.

This incident suggests another, which we will give as a tribute to the memory of one who breathed his last at the head of his regiment on the fatal field of Gettysburgh. At Malvern Hill a certain division drove the gunners away from a series of guns, but was too weak to hold its ground. The division commander, believing that a single additional regiment would enable him to hold the guns, rode to where he saw a body of men not under his command lying down awaiting orders, and briefly explained to them the state of things, and called for volunteers. A young man, with a chin as smooth as a girl's, stepped out and said: "I am here with a portion of the Twenty-sixth North-Carolina Regiment; *we all volunteer; we are ready to go anywhere and to perform any duty.*"

That young man was Colonel Henry K. Burgwyn, and we feel confident that he expressed not merely the sentiment of his own heroic regiment, but of all the regiments then in service from his State. Colonel K——was at that time a Lieutenant-Colonel, and his extreme youth was thought to be an objection to his promotion when a vacancy occurred. But upon this incident being mentioned to Mr. Davis, the promotion was made.

A South-Carolina officer furnishes a tribute to a North-Carolina soldier, which we must give in our own words, as his paper has unfortunately been misplaced.

At the first battle of Fredericksburgh, Ransom's North-Carolina brigade was ordered to reënforce Cobb at the celebrated *stone wall*, which Burnside, like Fremont and Shields, tried to capture, and with the same success. As soon as the brigade appeared, more than a division of the enemy opened a terrific fire upon it, and the batteries on the other side rained their shot and shell with the most deadly precision. The men were pushed with all rapidity to the precipice back of the wall, and then, without a moment's hesitation, they sprang down it to find shelter behind the wall. But a dignified mountaineer of the Twenty-fifth North-Carolina regiment (Rutledge's) refused to run at all, and walked forward with the most leisurely indifference. His hat blew off. He went back and picked it up. His knapsack, probably hit by a ball, fell off; he stooped down, readjusted it, and went on. He was now the solitary target for more than a thousand rifles; but this did not quicken his pace. When he reached the precipice, he determined not to risk the leap, preferring to slide down gently. He did slide down, but it was as a dead man he reached the bottom. He was buried that night, and there was not an inch of his body which was not pierced by a ball.

During the war, we heard General Robert Ransom speak in the most enthusiastic terms of an act of chivalrous gallantry on the part of a South-Carolina officer. As South-Carolina has gracefully complimented North-Carolina, it will be appropriate to reciprocate the courtesy. To prevent reënforcements from reaching the stone wall, which Burnside had selected as the point of attack, the hill above it was swept by thousands of rifles and numerous batteries of ar-

tillery. Kershaw's South-Carolina brigade was ordered to reënforce the troops at the wall, and had to cross over this terrific hill. An officer went forward to select the safest route for them. He rode to the summit and took a deliberate survey. The firing of the enemy ceased. He raised his cap in acknowledgment, and rode off without having a shot fired at him. That officer was General J. B. Kershaw himself. Was the cessation of the fire accidental, or was it a compliment of the brave to the brave? Who can tell? But in that conspicuous position he could not have remained alive a single instant had the firing continued. There are still those living who will remember two similar instances during the Mexican war. A Mexican colonel of cavalry and a brevet brigadier ordered his regiment to charge the Second infantry the afternoon before the battle of Contreras. The regiment followed but a little way, and then halted. He looked round, and, seeing their cowardice, dashed on alone with sword in hand upon the very bayonets of the Second infantry. One or two shots were fired, and the poor fellow fell, but the indignant cry of "Shame! shame!" ran along the ranks in rebuke of those who had fired. Again, when a private Mexican soldier had crawled up a ditch to within half a stone's throw of Riley's brigade, and then stood up in full view, not a gun was discharged. On the contrary, cheers and laughter greeted the brave man, and he walked off at a leisurely pace on the top of the bank of the ditch which had concealed his approach.

Oh! that the real hard fighters of both sides, excluding raiders, marauders and house-burners, were allowed to settle this "vexed question." The truly brave are always as generous as the cowardly are malignant and revengeful. General Sherman can not be charged with the sin of loving the Southern people, and yet he has left this decided testimony, which we commend "to all whom it may concern":

"To push an army whose commander had so frankly and honestly confessed his inability to cope with me, were cowardly, and unworthy the brave men I commanded. . . . We should not drive a people into anarchy, and *it is simply impossible for our military power to reach all the masses of this unhappy country.*"

Connected with the battle of Fredericksburgh is an anecdote, which shows the difference between true, unpretending courage and the spurious article with its pompous assumptions. A general officer riding alone two days after the retreat of Burnside, stopped to warm at a fire where a group of Cobb's brigade, which had defended the stone wall, was lying down in all the listlessness of the *abandon* after a fight. The officer had on a common soldier's overcoat, and was welcomed as a cavalryman to the fireside. A country lad, a farmer boy at home, gave him a graphic description of the fierce assault and terrible repulse, in his own simple style, ending his narrative with his ingenuous comments upon fighting in general. "I have heard men say that they were spilin' for a fight, but I never did spile for a fight. Stranger, I've been in every fight with my regiment, but I never did likes fighting. But when we was killing them Yankees so purty behind that are wall, and they wasn't hutting us, I was rale sorry to see 'em run. And I tell you, Mr. Stuart's man, that was the only time I ever did likes fighting." Mr. Stuart's man thanked him for his narrative, mounted and rode on, reflecting upon certain furious war-speeches he had heard from men whose warlike exploits in the field had not yet become the theme of poetry and of song.

In the second day's fight at Bentonville, Hoke's division was thrown back to meet a change of front by Sherman. A coast battery of little experience in the field was posted in

an open field on the right, and supported by Walthall's division. The retirement of Hoke was soon discovered by the enemy, who came upon Kirkland while half of his men were engaged in constructing log breast-works. The battery on his right could have afforded him instant relief by an enfilade fire. But as soon as the assault began it opened a furious fire to the right, where no enemy was visible. A general officer sent first one of his staff and then another to change the direction of its fire, and at length had to go in person before the object was effected. The attack ceased almost immediately and of necessity, because the shot could rake the attacking columns from end to end. Later in the day the attack was renewed farther to our left, and the battery began to play farther to the right. The officer rode over, had the guns turned, and with the same result. He then expressed himself in the strongest terms of rebuke to the officers of the battery. One of Walthall's free and easy boys was listening to the scolding with the most intense satisfaction, and then broke in with the comment: "I think, General, them artillery fellows are cross-eyed." The name *took*, and it was the "cross-eyed battery" till the day of the surrender.

General Jubal A. Early was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. The rebel ranks used to be full of stories about him, three of which only can we give, and these not the best, but the most authentic. He was, it is well known, opposed originally to the secession movement, and fought it with all his might. But he took his stand with his State, and with all the determination of his iron will, seems resolved to be a Union man no more. We regret his decision, but wish that the choicest blessings of heaven may follow the lonely exile. Jackson's wing of the army was left about Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburgh to remove the sick and wounded and army supplies, while Longstreet's wing was thrown

in front of McClellan to Culpeper Court-House. When the object was effected, Jackson began one of his rapid marches to rejoin Longstreet before McClellan would attack him alone. Now General Early had the famous Louisiana brigade in his division, and a good many other troops who would not have voted for the Maine liquor law. The Massanutten mountains were full of old peach and honey, and the men thought it would be a pity, almost a sin, to leave so much spoil to the enemy. Besides, they needed, or they thought they needed something to support their strength on the forced march. General Jackson happened to ride in rear of this division that day, and he found the men scattered for miles along the road in every possible attitude, from dancing the polka to sprawling on the ground; in every possible mood, from "grave to gay, from lively to severe;" some fighting over their battles again, others of a more sentimental turn weeping about the wives and children far away. General Jubal had expended his eloquence and his emphatic Saxon in vain. He had even spread the report that the mountain huts were full of small-pox, but this had only stimulated the curiosity of his prying followers. Conquered at last, he had gone to camp and was toasting his shins that frosty night by a bright fire, when an orderly rode up with a note. "Dispatch from General Jackson, General." He rose from his seat and fumbled for his spectacles. But let the correspondence tell its own tale:

HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING.

GENERAL: General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many of your stragglers in rear of your division to-day?

(Signed) A. S. PENDLETON,
A. A. G.

To Major-Gen. EARLY.

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION.

CAPTAIN: In answer to your note I would state that I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson *saw* so many of my stragglers on the march to-

day is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully,
J. A. EARLY,
Major-General.

Capt. A. S. PENDLETON,
A. A. G.

The word *saw* was duly underscored with the General's boldest dash. Contrary to general expectation, General Jackson only smiled and made no further inquiries about the curious investigators, whom small-pox could not terrify. The General's forbearance may have been due to the great kindness he felt toward and confidence he always expressed in his gallant and indomitable subordinate. May the skies be bright over the head of the exile!

Before the battle of Fredericksburgh, Early's division and that of a friend were posted at Port Royal and vicinity. At sunset the day before, the troops were from fifteen to twenty-five miles from the city, but by marching that night they were up in time for the fight next morning. The General's friend had received as a present a flask of old whisky, which he had resolved to give to the General, as that kind of liquor did not agree with himself. He informed the General of his intention, but the hurried night-march and the battle prevented him from fulfilling his promise. The night after the fight he took out the flask, saw that the contents were all right and that the cork was tight and firm; then placing it under his head, he lay down on the bare ground and slept as the tired soldier only can sleep. The dawn found him on his feet and examining his flask. The cork was in place just as on the night before, but the inside was as dry as the sand in the desert of Sahara. The two officers met some hours after, when the following conversation took place:

GENERAL E.: "Well, Burnside is gone, and I am thirsty."

FRIEND: "General, I am sorry to tell you that I put your flask under my head last night, and on looking at it this morning the cork was all right, but the whisky was all gone."

GENERAL E. (in his most sawlike

tones:) "Jerusalem! were you drinking all night?"

FRIEND: "Ah! General, we are so apt to judge others by ourselves."

The ordnance department at Richmond used to furnish, *sometimes*, shot and shell constructed on the boomerang principle, admirably adapted to injure our own troops and to shoot round corners, but very harmless to masses of the enemy in front. We have always supposed that this was owing to the Union sentiments of many of the employees. But however that may be, every artillery officer can testify to the boomerang qualities of the projectiles furnished.

Now it happened on a certain occasion that the General had received a lot of new projectiles, and determined to test them. A battery was drawn out and a group of officers of superior rank to himself, Generals Lee, Longstreet, etc., posted themselves at right angles to it to observe the firing. The first shot turned over gracefully on its side and went hissing and sputtering close to the mounted men of rank. Not liking so broad a compliment, they modestly retired a few paces. The second shot, more obsequious in its attentions, gave a closer salutation. The captain of the battery now thought it high time to interfere.

CAPTAIN: "I think, General, that I had better discontinue the firing. The shells are utterly worthless."

GENERAL E. (eyeing the group of officers:) "*It looks like there might be promotion in them!* You may continue the firing, Captain."

At the beginning of the war, a middle-aged officer went to church with a young captain formerly a pupil of his. The preacher began by saying that political sermons were unknown at the South, he himself had never preached any thing but "Christ and him crucified." The extraordinary occasion which had given him an audience of soldiers required him to change somewhat his plan, and he would therefore preach to his military friends upon the duty of patriotism,

etc., etc. The address was eloquent and powerful, and the youthful captain wept freely. In the way returning, he said to his old friend, "I am ashamed of myself for crying, I could not help it; but one thing I do know, *I know that I can fight now.* That sermon has made my duty plain." That young officer went through all of the grades up to major-general. In all of them, the bravest of the brave looked upon his heroism with wonder. At one time riding boldly out to the skirmish-line, at another making daring reconnoissances; at Chancellorsville, drilling his troops under fire as on a parade; at the Wilderness, checking and holding back with vastly inferior forces Hancock's corps flushed with victory; everywhere he was conspicuous for daring, and showed a skill and judgment beyond his years. Did the sermon sustain him through all the fiery ordeals through which he passed? We know not, but we know that no one ever doubted the high and chivalrous qualities of General S. D. Ramseur of North-Carolina, who died the death of the soldier in the blood-stained valley of Virginia.

Every fact connected with the history of Stonewall Jackson is so eagerly sought after, not merely on this continent, but in the old world, that incidents trivial in themselves are acceptable when illustrative of his great character; and even the intrusion of the writer's own name is tolerated, provided that it is necessary and unavoidable. With this understanding of public sentiment, sketches will be given from time to time of *the* hero of the war, over the signature of "Y.," by one who knew him well; and that these may be more graphic and familiar, our correspondent proposes to drop the formalism of the *we* of the writer for the more simple and natural *I* of the narrator actually present before us.

In the winter of 1846-7, the greater part of the regular troops of the U. S. army were taken from General Taylor, marched to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and shipped to Vera Cruz,

the new base of operations selected by General Scott. While waiting there for shipping, I strolled over to the tent of Captain George Taylor, of the artillery, and as we were conversing, a young officer was seen approaching. "Do you know Lieutenant Jackson?" asked Captain Taylor; "he will make his mark in this war. I taught him at West-Point; he came there badly prepared, but was rising all the time, and if the course had been four years longer, he would have been graduated at the head of his class. He never gave up any thing, and never passed over any thing without understanding it." Lieutenant Jackson was rather reserved and reticent for a time, but soon proposed a walk on the beach, during which he became quite social. One remark he made is still most distinctly remembered. "I really envy you men who have been in action; we, who have just arrived, look upon you as quite veterans. *I would like to be in one battle.*" What a wish was this from one who was afterward in scores of battles, and every one a victory! His face lighted up and his eye sparkled as he spoke, and the shy, hesitating manner gave way to the frank enthusiasm of the soldier. Some years after the Mexican war, a vacancy occurred in the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute. It was offered to professor (afterward Lieutenant-General) A. P. Stewart, who declined. Colonel F. H. Smith, the superintendent, applied to the writer for the name of a suitable army officer to fill the chair. Captain Taylor's eulogy upon Lieutenant Jackson at once recurred to the mind, and he was recommended. There was a meeting of the Board of Visitors held in Richmond, and Mr. Carlisle of West-Virginia, a relative of Lieutenant Jackson, was present and cordially indorsed the recommendation given him. He was elected without any other testimonial than that given on the banks of the Rio Grande. Lieutenant Jackson resigned from the army and accepted the position tendered him. And thus a chance conversation on the utmost

verge of Texas was the means of severing his connection with the U. S. Government, of transferring him to the valley of Virginia, and of identifying him with those stubborn fighters of Scotch-Irish descent who first gave him reputation at Bull Run; and in turn had the lustre of his great fame shed over them, and are known, and ever will be known in history, as the immortal heroes of the Stonewall Brigade. Had this conversation not taken place, how different might have been his career and his fate!

I saw but little more of him till after the fall of Chapultepec on the 13th September, 1848. Lieutenant Barnard E. Bee (who fell as General Bee at Manassas in 1861) and myself, with about forty soldiers, pursued the retreating Mexicans down the causeway leading to the Garita San Cosme. We had followed them half a mile or more, when Lieutenant Jackson came up with two pieces of artillery. The rest of the battery to which he belonged (Magruder's) had been disabled. Captain J. B. Magruder (afterward Major-General) himself galloped up before we had proceeded much further, and expressed the fear that he would lose his guns with the slender support they had. Bee was urgent to push on, and we both promised to stand by his guns to the last. Captain M. then turned to his Lieutenant and asked: "What do you say, Jackson?" The answer was brief and to the point: "*Let us go on.*" Captain M. smiled and moved forward. We soon saw an immense body of cavalry coming toward us, apparently with the design of charging the guns; but a few rapid and well-directed discharges drove them off. It afterward appeared that this body was commanded by Ampudia, and his official report naively stated that the head of the column being struck by round shot, the men refused to advance. We went no further until Worth came up with troops.

Lieutenant Jackson afterward, in speaking of the crippling of his battery by the fire from the castle of Chapultepec, said that there was no

shelter from its plunging effects, and that it was so deadly as to demoralize the men and cause them to run away from one piece, and that he could only get them to return by walking back and forward before the abandoned gun, to show them that a man might be there and yet live. "While walking thus," said he, "with long strides, a cannon-ball passed between my legs."

The expression above quoted, "Let us go on," was the key to his marvellous success. "I would not have succeeded against Banks," said he to the writer, "had I not pressed him from the moment I struck his outposts at Front Royal. Soon after crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah, I found my cavalry halted, and a formidable body of the enemy drawn up to receive them. I knew that delay would be fatal. I ordered a charge. They hesitated," here he paused, and at length added, "but they *did* charge and routed the enemy." (He himself led the charge, and hence his pause.) "I pressed them rapidly all night. They frequently halted and fought us for a time, but the darkness was too great to permit much execution on either side. But for the panic created by this rapid pursuit, I would have been beaten at Winchester. Banks is an able man, and his troops fought well under the circumstances. His retreat was skillfully conducted. Had my cavalry done their duty, he would have been destroyed; but they fell to plundering, and did not carry out my orders." And here he spoke freely of cavalry leaders. "Ashby never had his equal on a charge; but he never had his men in hand, and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of followers. He was too kind-hearted to be a disciplinarian. Jeb Stuart is my ideal of a cavalry leader, prompt, vigilant, and fearless." His fondness for Stuart was very great, and it was cordially reciprocated. Their meeting after a temporary absence was affectionate and brotherly in the

extreme. No welcome was ever more joyous and hearty, than that given by the General to Stuart after his raid around McClellan's rear, a few weeks subsequent to the battle of Sharpsburgh. They both laughed heartily over a picture Stuart had picked up in Pennsylvania, headed, "Where is Stonewall Jackson?" McClellan, with the battles round Richmond fresh in his memory, was represented pointing to his right, and saying, "He is there;" Halleck was pointing to the left; Pope straight to the front, while Stonewall, as a rough, ragged rebel soldier, had a bayonet within two inches of the rear of the illustrious General whose headquarters were in the saddle. "Well, Stuart, have you found your hat?" inquired the General. This was an allusion to the narrow escape from capture of the great cavalry leader, with the loss of that important article of head gear. Stuart laughingly replied: "No, not yet." The General laid aside his old valley suit, and appeared at the battle of Fredericksburgh in a magnificent uniform presented to him by Stuart. "Ah! General," said one of his impudent rebel boys, as he rode along the line, "you need not try to hide yourself in those clothes, we all know you too well for that." The love of the rank and file for him at that time was almost idolatrous, and it steadily increased till the close of his wonderful career. A more grandly impressive sight was never witnessed than that of the greeting of his men, on that bright morning at Fredericksburgh, as he passed in his gay clothing on his fiery war steed. These hardy veterans, all of them ragged and many shoeless, sprang to their feet from their recumbent position and waved most enthusiastically their dingy hats or soiled caps; but refrained from their wonted cheers lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery upon their beloved chief. The utmost love, admiration, and devotion beamed in their faces, and their eyes uttered a welcome which need-

ed no language to interpret. A few moments more and many of those bright faces were pallid in death, and many of those sparkling eyes were closed forever. Peace be to their ashes! They had followed him without questioning on his long, weary, and mysterious marches; and at his bidding they now laid down their lives on what they conceived to be the field of duty and of honor.

It is well known that the noisy demonstrations, which the troops always made when the General appeared, were painfully embarrassing to him. This was usually attributed to his innate modesty; but that was not the sole cause. It had its origin in a higher source. In the last interview with him, he said: "The manner in which the press, the army, and the people seem to lean upon certain individuals fills me with alarm. They are forgetting God, in the instruments he has chosen. 'Tis positively frightful." Did this fear foreshadow his own sad fate at the hands of the men who almost adored him? "These newspapers make me ashamed," said that great soldier who holds the place second to Jackson in the hearts of the Southern people. What a lesson is here to flatterers! The one illustrious hero is frightened by, and the other is ashamed of the incense of their adulation. The Christian character of the former is shocked, and the delicate sensibility of the latter is wounded by that which baser minds prize so highly.

But the admiration for Jackson was by no means confined to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and sometimes loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of eleven thousand prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say that the hostile troops always spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. A gentleman in the valley of Virginia relates that when Fremont and Shields thought that they

had entrapped him beyond the possibility of escape, Sigel's Dutch soldiers passed his house singing "Shackson in a shug," (jug,) "Shackson in a shug;" and when they returned crest-fallen from Port Republic, they answered his inquiry as to what they had done with Jackson, "Py tam, the shtopper come out of the shug, he gone, by tam; if the rebels don't make him de President, Sigel's men make him." While he was making his stealthy march around Pope's rear, still as the breeze, but eventually dreadful as the storm, a Philadelphia paper remarked: "The prayerful partisan has not been heard from for a week, which bodes no good." It sent Pope to fight Indians in the far, far West, away from the pleasant haunts about Washington. "Where is Jackson?" I asked an Irish prisoner, who was astonished beyond measure to find a rebel grasp upon his shoulder. With the apt readiness of his people, he replied, "Faith, and that's just the throuble all the time, sure." Per contra, another countryman of the Emerald Isle, taken in McClellan's retreat from Richmond, who had been curiously examining the commissary stores, expressed the utmost contempt for Jackson, as he reeled along: "Ye're laughing now, boys, ye'll be after crying prisently; little Mac is as good a fighter as yer Stonemon Jockson, and be domned til him."

Connected with his famous retreat up the valley, an incident was received from the lips of Mr. H—— of Strasburgh, which will be given as near as recollected in his own words: "Jackson's troops were scattered down the valley at different points, some at Winchester, some at Harper's Ferry, etc., the most distant fifty-two miles from here, when Shields reached Front Royal, twelve miles to the east. Fremont, with a much larger force, had passed Wardsville, some thirty miles to the west. Jackson's forces and trains had all of necessity to pass through Strasburgh, where his antagonist ex-

pected to intercept him. Then commenced that famous retreat in which one brigade marched fifty-two miles in thirty-six hours. Shields could easily have cut them off, but although he had a large army, he did not deem it prudent to advance till he heard from Fremont. General Jackson staid one night at my house; before breakfast the next morning, it was reported that Fremont had passed through the defile in the mountain, and could reach this place that day. The General seemed much disturbed, and retired to his room. I went in several times to invite him to breakfast, and always found him on his knees. After the lapse of two hours, he came out with a radiant and smiling countenance, was animated, and even playful at breakfast, and then rode out to Cotton Hill. Here he succeeded in checking Fremont's advance until his immense booty, his prisoners, his wagons, his ambulances, and his troops, except the stragglers, had all passed safely the dangerous point. A few of the stragglers were captured, but most of them took to the mountains, and as bushwhackers became the terror of the Federal army for many months. Fremont made my house his headquarters that night. He expressed a great desire to see Jackson; said that he longed for that honor, but feared Jackson would decline an interview. On his return from Port Republic, Fremont again stopped at my house. I asked him jocosely whether he had seen Jackson. He did not relish the joke, but got quite fretted at it."

The only error that may be in my recollection of this statement of Mr. H—— is in regard to the length of time the General was engaged in prayer. I think, however, that I have rather under-estimated it. Under the circumstances, this seems an extraordinarily long prayer; but Jackson was an extraordinary individual, and essentially a man of prayer. In a private conversation years before this famous retreat, he said that he always spent an hour on his knees at

his devotions twice a day. While an officer at the Virginia Military Institute, and living in the barracks, lest he should be disturbed by the cadets in his religious exercises, he was accustomed to rise, like his Divine Master, a great while before day, and remain for hours alone with his God, while all around him were buried in sleep. On one occasion he remarked that he had been surprised to find that his devotions that morning had occupied two

hours. "When I have great freedom in my morning prayer," said he, "every thing goes well with me during the day, and it is always a day of peace and happiness; but if my prayer does not gush freely from the heart, and is cold, formal, and constrained, I expect nothing but trouble and annoyance." The length of this article requires the postponement of a fuller consideration of his religious character for the present.

Y.

THE BLACK RAM.

Æsop, or some other writer of fables, relates the following: In the Island of Crete there dwelt formerly a feeble but plucky little fellow, who owned a black ram, which he had reared with his family, and which was the pet of his children. It played with them, hauled them in a little wagon, and in a thousand ways showed its fondness for them. But three of the neighbors of the little man had long looked with an evil eye at his comfort and enjoyment, and came to him saying, We wish to sacrifice to our God, and have come for your black ram, which was born for nobler things than merely to contribute to your happiness. But the owner said: I and my children love the black ram, and are not willing to see him slain; besides, your God is not our God; why, then, should we make an oblation for you? *I will not give up my black ram.* And then he made so fierce an assault upon his three robust neighbors, that he intimidated them, and they sent a great way off and got four great hulking fellows to help them. And they put these bullies in the fore-front, and they fell upon their weak neighbor, knocked him down and trampled him under

foot. Those neighbors of the little man, who loved him and worshiped the same God, condemned his hot temper and rash impetuosity, and thought that a good pounding would make him a better citizen. So they stood quietly by while the four bullies were beating and the three neighbors were pushing them on from behind.

Now when the three neighbors saw that the little man could resist no longer, they took the places of the four bullies, and beat away till they were wearied. Then they made a great feast and sacrificed the black ram to their God.

The orators of Crete celebrated the heroism of the three neighbors, the poets sang of their generosity in giving the black ram, which belonged to their neighbor, as a whole burnt-offering to their God, and the priests laid their hands upon the heads of these men and blessed them for their piety. But no man extolled the pluck of the poor little fellow lying bleeding in the dust.

MORAL.—Never fight about a black ram, when the odds against you are seven to one.

D. H. H.

THE ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING TREES, SHRUBS, AND CREEPERS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

THERE is something exquisitely beautiful in a group of *flowering trees*. Such a mass of bloom; such a wild prodigality of beauty! I have stood looking at a round-topped and gigantic pear tree in full bloom with as much pleasure as a lover of landscapes would look at a fine cataract. In fact, the pleasure is somewhat akin to that we experience in looking at a dashing waterfall. The snowy, *wreathy*, blossomy wilderness, with the bees humming over it, in delightful insect industry. I believe it is the Persians who have an annual "festival of the peach blossoms."

One of our most beautiful blooming trees is the

FRINGE-TREE, (*Chionanthus Virginica*.) Had it grown in Italy, France, or Spain, poets and artists would have celebrated its praises until its fame would have been world-wide. Its snowy fringe, like flowers, covers the tree with a soft and delicate beauty, like a bridal veil. It is a small tree, not more than fifteen or twenty feet high.

RED-BUD, (*Cercis Canadensis*.) The fringe-tree is a pure white; but the red-bud is a rich red, of the color so popular with fashionable ladies a few seasons ago, known as *Magenta*. (Cruel belles, to name their ribbons and silks after the ghastly stains of the battle-field!) The red-bud is a very striking object in the forests in the spring, and when transplanted into the lawn and pleasure-ground, greatly improves in beauty, developing into a fine graceful tree, and when the blooming season is past, it is still a handsome object.

DOGWOOD, (*Cornus Florida*.) Now I know many a rural swain, who has more poetry in his soul than he is aware of, and who really loves the beautiful without knowing it, would laugh at the idea of transplanting a despised dogwood into his yard; but

after transplanting, he would love it and look at its wealth of pretty flowers with real gratification. Every one knows it too well to make a description needful.

TULIP-TREE, (*Liriodendron tulipifera*.) When old mother nature tried her "canny hand," at this tree, it proved to be "nae journey work." It is one of her master-pieces. Poor Downing used to become eloquent over it. "What can be more beautiful," said he, "than its trunk—finely proportioned and smooth as a Grecian column? what more artistic than its leaf—cut like an arabesque in a Moorish palace? what more clean and lustrous than its tufts of foliage—dark green, and rich as deepest emerald? what more lily-like and specious than its blossoms—golden and bronze-shaded? and what fairer and more queenly than its whole figure—stately and regal as that of Zenobia? For a park tree, to spread on every side, it is unrivaled, growing a hundred and thirty feet high, and spreading into the finest symmetry of outline. For a street tree, its columnar stem—beautiful either with or without branches—with a low head, or a high head—foliage over the second story or under it—is precisely what is most needed."

AMERICAN OLIVE, (*Olea Americana*.) This is a very fine evergreen, producing clusters of small white flowers, of delightful fragrance in April. It somewhat resembles the mock-orange, but is easily distinguished by the leaves being longer, thicker, and opposite instead of alternate. It is found generally along the sea-coast from Norfolk, Va., to Louisiana. It is peculiarly interesting on account of its being a genuine olive, and although its fruit is worthless, it might be used as a stock for grafting the European olive, that most valuable of all plants. And

now that the attention of so many persons is directed to developing the resources of the South, we would call attention to the introduction of that tree, which the ancients say was given by the gods to man, and which at the present day furnishes the butter and cream of all southern Europe. Numerous efforts have been made to introduce the European olive into the Southern States, with but partial success. I do not think, however, that the experiment of grafting it upon the native olive has yet been tried. There are some olive-trees in Devonshire, England, which have grown in the open air, many years, and are seldom injured by frost; yet the summers are not warm enough there, to bring the fruit to perfection. Our summers are warmer; but our frosts are also severer. Still, I think as the native olive grows spontaneously as far north as Virginia, we might, by using it as a stock, succeed. Some one with the energy of Nicholas Longworth might realize as large a fortune as he did. The olive is always *grafted* in Europe. Mr. Robert Chisholm of Beaufort, S. C., has a plantation of these trees, which he brought from the neighborhood of Florence in 1833. He says they bear good crops every year, occasionally abundant ones; while in Europe, the habit of almost every variety is to bear only in alternate years. A French cook generally considers olive oil superior to either butter or lard for most of the purposes of cookery. When perfectly fresh and pure, no butter or cream can be more delicious. For frying, shortening, enriching sauces, and making an immense number of vegetable dishes palatable, it is unequalled. But I have digressed from the ornamental into the useful, for which I beg pardon. Without any irrelevancy, however, I might remind the reader of the beauty of landscape which is always found in a land of olive-yards and vineyards.

These are a few of our splendid blooming trees; for a fuller know-

ledge of them, the reader is referred to Dr. Curtis's work on the trees of North-Carolina. I will not attempt the magnolias; they must have a chapter by themselves.

Now for a few of our flowering shrubs, in which our old State is so rich. Our friends across the water ridicule our want of taste, in sending abroad for the materials to stock our flower-gardens and shrubberies, and entirely ignoring the far more beautiful productions of our own forests and prairies. "And so," said a distinguished Belgian botanist to an American friend, "in a country of azaleas, kalmias, rhododendrons, cypridium, magnolias, and nysas—the loveliest flowers, trees, and shrubs of temperate climates—you rarely put them in your gardens, but send over the water every year for thousands of English larches and Dutch hyacinths. *Voilà le goût républicain.*" If one of our mountain farmers from Watauga or Yancy could see his native laurels (*Rhododendron*) and "calico bushes," (*Kalmia*), as he calls them, as they flourish in some of the great country-seats of England, he would attach a new importance to the luxuriant beauty, which he now passes unheeded or little cared for. There, whole acres of lawn, kept like velvet, are made the ground-work upon which these richest foliaged and gayest of flowering shrubs are embroidered.

LAUREL, (*Rhododendron maximum*.) The flowers of this variety are an inch broad, growing in large and compact clusters, on the ends of the branches, and are generally of a faint, most exquisitely delicate rose-color. They repose among the rich, thick, dark-green, evergreen leaves, like Venus reposing upon her foam-wreathed bark of shell, (or any other beautiful thing that you choose to fancy.)

OVAL-LEAVED LAUREL, (— *catawbiense*.) This splendid variety blossoms earlier than the former, has flowers of a deeper, richer tint, and shorter, broader leaves.

AZALEAS.

SMOOTH HONEYSUCKLE, (*Azalea arborescens*.) This is the most fragrant of our honeysuckles. The flowers are white and roseate; but it is second in beauty to the

YELLOW HONEYSUCKLE, (*A. calendulacea*.) This is one of the most brilliant flowering shrubs known. The color varies much, but is generally some shade of yellow. It is only found at a considerable elevation on our mountains, and the clusters of flowers grow in such profusion on the hill-sides, that it reminds one of a prairie on fire. No one who has not seen it can form any conception of its splendid beauty. It grows from three to six feet high.

PURPLE HONEYSUCKLE, (*A. nudiflora*.) Not equal to the two preceding; but still pretty.

BURSTING HEART, (*Euonymus Americanus*.) The bright crimson berries of this plant open their embossed covering into four leaves, and display within the smooth scarlet seeds, which gives it the name of bursting heart. The branches are as green as the leaves. Its beauty is peculiar, and it is quite popular in the mountain flower-gardens. Also called Indian arrow, and sometimes strawberry-tree.

VIRGINIA CREEPER, (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*.) This is one of the few creepers we will now notice. It clings closely to wood and stone, like the English ivy, and nothing can be more beautiful for covering the old gray walls of churches. It makes rich and graceful festoons of verdure in summer, and dies off in autumn in the finest crimson. It bears small dark blue berries, on bright crimson foot-stalks.

TRUMPET FLOWER, (*Tecoma grandiflora*.) This variety has large, cup-shaped flowers, and is a most showy and magnificent climber, "absolutely glowing in July with its thousands of rich, orange-red blossoms, like clusters of bright goblets."

VIRGIN'S BOWER, (*Wistaria frutescens*.) Leaves pinnate, like those of the locust; flowers purplish blue, pea-shaped, in large compact clusters from four to six inches long.

CAROLINA JESSAMINE, (*Pelsemium sempervirens*.) One of the most graceful of evergreens, and gorgeous of blossoms. Deliciously fragrant at a distance; but too strong an odor when near. One of the most profuse of the many floral treasures of the land we love, for it is found from the dear Old Dominion to the Gulf.

ORCHARDS.

F. O. T., of Georgia, expresses things prettily — he talks of "orchards jubilant and wide." Very jubilant and wide is the orchard of Colonel Buekner, four miles south of Milledgeville; in a hundred acres of poor land he has planted twelve thousand apple-trees. It is a poor apple-tree that will not produce three bushels of apples; and thirty-six thousand bushels of winter-apples, barreled and sent to a city market, would, at a very low estimate in the South, give you thirty-six thousand dollars — a very nice income for a hundred acres. The Rev. Dr. C—

visited Colonel Buekner's orchard a few years ago, and thus describes it: "No orange grove of Italy is more beautiful than this orchard. Here are eight millions of apples, at least enough to furnish every man in General B.'s army a daily dumpling for dinner for six months to come. Between an apple-dumpling and a cotton-bale, a half-starved soldier would not be long in choosing; and this orchard would make a pyramid of apple-dumplings worth a Lookout Mountain of cotton bales. Cotton may be king, but the apple certainly merits a patent of nobility." Colonel

Buckner has thousands of trees of the Shockly variety; it is the best keeper at the South—may be barreled and sent to China. Colonel Hebron, of Warren county, Miss., has also an immense orchard, jubilant and wide. In 1859, his pear-trees alone covered a hundred acres, and were extending their borders every year; he had twenty acres in peach-trees. There are many other fine orchards in the country, but the cultivation of fruit has not become so general as it should be. It is the planter's own fault if he has not pears and apples from June to June. I hope the enterprising Colonel Buckner will next plant an orchard of nut-trees. The English walnut grows splendidly in this climate, and the pecan is a native. In Persia, where what we erroneously call the English walnut (*Juglans regia*) is the subject of careful cultivation, the trees are grafted when they are five years old. It is usually grafted there in the cleft method, and begins to fruit ordinarily two years after being grafted; but two or three years more elapse before it is in full bearing. The average annual number of nuts brought to maturity on a single tree often amounts to twenty-five thousand. After a few years of full bearing, the trees frequently fall off in producing fruit, and run with great luxuriance to leaf and branch. To remedy the evil, they cut off all the smaller branches and bring the tree to the state of a pollard. The year following, shoots and leaves alone are produced, which are succeeded the next year by an abundant crop of nuts. The shell-bark hickory nut is one of the most delicious of nuts; and it is a mistake to suppose that these large nut-trees, above referred to, can not be grafted; but the grafting must be done *very early* in

spring. The chestnut can also be grafted, if done very early. There is a fine pecan (*Carya olivæformis*) growing in the Capitol grounds in Washington City, and it bears nuts equal to those brought from the South-west. On good soil it will come into bearing in twelve or fifteen years. The filbert is also a good nut, and as easily cultivated as a raspberry bush. A Georgia Peach, of a poetical turn, gives instructions in the art of planting, and we give place to the rotund orator, in his jacket of crimson and gold:

Take it up tenderly,
Plant it with care;
It's but a little tree,
Nothing to spare!
Scant are the limbs on't,
Fibres but few,
Take care, or *it* won't
Take care of *you*!

Mangle the bark of it!—
Man with a soul!
Pestle the roots of it
Into a hole!
Oh! for the shame of it!
Better be dead,
Fruit to the name of it!
Nary a Red!

Take it up tenderly,
Man with a soul!
Oh! but a little tree
Likes a *big* hole!
Fair is the sight of it,
Lordly and bold!
Fruit on the limbs of it
Crimson and gold!

Who'd be a market-man
Selling his fruit,
Gum in his eye and
A worm at his root?
Down with the raw-bone
Shriveled and dry!
Juice for my jaw-bone!
Joy for my eye!

Basket on basketful,
Peach upon peach!
Juno-like, beautiful!
Rosy and rich!
Choose for the good of you,
Orchardists, each!
Dollar a *load* of you,
Dollar a

PEACH.

REVIEW NOTICES.

Mosses from a Rolling Stone. By Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke. Raleigh, N. C.: W. B. Smith & Co.

POEMS from the wife of a hero of two wars, desperately wounded in both, and himself a poet of reputation, would have peculiar claims upon the country irrespective of their merit. But they have real, intrinsic merit in themselves, as every reader of taste will perceive by the two specimens which we have given. Mrs. Clarke has been an industrious gatherer of the fugitive pieces of others, which but for her energy and discriminating taste might have perished. The world of letters is indebted to her for preserving some of the beautiful songs of Philo Henderson—alas! that so many of them have been lost. In her "Wood Notes," she has sought to do justice to the poetic talent of her native State of North-Carolina, and every true son of the "Old North State" ought to feel truly grateful to her for her labor of love.

We are glad, however, now to welcome her in her own character, and trust that she may meet with that cordial support which genius and patriotism deserve.

Nameless. A Novel. By Fanny Murdaugh Downing. Raleigh, N. C.: W. B. Smith & Co.

This is a prettily conceived and well-written tale. We confess, too, that we are pleased that it ends well—virtue is rewarded and vice punished. This is as it should be. It may not be a true picture of life—but it *ought* to be a true picture. The great statesman of New-England said that he heard enough of logic and oratory during the week, and when he went to church on the Sabbath, he wanted to hear the Gospel in all its simplicity. So we see enough of misery and woe in the busy, active, bustling world, and when we pick up a work of fiction, we like to read of something bright, cheerful, and pleasant. So, too, we see too much of the triumph

of sin, selfishness, and villainy not to be glad when the scoundrel is punished, even though it only be at the tribunal of poetic justice, and not at that of the stern uncompromising magistrate. The poor beggar-boy goes to the iron grate of the kitchen of some wealthy city gentleman, peeps curiously at the costly dishes, and inhales with delight the odor of the rich feast he may not be allowed to touch. He goes away better satisfied. He has inhaled the rich perfume. Now in these days of lawlessness, when robbery is protected and wickedness rampant, we are glad to see crime meet its deserved reward in the pages of a romance, if it meet it nowhere else. *We have had at least a good smell*, and go away content to wait for the feast till the grate is lifted and the watch-dog removed.

We are glad, too, to observe that there is no sentence and no sentiment in the book which a prudent parent would wish his child not to see. This in itself would be no mean praise, now when there is so much vicious literature afloat on the surface of society. But while there is nothing to condemn on this score, there is, on the contrary, a healthy tone and a sound morality in it from beginning to end.

It is to be regretted that the "getting-up" of the book is not what we had hoped to see. There are typographical errors and careless printing, and of the kind best calculated to annoy the sensitive writer and to destroy the pleasure of the reader. If the blemishes in a book are the result of our poverty, every sensible person will excuse them. But when they proceed from neglect and carelessness, they are intolerable. We hope that the day is not distant when the publishing houses at the South will imitate those of the North in the care and attention bestowed on their work, if they cannot rival them in the costly style and rich finish of their books.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II.

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VOL. I.

EDUCATION.*

That our readers may form some idea of how immeasurably we of the South are behind the most prosperous countries of the old world, we will institute a comparison between ourselves and Great Britain. From the Census of 1860 we have compiled the following table:

STATES.	POPULATION.		AGGREGATE.	AREA.
	Free.	Slave.	White & Colored.	Square Miles.
Maryland,.....	599,860	87,189	687,049	9,356
Virginia,.....	1,105,453	490,865	1,596,318	61,352
North-Carolina,.....	661,563	331,059	992,622	45,000
South-Carolina,.....	301,302	402,406	703,708	24,500
Georgia, ...	595,088	462,198	1,057,286	58,000
Florida,.....	78,680	61,745	140,425	59,268
Alabama,.....	529,121	435,080	964,201	50,722
Mississippi,.....	354,674	436,631	791,305	47,156
Louisiana,.....	376,276	331,726	708,002	46,431
Tennessee,.....	834,082	275,719	1,109,801	45,600
Arkansas,.....	324,335	111,115	435,450	52,198
Texas,.....	421,649	182,566	604,215	237,321
	6,182,083	3,608,299	9,790,382	736,904

By this table the area of these twelve Southern States is seen to be 736,904 square miles. A table prepared from Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the area of the same States as 742,470 square miles. Taking the estimate of the Census Bureau and dividing it into the aggregate population, 9,790,382, the quotient is about 13 $\frac{1}{2}$. So that there are only 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitants, including aged, helpless, women and children, for every square mile of surface. Texas, in fact, has but 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the square mile, and Florida still less. Now the British census for 1861 gave the population of England and Wales, including the smaller British isles, at 20,205,504; the population of Scotland 3,061,251; and that of Ireland at 5,764,543; total, 29,031,298. The entire area of Great Britain and Ireland is estimated by a

* Continued from last number.

writer in Lippincott's *Gazetteer* at 120,416 square-miles.* A simple division gives, therefore, $241\frac{1}{10}$ inhabitants to the square mile.

England and Wales, according to the same authority, have together 57,812 square miles, and by a like division we get $349\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitants to the square mile. We can form but little idea of such dense packing in this country. Even Massachusetts, the most densely populated State, has but 157.83 to the square mile, or less than half the number in England and Wales. Rhode Island, the second most populous State, has only 137.70 inhabitants to the square mile. But to form a correct idea of the populousness of the British Isles we must deduct the immense tracts of land covered by mountains, water-courses, bogs, fens, royal parks, hunting and pleasure-grounds of the wealthy, etc. How small a proportion of arable land will be left to each inhabitant! If we make even an approximate deduction for this vast loss, it would seem to be less than two acres of cultivatable soil to each inhabitant of England and Wales.

Labor is then greatly in excess in the British Isles compared with our Southern States.

They, therefore, need fewer labor-saving and labor-performing machines than we do. Our population, in proportion to the area, is relatively eighteen times smaller than that of the whole British Isles, and about twenty-six times relatively smaller than that of England and Wales. In order, then, that the development of our resources should be equal to that of theirs, we must excel them eighteen or twenty-six times in that mechanical power which supplies the place of human labor.

In this estimate we have included the negro population, which can no longer be classed as a laboring element. Our calculations must be based upon the white inhabitants, as the only reliable source of future strength. These, as we have seen,

amount to 6,182,083, or a little more than $8\frac{1}{2}$ to the square mile. Upon this basis we need, in order to have an equal development of material resources, 29 times a greater amount of machinery than the British Isles, or 42 times the amount of England and Wales. Let us see how this matter stands. We have a statement from Hon. and Rev. James Hamilton, now Lord Brougham, that the machinery of the British Isles performs the labor of 500 millions of able-bodied hands, and does it cheaper and better. If this were equally distributed among the people, what a vast amount of prosperity there would be! Each inhabitant would have 20 efficient laborers working for him.

But as it is unequally apportioned, we are at no loss to understand the astonishing luxury and magnificence of the favored classes, as well as the greatness and power of the whole nation. It is not wonderful that, with such a command of labor, they can clothe the world with their manufactures, supply it with their mineral riches, dot its surface everywhere with their colonies, and whiten its seas with their sails. It is not wonderful that, with the wealth procured by their labor, they should control to such an extent the destinies of millions of mankind.

How large a proportion of their population are thus relieved, too, from the mere drudgery of work, and are enabled to turn their attention to scientific pursuits and new discoveries in the mechanic arts, and thereby add, in their turn, to the riches and prosperity of the empire.

We have no statistical information by which we can compare our own deficiencies with their advantages. Every schoolboy knows our immeasurable inferiority. 'Tis sufficient to awaken an interest on the subject to state what mechanical power they have, and how much more we want to develop with our smaller population our vaster resources. The exact measure of our shortcomings is an

* The usual geographical estimate, 120,900 square miles.

useless humiliation. Nor would the knowledge of our inferiority be of any profit at all, did we not investigate the cause of it and seek the right remedy. The British schools of learning turn the thoughts of the people to scientific studies, and the British policy rewards with riches and honor successful inventors, discoverers, and laborers in every department of human effort. Our schools of learning turn men's minds away from science, and our policy rewards the politician and soldier alone with the highest distinctions.

In a country where an aristocracy is recognized as one of the estates of the realm, men of rank are of course looked up to, and titles are the great objects of ambition.

Now, Great Britain has for generations not only conferred pensions upon her sons eminent in letters and science; but she has held out to all who might distinguish themselves, the additional and more powerful incentive of rank, orders, stars and garters.

Hence the lowly-born peasant of genius, probity, and industry may always hope to see the day when, like the Lord Thurlow, of humble birth, he might feel that he "was" as much respected and as respectable as any lord he looked down upon. Still another influence is brought to bear in stimulating mental activity and evoking talent from all classes of society—namely, the hope of a burial-place or a monument within the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey, where rest the ashes of kings and queens, and where are sculptured the deeds of nobles, statesmen, orators, warriors, navigators, poets, painters, etc. The combined effect of all these agencies has been to make Great Britain the first of nations in wealth, in power, and in intellectual greatness. Take away her discoveries, her inventions, her works of genius and learning during the last four hundred years, and mankind would almost be in a state of barbarism.

As the whole civilized world has felt the beneficial effects of her wise

and judicious policy, it may be well to glance at it briefly, as our own model and exemplar.

In order to show how this policy stimulates to exertion and rewards merit in every walk of life, we will give a few examples from her history. Pages might be written on this subject, but the few examples given will be sufficient to explain the general system. Law and politics have been stepping-stones by which the men of the people have attained to the highest positions of power, have entered the sacred circle of the aristocracy, and have founded the noblest families of the realm.

Thus William Cecil rose to be Lord Burleigh, and for forty years the confidential minister of Queen Elizabeth. "For Burleigh she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burleigh alone a chair was set in her presence; and there the old minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitz Alans and the De Veres humbled themselves in the dust before him." Thus Edmund Hyde became the Earl of Clarendon and the grandfather of two English queens. Thus Pitt, "the great Commoner," rose to be Earl Chatham, prime minister of the kingdom, "the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself;" the hostile monarch became a suppliant to his subject, who could proudly say to the Duke of Devonshire, "I know that I can save the nation, and I believe that no other man can."

Henry Addington, the son of a physician, became Lord Sidmouth and prime minister. Wolsey, the son of a butcher, by the force of talents became the second man in the kingdom. Francis Bacon became Lord Verulam and Lord Chancellor of England. Thurlow, the son of a rector, rose also to the woolsaek and a peerage. Alexander Wedderburne, of respectable but untitled parents, suc-

ceeded Lord Thurlow as Chancellor, and received on retirement the title of Earl of Rosslyn.

William Scott, the son of a coal factor, was raised to the peerage as Lord Stowell. His more celebrated brother John rose to the peerage as Lord Eldon and to be Chancellor of England. James Scarlett, the eminent lawyer, became Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Abinger. Charles Abbot, the son of a hair-dresser, became Lord Tenterden. Thomas Denman, the son of a physician, was raised to be attorney-general and a peer of the realm. Samuel Romilly, the son of a jeweler, rose to knighthood, and the office of solicitor-general. James Mackintosh rose also to the rank of knighthood and to a seat in Parliament. William Plunkett, the son of a clergyman, rose to the peerage. William Blackstone, the orphan boy, became a knight, a judge, and the great expounder of English law. Thomas Littleton became a judge and the ancestor of the Lords Littleton of Worcestershire. Edmund Coke became a knight and chief justice of the king's bench. Matthew Hale, "the incorruptible judge," rose to the same dignities. Edmund Burke, the Irish boy, without influence or patronage, became the leader of the British Parliament. In our own day, George Canning, the son of a strolling actress, rose to be prime minister; and Robert Peel, the son of a successful manufacturer, attained to the same dignity. Henry Brougham, without hereditary rank, won for himself the post of lord chancellor of the realm.

In the same connection it may be mentioned that John Shore, the son of a supercargo in the East-India service, became the celebrated Lord Teignmouth. Robert Clive, a poor clerk in the same service, became Lord Clive Baron of Plassey. William Petty, the son of a clothier, rose to wealth, to knighthood, and to be the ancestor of the lords of Lansdown. The army has opened a wide door of entrance for the common people into the privileged classes, and has brought wealth and additional rank

to those who belonged to the aristocracy. Thus Marlborough and Wellington, both of the upper class, rose to dukedoms, and had untold riches showered upon them. Time would fail to speak of Amherst, Napier, Picton, Ponsonby, Hill, and thousands of others, who have won rank and fame by military service. The navy, the nation's favorite, has specially developed the latent courage and enterprise of the people. Francis Drake worked for years before the mast. His father, a poor clergyman, with twelve children, could make no provision for him. But he became the most renowned navigator of his age—was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, who, as a mark of regard for him, dined with him on his own ship, the *Royal Hind*.

Blake, the greatest of all the naval heroes of Britain, was born to poverty. His glorious achievements won for him a burial-place in Westminster Abbey, and the order for burial came from Cromwell himself. Lords Anson, Nelson, Exmouth, Rodney, St. Vincent, Collingwood, all rose to the peerage by their own merit. Frobisher, Raleigh, Lancaster, Shovel, Parry, Franklin, rose to knighthood. But this honor has been conferred with lavish hand upon merit in all professions. Among painters who have been knighted may be mentioned Lely, Thornhill, Reynolds, Wilkie, Lawrence, Raeburn, Shee, Robert Kerr Porter, the brother of the female novelists.

Among literary men, Steele, William Jones, Scott, Alison, Bulwer, Macaulay rose to a peerage, and Thackeray was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Among men of science, Newton, Leslie, Bell, Banks, Davy, Brewster, Sloan, the Herschels, father and son.

Among physicians and surgeons, Astley Cooper, Pringle, Rawson, James Edward Smith, the queen's physician.

Among architects and engineers, we may name Vanbrugh, Wren, Brunel, Middleton, Soane, Arkwright, Rennie the younger, Telford, the in-

ventor of the tubular bridge, the son of a Scotch shepherd, had his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, among the illustrious dead of a mighty nation. Practical business talent is more admired with the British people than with any other on earth. Brindley was a celebrated man before he could read or write. How much honored have been the Stevensons, engineers, George Stephenson, the railway king, the Rennies, Smeatons, etc. A friend told the writer, that on his visit to England at the opening of the Crystal Palace, its inventor was the man most talked of in the kingdom, though he was at that time gardener to the Duke of Devonshire.

But Watt has been the most honored of all the self-made men of Great Britain. Universities and colleges conferred degrees upon him. Scientific societies enrolled his name among their members. The profoundest respect was shown him by all classes during his life, and after his death a meeting, composed of the most eminent men in the kingdom, and presided over by the prime minister, was held to do honor to his memory. A monument was ordered to be erected by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the fame of his great deeds.

We, irreverent republicans, can hardly understand how highly this last distinction is regarded by the Englishman, with his large organ of veneration. But we can see the effect of it, when such a man as Nelson could use as his battle-cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!"

A special spot, called the Poet's Corner, is allotted within the hallowed precincts of the Abbey to the great poets of the kingdom. Here lie Chaucer, Cowley, Spenser, Dryden, etc.

But the wise policy of this truly great nation stimulates to mental activity by substantial aid as well as by rank and honors. Pensions are freely conferred upon men eminent for their talents, and upon their families. In-

ventions and discoveries are handsomely rewarded in pounds, shillings, and pence. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccine matter, was paid £10,000 by act of Parliament in the current coin of the kingdom. General Shrapnel, the inventor of the shell which bears his name, was granted £1200 annually for life. Is it wonderful that these multiplied incentives should develop such a prodigious amount of intellectual effort, in every walk of life, in every pursuit, in every trade, calling, and profession? Is it wonderful that this system has produced prodigies of valor, wisdom, learning, and ingenuity in all classes of society?

Is it wonderful that we of the South have achieved greatness in one department only of human effort, since our educational system and our policy did not arouse all our faculties throughout our entire population? The sailor and the blacksmith may have great strength, but this lies in the arm. It is not the healthful development of the perfect man. And so with us. One class only has been developed to the highest point, and that development has been in but a single direction — toward political life. Our mighty men have been strong like the sailor and the blacksmith, for one species of effort, and for one only. The educated man of the South was like the hero of the fairy tale; in the legislative chamber he was a mail-clad warrior, armed at all points, ready to assail, and invulnerable to attack; but as soon as he recrossed the portal of the enchanted hall, his armor fell off, his sword crumbled to dust, his tough and cord-like sinews became soft and flexible as those of a delicate woman. The invincible champion was changed into the feeble imbecile.

It was unfortunate even in our halcyon days of ease and prosperity, to have had a system of instruction adapted specially to one class of society. It was doubly unfortunate that this training qualified that class for preëminence in but a single vocation. Nature delights in variety. If we look above at those bright orbs

which make the heavens resplendent, we see one star differing from another star in glory. Each of the countless myriads of luminaries differs from its fellows in form, color, specific gravity, and period of revolution. If we look down, the very atoms beneath our feet are all unlike in shape, size, and weight. If we look abroad on some boundless forest, we find each tree, each twig and shrub without a counterpart; yea, of the millions of millions of leaves that are dancing greenly in the breeze or lying withered upon the ground, there are no two exactly alike in texture and configuration. Exclusiveness in education, giving a single aim and tendency, is contrary then to the whole economy of nature. It does violence to our mental organization. It is a wrong to the individual, as it denies him that simultaneous development of the faculties which is essential to true greatness. It is a wrong to society, as it fails to arouse and stimulate those mental activities which might benefit and enrich mankind. This twofold wrong was involved in the plan of instruction when we were free and wealthy.

To characterize it aright now, we need only say that it teaches those things we can not use, and leaves those untaught which are of inestimable value. We believe that under our old social system, the South came next to Great Britain in producing a noble specimen of the high-toned gentleman. The educated Irishman, the stately Scot, the polished Englishman, what fine models of manhood do all three present! The quiet dignity of manner, the easy, unassuming self-possession, the calm consciousness of power resulting from being looked up to habitually—these characteristics of the gentleman are products of a soil upon which there exists a privileged class. Great Britain has them because Great Britain has an hereditary aristocracy. The South had them in a more extended if not more prominent degree, because the most humble white man had a class below him. We are far

from asserting that all the hereditary aristocracy have the address, the bearing, the breeding, and the education of gentlemen. Tares will grow with the wheat. But we judge of the field by its general yield, and not by its accidental and unnatural varieties. Thus in Great Britain, the prevalence of courtesy and refinement are so general in the upper circles that "high-born" and "gentlemanly" are interchangeable adjectives.

Nor do we mean that those of humble origin can not be gentlemen. The talents which win for them rank and position will enable them to acquire the grace and urbanity becoming their exalted stations. But in acquiring this polish the self-made man will inevitably take as his model those who have greatness as their birthright, and he is thought to have received the highest compliment when he is said to fill his station as naturally and as gracefully as though born in it. There are nature's noblemen in all walks of life, and they, whenever found, will be recognized by all of kindred minds and hearts. The aristocracy, however, give the general tone to society in the British Isles, and there is none on earth more pure and elevated. The South, with a similar social organization to that of Great Britain at the present day, and to France in the time of the old *noblesse*, had likewise a distinct, well-defined class of gentlemen. We do not pretend to decide whether this social system was the best form of society. The people of this generation are neither responsible for its existence nor its abrogation. Boston cruisers introduced it. (See Preliminary Report of Eighth Census, page 9.) The dominant party of the North abolished it. (See Acts of Congress.) We are not dealing with questions of morals or of political economy. We are simply dealing with the facts of the past. On the great plantations of the old slave States, the social life made the nearest approximation to that of the English aristocracy. And under the in-

fluence of this system were born and reared men of the noble British type. Washington, Madison, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Pinckney, Carroll, the Calverts, the Lees and Carters of Virginia, the Rutledges, Pinckneys, and Lowndes of South-Carolina, the Waltons and Jacksons of Georgia, Macon and Davie of North-Carolina, and hundreds of others. N. P. Willis, himself a Northern man, a student of books and of men, who has seen and mingled with the best classes of the new and old world, has paid the most graceful tribute to the polish of Southern bearing and manners. The Countess of Westmoreland said to Mr. Buchanan that she had seen most of the crowned heads of Europe, and that not one of them would compare with President Jackson for ease and dignity of manners. Our Southern statesmen, too, would compare favorably with those of Great Britain. Madison, Calhoun, Clay, McDuffie, Macon were as thorough masters of the science of government as the Pitts, the Cannings, and the Broughams of Great Britain. Marshall, Taney, Gaston, etc., were as conversant with the great principles of law as the Eldons, the Stowells, and the Loughboroughs of the British Isles. The combined influence of the Southern social system and of Southern ideas in imparting lofty notions of personal dignity, and of Southern educational training in the science of government with regard to the checks and balances of the Constitution, has been manifested in the exercise of the veto power. It is a curious fact that, with two solitary exceptions all the vetoes have come from Southern Presidents. Washington used this prerogative of the Executive twice, Madison six times, Monroe once, Jackson nine times, Tyler four times, Polk three times, Pierce four times, and Mr. Johnson already twice. Messrs. Buchanan and Pierce were the only Northern Presidents who exercised this right; and the former did it on a question involving Southern rights (and it was alleged by his enemies) under Southern influence. He

and Mr. Pierce were trained in the school of Calhoun, and had the same views with reference to the independence of the great coördinate departments of the government. But while we claim that Southern statesmen, jurists, orators, and gentlemen bear no unfavorable comparison with those of Great Britain, here the parallel ceases. Great Britain developed every variety of talent. We have cultivated but a single species. Our authors have had to take their manuscripts North, or leave their books unpublished. Hence, literature has dwindled down from folios and quartos to political pamphlets or ephemeral newspapers. Our Washington Allston had to go to New-England with his pictures, and painting ceased to be cultivated at the South. Our Audubon had to take his drawings to Europe, and no such student of nature has arisen since. Our Holmes and Bachman have more reputation abroad than at home, and natural science has languished for want of sympathy and encouragement.

Our McCormick had to go North with his reaper, which now cuts the harvests of the world. Our John Gill, of New-Berne, N. C., had to turn over his great invention to Colt, which, under better management, has revolutionized the whole system of warfare. Gill died in poverty, while Colt made his millions. He died unhonored; but the wise British policy rewarded Armstrong for a less invention with knighthood and bounties. Our Brooke solved the problem of the deep-sea sounding apparatus upon which the scientific men of Europe had labored; but Brooke would have starved to death at the South in a purely scientific calling.

Our Wells explained the theory of dew, of which the world had been ignorant for nearly six thousand years; but he had to go across the ocean to make his discoveries known. Can language be found strong enough to condemn our criminal neglect of talent? It has not been an error merely; it has been a great and grievous sin.

It is a remarkable fact that the parables of our Lord are chiefly aimed at sins of neglect, and not at sins of positive transgression. In the parable of the talents, of the pounds, of the wise and foolish virgins, of the rich man and Lazarus, of the barren fig-tree, neglect of duty is the sin rebuked and punished. Surely we have been guilty before heaven in this respect. The wit of man could not have devised a more efficient plan for smothering up talent and for withering and blighting that which had escaped burial.

And yet the war demonstrated that there was no lack of ingenuity and skill at the South. What triumphs of engineering did Beauregard, Gilmer, Harris, Elliott, and Johnson achieve around Charleston? What mighty ramparts arose amidst the ruins of the pasteboard walls of Sumter, upon which the most powerful ordnance of the world could make no impression! How soon did the science of Brooke change an old hulk into a mighty sea-monster—the terror of all the fleets of the second maritime nation of the globe?

"Your Merrimac has demonstrated," said General Dix to the writer, "that England has no navy." When the troops first began to pour into Richmond from the South, the great anxiety of General Lee was in regard to percussion-caps. There was not a single factory in all the seceded States. But the ingenuity of the younger Rains at Nashville, and of a gentleman of Lynchburgh, William H. Wash, soon supplied the army with a better article than any before used. The torpedo had been regarded as an useless and impracticable thing; but in the hands of the elder Rains it became a most formidable weapon of defense. Vessels of war dare not venture into rivers and harbors until these hidden terrors had been removed. The mightiest iron-clad ship shrank back in alarm from the little torpedo-boat, not larger than a fisherman's canoe. Thousands of experiments had been tried with submarine boats, and all had failed. It

was reserved for rebel ingenuity to demonstrate their practicability. In Charleston harbor, the Ironsides, the pride of the United States navy, was seriously damaged, and a sloop of war was sunk by one of these tiny antagonists. A fear and dread of them fell upon the whole blockading squadron. Many an anxious, sleepless night did they cause. Many a broadside was fired at a floating log or plank in the apprehension of a blow-up from the "little Davids," as these miniature warriors were called. The first rifled cannon of large calibre was the invention of the South. Captain Fairfax, with a single rifled thirty-two pounder in a little river steamer, boldly attacked an United States frigate, and literally riddled her. In fact, the Southern mind is eminently ingenious and suggestive, while the Northern mind takes up the hints thrown out, appropriates and improves them.

Colonel Halpine, in the Federal army, has judiciously observed: "The fervid imagination of the Southern people delighted in feats of romance like Stuart's, and it made them, during the war, the great suggestive captains. They built the first iron-clads, made the first great raids, and under Stonewall Jackson executed the earliest of the great infantry-marches. But the colder adaptability of the North developed every hint from the South into a perfect system. The experiment of the Merrimac has grown to the Dictator, the Dunderberg, and the Ironsides. The engineering assiduity of Beauregard, imitated by the North, has marked the camps of our armies, as if the protecting mountains had followed our columns. But it may be doubted if any division commander has yet arisen to rival the splendid infantry genius of Jackson."

The views here presented are not new with the writer. At the time of the great fight in Hampton Roads, he expressed to many friends his regret that the Merrimac had come out before a fleet of iron-clads had been formed, and added his belief that the

North would soon surpass us with our own inventions. But superior industry and not superior adaptability is the right word.

We are far behind the North in industry, energy, and perseverance. But for our indolence and procrastination, the Louisiana would have walked the waters as a queen. The

whole United States navy could not have resisted her. With proper enterprise she could have been completed in time to have saved New-Orleans, and thereby perhaps the Southern Confederacy.

D. H. H.

(*To be continued.*)

GOVERNOR PICKENS OF ALABAMA.

On the highway leading from Concord to Beattiesford, in the western border of Cabarrus county, North-Carolina, may be seen an old dilapidated building — a locality rife with those reminiscences that make in part that history which is philosophy teaching by example. On the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. E. R. Harris, Israel Pickens, the first Governor of Alabama, was born. It was originally the homestead of the Pickens family. Israel Pickens was brought up and educated in this neighborhood under the tutelage of Dr. Robinson, then the accomplished preceptor of an academy at Poplar Tent Church. How faithfully and how well the distinguished pupil proved worthy of the instructions of his gifted and illustrious teacher, let his short but brilliant career as a statesman suffice to answer. Governor Pickens was twice elected to Congress from the mountain district of his native State; but was appointed by President Monroe in 1817 Territorial Governor of Alabama, ere his second term in Congress expired. In 1819, after the admission of that State into the Union, he was elected by the people Governor of the State.

When his term of office as Chief

Magistrate expired, he was elected, by her Legislature, a Senator of the United States, which distinguished position he held consecutively till his untimely death in 1826 at Matanzas, in the Island of Cuba, whither he had gone in the vain hope of arresting the ravages of pulmonary consumption.

His genius as a statesman is stamped upon the early history of Alabama; and her Legislature well attested the gratitude of the people for his distinguished services, by ordering his remains to be removed from the island, and buried in the bosom of the land of his adoption. Alabama contains his ashes, but North-Carolina must share his fame.

Having illustrated a brief but useful and distinguished career, he passed away in the meridian of life, and preceded his illustrious teacher nearly twenty years, to accountabilities where faith can only follow them.

How truly is realized in the end of teacher and pupil—"the old man eloquent" and the young statesman, the poetic line,

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

W. S. H.

WASHINGTON.

SEVEN cities claimed to be the birth-place of Homer. But there is no doubt about that of the man whom the world delights to honor. George Washington, so equable and self-poised amidst all the mutations of fortune, could only have derived his being from "the mother of States and statesmen;" so serene, unelated, and magnanimous in prosperity, so unmoved, unshaken and undismayed in her hour of trial; her sons numbering among them the foremost in the council, the forum, and the field, constituting a long line of Presidents, statesmen, orators, warriors, scholars, and gentlemen. Her daughters the first at every festival of national rejoicing, the last at every scene of suffering. Each lovely being as

"She walks a goddess and looks a queen,"

fitted to adorn the halls of a court or the saloons of the great and noble, yet alive to every kind and gentle emotion, ready to encourage the despondent, to stimulate the faint-hearted, to admire the heroic, and to nurse the wounded, the sick, and the dying. We love no land as well as our own Carolinas; but we scorn that narrow sectionalism, which will not admit that Virginia has displayed a grand heroism and fortitude under misfortune, which have not been manifested in the same degree by any of her suffering sisters. What people ever bore so patiently and resolutely as did the Virginians the burning of their cities, towns, villages, hamlets and private residences; the destruction of their fences, crops, and farming utensils; the robbing of their horses, mules, and cattle; the plunder of their household goods, the desecration of their churches, and the slaughter of the noblest and best of their sons? The world never before exhibited such a spectacle of manly endurance of multiplied evils, and it will never exhibit it again unless the same people are thrown once more into the furnace of affliction. Virginia

hospitality! celebrated throughout the world, but never so generously, and so munificently displayed as during the four years of the suffering and desolation of war. What soldier was ever turned away hungry from the rifled mansion of the once wealthy, or the lowly hut of the always poor but now half-starved inmate?

Even the shameless straggler, with the old graceless, stereotyped story of "nothing to eat in three days," ever met the cordial welcome and the outstretched hand. General Jackson was wont to complain that the generosity of the people to stragglers ruined the discipline of the army. Just in proportion as their lands were laid waste and their houses plundered, did their goodness and their liberality increase.

The fount of Jupiter Ammon sent forth cooler, more delicious and more refreshing waters as the tropical sun waxed fiercer and hotter. So when war most withered and blighted, then did kindness and sympathy gush forth from Virginia hearts most sweetly and most copiously. A mother of great and glorious men, of fair and noble women, we who were not of thy favored offspring may have thought thee too partial to thy deserving sons, too prone to cast a mantle over thy erring ones; but we can never forget thy generosity to our living, thy tears over our dead.

George Washington was a Virginian. The distinctive features of his character are the distinctive features of his people to this day.

No one can understand him who does not know them. No one can venerate his memory who does not admire them, living, breathing, acting. No one can appreciate his illustrious qualities who has not a clear perception of the lofty traits of his countrymen. The elaborate history of Marshall, the memoirs and letters preserved by Sparks, the graphic sketches of Irving, the swelling periods of Ev-

erett, give no such vivid impression of the man as may be gained by a single month's residence in Virginia. Take away from Washington his distinguishing characteristics as a Virginian, and he becomes like Samson shorn of his locks, or the Grand Monarch divested of his royal trappings—a very ordinary mortal indeed. The world venerates him for the three great qualities of magnanimity, unshaken constancy under reverses, and self-abnegation. Each of these his people exhibit at this hour in as remarkable a degree as did he himself. Let us examine them separately.

When a young man, he in a moment of passion, insulted a gentleman, who, prompt to resent a wrong, knocked him down on the spot.

Dueling was the established order of things in those days, and a blow was considered a disgrace only to be wiped out in blood. But Washington felt that he was the sinning party, and he had the rare courage and greatness of soul to confess his fault and to beg pardon of the man who had struck him to the earth. That was sublime; but how infinitely short does it fall of Lee at Gettysburgh! When the question arose as to who was responsible for the misguided attack and dreadful repulse—"I ordered it, blame no one but me," said the grand old hero. And a magnanimous country was fain to forget the error in the magnificent atonement.

Who will compare the greatness of forgiving a blow with that of assuming the most momentous responsibility ever devolved upon mortal man—the responsibility of a lost battle? When President Jackson was asked whether he forgave his enemies, he replied, "That is a hard question; let me have a day to reflect upon it." When the same question was repeated the next day, he replied, "I can forgive all my enemies except those who have reflected upon my military character." The sensitiveness of the soldier in regard to his reputation has passed into a proverb throughout the world; but yet the sense of justice of the Virginia soldier was higher than

his sensitiveness. If the lesser magnanimity of the first President be extolled, let not the greater act of the rebel Virginian be forgot.

We admire the greatness of soul which prompted Washington to say, "I care not who saves the country, I care only that the country be saved." A cabal was then forming for his removal from office; and his friends, including Patrick Henry, were indignant at the base attempt; but he, forgetful of self, was thinking only about the salvation of his country.

In a like spirit, the great soldier above named replied, when told that an officer whom he had recommended for promotion thought unkindly of him, "Sir, the question is not what General W— thinks of me, but what I think of him."

And how sublime, too, was the conduct of that other Virginian, J. E. Johnston, when superseded at Atlanta after what the country now recognizes as a successful campaign. Not a word of complaint did the noble hero utter against the cruel blunder. He made no unmanly appeals for sympathy to the soldiers who idolized him, nor to the country which reposed the most implicit confidence in him. Thinking not of self, but of the salvation of his country, he called for his successor, who had been his own subordinate, explained fully to him the condition of things, the relative position of the two armies, their strength, etc., and then unfolded to him what had been his own plans and intentions. Every effort was made to enable his successor to win those laurels which had been denied to him.

History has but few instances of as great magnanimity as this. There was nothing more sublime in the life of that Virginian whom the world reveres.

Loftiness of mind is just as common now among the countrymen of Washington, as it was in the time of the first great rebellion.

"A good man in adversity is a spectacle for the gods," was a maxim with that people who had the justest

appreciation of true greatness of soul. The Son of God manifest in the flesh was such a spectacle. But the tabernacle of clay could not conceal the rays of his divinity. Spite of his lowliness of birth and his poverty, the common people heard him gladly, and the rulers feared him, because "the whole world went after him." Thus, nor want, nor rags, nor scorn, nor contempt, nor malice, nor rage of enemies, nor slander can conceal the true nobility of a really great and good man.

On the contrary, the candle shines all the brighter for the surrounding gloom. In the darkest hours of our country's struggle, the lustre of Washington's character was the most resplendent. We love to think of him, not as the successful warrior at Yorktown, receiving the surrender of the hitherto invincible Cornwallis; not as the President of a new-born Republic of which he was the father; not as the nation's idol, and the admired of mankind; but with loving tenderness we remember his retreat across the Jerseys with three thousand ragged, shoeless followers, and pressed by the vast legions of the enemy. We love to think of him with unshaken courage leading a handful of men across the freezing turbulent waters of the Delaware, that he might strike one blow for his country. We love to think of him cheering his suffering and disheartened little band at Valley Forge. Washington on his knees in the thick forests around his encampment there, was a sublimer spectacle than Washington in the Presidential chair.

Now this unmoved and immovable constancy under misfortunes which so remarkably distinguished the great Virginian, was exhibited everywhere during the late contest in the State where he was born, where he died, and where he was buried. There was not a city, town, village, hamlet, or country residence that did not manifest it. We need not go, to find it, to Johnston, contending against double or thrice his numbers; or to Lee, contesting inch by inch with still more

formidable odds; we need only seek a Virginia dwelling anywhere, whether mansion or hut, and there you would see that the mantle of Washington had dropped from his chariot of fire, without receiving any stain of earth by the fall. Talk to the aged father, whose only son fills a bloody grave, or with the venerable mother or the sister of the lost one, and you will perceive that the unyielding firmness of Washington dwells with his people to this hour. The philosopher has said, "When you find a true man, grapple him to your heart with hooks of steel." The Virginians deserve to be grappled to the heart of the Union and held when there by cords of love. No other cords can bind them.

Let us next look at the self-denying character of Washington. He was ever ready to forget himself for his country. He was willing to hold office if the public welfare would be thereby promoted. He was willing to retire if the national interest would thus be secured. At the time of the Gates-Conway conspiracy to remove him from the command of the army, he wrote to a gentleman in New-England, who had expressed some anxiety lest he should resign, "*The same principles that led me to embark in the opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain, operate with additional force at this day; nor is it my desire to withdraw my services while they are considered of importance in the present contest.*" . . .

I have said, and I still do say, that there is *not an officer in the services of the United States that would return to the sweets of domestic life with more heartfelt joy than I would.* But I would have this declaration accompanied by these sentiments, that while the public is satisfied with my endeavors, I mean not to shrink from the cause; but the moment that her voice, not that of faction, calls upon me to resign, I shall do it with as much pleasure as ever the wearied traveler returned to rest." When Stonewall Jackson, of Virginia, was written to by the Board of Visitors of the Military Institute, with refer-

ence to resuming the duties of his professorship, he replied in a letter, breathing the spirit and almost repeating the words of his great countryman.

HQRS. FIRST BRIGADE, 2D CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CENTREVILLE, October 22, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of the 19th instant has been received, and *I beg leave to say in reply that I only took the field from a sense of duty, and that the obligations that brought me into service still retain me in it, and will probably continue to do so as long as the war shall last.* At the close of hostilities I desire to resume the duties of my chair, and accordingly respectfully request that, if consistent with the interests of the Institute, the action of the Board of Visitors may be such as to admit of my return upon the restoration of peace.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,

Prof. of Nat. and Exp. Philosophy, etc.,
V. M. I.

To General WM. H. RICHARDSON and
General T. HAYMOND, Committee.

The admirable temper of Washington in this time of severe trial, when his country's cause seemed desperate and his own reputation blasted, may be best judged by an extract from a letter of his to Patrick Henry: "That I may have erred in using the means in my power for accomplishing the objects of the arduous, exalted station with which I am honored, I can not doubt; *nor do I wish my conduct to be exempt from the reprehension it may deserve. Error is the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character, is the prerogative of freemen.*"

The italics are our own. The language rises into the sublime. The self-forgetting Washington, at the bar of envy and malice, is echoing back, after eighteen hundred years, the sentiments of the unselfish man of Nazareth before a still more cruel and malignant tribunal, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest

thou me?" History continually repeats itself. The true patriot, the real statesman, the undoubtedly brave warrior, is never afraid of a full investigation of his conduct, whether by a free press or a free people. At this period in the history of the Father of his country, forged letters were written and published in London, purporting to come from him, and manifesting disloyalty to the American cause. For twenty years he treated the vile fabrication with the most contemptuous silence, and it was not until his final retirement from office that he filed away in the Department of State a solemn denial of the authenticity of these documents. (See Everett's Life of Washington.) It was the reticence of a great soul, conscious of its own purity of motives. But when we admire the dignified silence of the noble Virginian, who was oblivious of self and regardless of personal popularity, while his mind was ever keenly and sensitively alive to the slightest interests of his fellow-citizens, let us not forget that three at least of his countrymen have exhibited the same self-abnegation. When attempts were made in the winter of 1861-'62, after Jackson's expedition to Hancock, to alienate the affections of his own troops from him and to poison the mind of the Executive, his silence was as profound and as contemptuous as that of Washington himself. After Lee's campaign in Western Virginia, hard and bitter things were said of him by some of the newspapers of that day, led off by a portion of the Richmond press; but he opened not his lips.

When Johnston fell under the executive ban, and a howl was raised against him by a partisan press, how sublimely great was the silence of the man! It was necessary for the good of our cause that the administration should be supported to the last, and his defense might weaken that support. It required no common exercise of self-denial to bear a *positive* wrong rather than inflict a *possible* harm upon the country;

but the patriotism of the great soldier was equal to the effort.

Another act of self-abnegation on the part of General Johnston has won the admiration of the British people. When sent out, after the battle of Murfreesboro, to investigate the cause of the alleged dissatisfaction with the Southern commander, and to take command himself if he found the grounds of complaint were real, he had the magnanimity as well as delicacy to decline his own advancement under these extraordinary conditions, and he did what he could to strengthen the hands of General Bragg. (History will gratefully record how the latter clung to his generous friend, when executive favor had been withdrawn from him.)

Let the world sing its peans in praise of the unselfishness of Washington; but let it not overlook the equal self-denial of the three illustrious countrymen of Washington.

Now, here, we would notice a remarkable correspondence between the military views of the Father of his country and the last of the three great Virginians named above. It has been quite common of late years to deny to Washington the credit of being a great captain. It has been often said that he was no military genius—that his campaigns were failures and his battles defeats. His biographers, with all their zeal in his behalf and enthusiastic admiration of his character, have not removed this unfavorable impression from the minds of some.

Now military genius is not exhibited merely in splendid achievements and wonderful victories. The genius of Napoleon never shone so brightly as on his last disastrous campaign.

But the great captain is the man who thoroughly understands his position, who thoroughly knows the temper and character of his own troops, the qualities of the troops opposed to him, and the capacity of their leader; who knows how to husband his own resources and to destroy those of his enemy; who knows when to fight and

when to retreat; who knows how to discriminate between what is essential to insure eventual success and what is only of transient and factitious importance.

Now, Washington understood all this. He knew the military situation, the qualities of his own troops, and those of the British. He was never misled by any will-o-wisps to attempt brilliant strokes that would end in no permanent good. (How the soul sickened in June, 1863, at the brilliant shouts over some petty successes at Winchester, while the great heart of the Confederacy at Vicksburg was in its last throb of agony! That strength was idly spent in beating the air, which if concentrated in one vigorous blow would have insured success.) Washington understood what our Confederate President and most of our generals did not—the absolute nothingness of losing a position in comparison with losing an army. We had vast territory and but few men. The loss of a portion of the soil might entail suffering, but the loss of soldiers brought necessarily irretrievable ruin.

Washington under similar conditions, fully appreciated his position. He fought the battle of Long Island, to save New-York, but he did not allow himself to be shut up in that city. He fought at Brandywine to save Philadelphia; but losing the battle, he saved his army. He was entirely opposed to the policy, so fatal to the Confederate cause, of allowing troops to be shut up and besieged for the sake of holding any position, however important.

Charleston would have been captured, but not the army of Lincoln, had his wise policy been acted upon. He wrote after hearing that Charleston bar could not be defended: "The impracticability of defending the bar, I fear, amounts to the loss of the town and garrison. At this distance, it is impossible to judge for you. I have the greatest confidence in General Lincoln's prudence, but it really appears to me that the propriety of

defending the town depended upon the probability of defending the bar; and *that when this ceased, the attempt ought to have been relinquished.* In this, however, I suspend a definitive judgment, and wish you to consider what I say as confidential."

Marshall adds that this letter did not arrive in time to influence the conduct of the besieged. This letter was written, it is supposed, to the Governor of South-Carolina.

Had Washington been the defender of Richmond, he would have abandoned it a year before its capture, and the Confederate flag might still be floating all over the South. God has willed it otherwise, and we submit to his will, believing him best able to govern the affairs of his own creatures.

Whatever opinion the world may have of Washington as a military leader, it is sufficient in our mind to mark him as one of the great generals of history, that he made no such dreadful mistakes as we poor rebels did about the value of positions. Now, General Johnston had precisely the same views on this subject. "Let the place go, and save the garrison," was his motto from the beginning to the end of the war. He retreated from Harper's Ferry, but he kept his troops in hand to aid in striking a heavy blow at Manassas.

He withdrew his army from the eul-de-sac at Yorktown, much to McClellan's chagrin and mortification. But then he turned upon his pursuers with terrible effect at Williamsburgh, at Eltham's Landing, and at Seven Pines. He had given the necessary order for a retreat from Vicksburgh; but Pemberton unfortunately thought that the *position* and not the *army* was the important thing, and Vicksburgh fell and the troops were all captured. He retreated from Dalton; but he inflicted day by day such heavy losses upon Sherman that the disparity between their numbers had almost ceased to exist. He was decried for his retreats, just as Washington was for his. But time has already wrought

a mighty change in men's opinions, and we believe that history will enroll the name of Joseph E. Johnston beside that of the man he so much resembled in mind and character.

Before we leave the subject of magnanimity, we would mention with pleasure a remarkable instance of it in the people of New-England. John Adams of Massachusetts recommended George Washington, of Virginia, to be made commander-in-chief of the American armies. John Adams, on succeeding Washington as President of the United States, had such an appreciation of Washington's judgment in the choice of a cabinet that he made no change in it. Colonel John Brooks, of Massachusetts, afterward Governor of that State, stood so firmly and so nobly by Washington at the time of the Newburgh Mutiny, that the great Virginian was affected even to tears.

Edmund Everett, of Massachusetts, went all over the land delivering lectures in praise of the character, abilities and services of Washington. Gilbert Stuart, of Rhode Island, exhausted his skill as an artist in giving us the best, the most life-like and truthful portrait of Washington. Jared Sparks, of Connecticut, has been the most diligent collector of his orders and letters. The poets of New-England have sung the sweetest hymns to his memory, their orators have pronounced his most eloquent eulogies, their painters have executed his best portraits, and their men of wealth have been the most careful to adorn their studios, their offices, and their parlors with the finest marble busts of this remarkable man. Now this is real magnanimity in that people, for never did mortal man speak more contemptuously of others than he did of them. We trust that the same keen perception of greatness in Washington may be extended to his countrymen, and that this may do much toward allaying the bitterness engendered by civil war.

It has been the rare fortune of Washington to be idolized at home.

honored and revered abroad. No name in history has been so much praised, none has been so little censured. The emperor and the serf, the aristocrat and the plebeian, the man of letters and the ignorant boor, the wise and the foolish, the good and the wicked, have vied with each other in homage to his memory. There is nothing so remarkable in the life of the man as this universal tribute to his great traits of character, by all classes and ranks of society, by men of every shade of opinion and of every possible difference in moral qualities. Does not this show that the image of the Maker on the human soul, though sadly defaced is not altogether obliterated, even in the vilest person, and that true excellence will always be recognized and esteemed?

Have passion and prejudice, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, power for only a limited period to blacken the character and stain the reputation of the truly great and good?

Jealousy of his growing influence and hatred of his pure character nailed to the cross the Redeemer of mankind, but there is no spot on earth where his memory is not now cherished. Washington had in his day bitter, malignant enemies, who reviled and slandered him. Mists and fogs may obscure the sun for a season, but there will come a time of meridian brightness and glory. Slander and detraction can no longer obscure the fame of Washington, which but grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day. "Ah! gentlemen," said the young conqueror of Italy to a party of Americans, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will reverence, will talk of him as the founder of a great empire when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution." Napoleon preserved to the last moment of his life this profound regard for the great Virginian. When the news of Washington's death reached him he directed Fontanes to deliver an eulogy upon his life and character. Appre-

ciation by so true a judge of greatness as Napoleon is in itself no mean proportion of fame.

But the delirious wretches of the French Revolution mingled his name with that of the Goddess of Liberty in their wild and bacchanal songs. Thus, the most eloquent panegyric probably ever penned upon the character of our Saviour is from the wicked infidel Rousseau.

Macaulay closes his eulogy upon his favorite hero, John Hampden, in these words: "It was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the histories of revolutions furnish no parallel, or furnish a parallel in Washington alone."

The great essayist and historian could understand the lofty soul and splendid achievements of the father of his country. But there has been many a tenth-rate Fourth of July orator who has been just as earnest in his admiration. Guizot spoke of Washington as "the most fortunate and the most virtuous of all the men of history."

According to the song of Burns, the Prince Regent "rattled dice with Charlie;" but the dissolute Charles James Fox (the Charlie of the poet) has been just as enthusiastic as any of the rest in praise of him who from boyhood scorned every species of vice. "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another," said the gifted but dissipated statesman, "and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history." We have been disposed to regard Lord Brougham as one of the purest of men, as well as one of the greatest of British orators and statesmen. But Lord Brougham (as quoted by Mr. Everett) has left this magnificent tribute to our countryman: "How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when,

turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age, the only one upon whom an epithet, so thoughtlessly lavished by men, may be innocently and justly bestowed."

Lord Byron, whose genius can not redeem his crimes and folly, has given us two much admired stanzas in eulogy of our own Washington :

"Great men have always scorned great recompenses :

Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died

Nor leaving even his funeral expenses.

George Washington had thanks and naught beside,

Except the all-cloudless glory, (which few men's is)

To free his country."

And on another occasion he sang :

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
Nor Freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled ;
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington? *Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no
such shore?*"

We find in a cotemporary paper another tribute from Lord Brougham to Washington in the installation address which he delivered to the University of Edinburgh. This is so just and so thoroughly appreciative of his character, that we can not refrain from giving it also : "In Washington we may contemplate every excellence, military and civil, applied to the service of his country and of mankind—a triumphant warrior, unshaken in confidence when the most sanguine had a right to despair ; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried—directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time so rash an experiment had ever been tried by man—voluntarily and unostentatiously retiring from supreme power with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, that the rights of man might be conserved, and that his example might never be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. It will be the duty of the historian to save the sage, in all ages, to

omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, *will a test of progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.*"

This "test of progress" the United States in every section has nobly testified by the universal "veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." We would be ashamed, too, to harbor the thought that there was any portion of our common country in which a narrow prejudice would not allow a single individual to admire similar qualities to those of Washington, whenever and wherever found.

But we have seen that the countrymen of Washington of the present day are not behind him in those great qualities, which the world so much admires in him. The great State which gave him birth, and gave them birth, may proudly point to her jewels and challenge any nation to show purer and brighter. She will not shrink from the comparison with England herself, whose eldest daughter she is, and whom she most nearly resembles in mind and character.

When England pronounces the names of her Marlborough, her Wellington, her Nelson, and her Havellock, Virginia echoes back, Washington, Johnston, Lee, and Jackson. When England writes upon the white scrolls of fame the names of her mighty statesmen and orators, Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, Canning and Brougham, Virginia enrolls, in like manner, the names of Jefferson and Henry, Madison and Monroe, Marshall and Randolph, Clay and Wise.

When England shows her laurel-wreathed Tennyson, Virginia points tearfully to her sinning but no less gifted son, Edgar A. Poe.

When England claims that the ponderous tomes of her illustrious divines have taught theology to the world, Virginia meekly answers that the works of her Alexanders, father

and sons, have been translated into all the tongues of Christendom. When England boasts that her improved agricultural implements take the precedence in every country, Virginia proudly points to her McCormick, whose reapers gather in the grain of every clime. When the poets of England sing the praises of Florence Nightingale, the incense of a million of grateful hearts rises in homage to the daughters of Virginia, each of whom was a Florence Nightingale in the dark death-struggle of our Confederacy. Oh! could these noble women but know how their tender care had alleviated and so-laced, not merely the pain of the wounded and dying, but had also sent the only comfort to the hearts of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters; and could they know how the broken-hearted, who sank under their bereavements, died imploring God's blessing upon them, they would feel rich and blessed indeed, though poverty be their portion, and every earthly comfort be denied them.

Ticknor, of Georgia, the true poet, has eloquently eulogized, in the lines below, the noble qualities of the sons of Virginia. But the prayers and grateful tears of mourners all over the South speak the praises of her daughters in language to which words can do no justice.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry,
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band,
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills,
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of many homes,
With loveliness and worth—

We thought they slept! the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires.
But still the Golden Horse-shoe knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

D. H. H.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

THE taste for rural pursuits pervades all classes of the English population, from the royal family down to the humblest day laborer. George III. rejoiced in the sobriquet of Farmer George, and wrote for an agricultural magazine over the signature of Ralph Robinson. This magazine honored by the royal contributor was called the *Annals of Agriculture*, and edited by Arthur Young, so well known as an enlightened agriculturist. Arthur Young was the son of a prebendary of Canterbury, and so great was his influence in improving the agriculture of England that his name will always be mentioned with gratitude in every record of British farming.

In a very interesting article, in the London Quarterly Review, entitled

The Progress of English Agriculture, (from which we will copy largely,) we have a fine sketch of the progress of successive eminent agriculturists since and during the time of Arthur Young. Foremost among the men he helped to make known was Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, "a man of genius in his way, for he laid down the principles of a new art. He originated the admirable breed of Leicester sheep which still maintains a high reputation throughout Europe and America; and although he failed in establishing his breed of 'long-horn cattle' and of 'black cart horses,' he taught others how to succeed." And the success of English farmers is marvelous to us. The lands of the Old World yield in a way which appears almost fabulous

to us of the New England is almost a century ahead of us in the general practice of agriculture. In Robert Bakewell's day, the yeoman farmer had not yet removed to a parlor, and farmer's families had not yet been "bitten by the mad dog of gentility," and Bakewell sat in the huge chimney-corner of a long kitchen, hung round with the dried joints of his finest oxen, preserved as specimens of proportion. He was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, of a ruddy brown complexion, clad in a brown, loose coat, and scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches and top-boots. Here he entertained Russian princes, French and German royal dukes, British peers and farmers, and sight-seers of every degree. Here he talked on his favorite subject, breeding, with earnest yet playful enthusiasm—here, utterly indifferent to vulgar traditional prejudice, he enunciated those axioms which must ever be the cardinal rules for the improvers of live stock. Whoever were his guests, they were all obliged to conform to his rules. Breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at one, supper at nine, bed at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten o'clock, let who would be there, he knocked out his last pipe.

The principles which he laid down were these: Always select animals of the form and temperament which showed signs of producing most *fat* and *muscle*. In an ox, he said, "all was useless that was not beef;" and he sought, by pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively small, the hind quarters large, and to produce a body *truly* circular, with as short legs as possible, upon the plain principle that the value lies in the barrel and not in the legs. He aimed at securing also a small head, small neck, and small bones. In sheep, his object was mutton, not wool, and he disregarded mere size. Dr. Parkinson told Paley that Bakewell had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, directing it to the leg, neck, or shoulder, as he thought

proper, and "this," continued Parkinson, "is the great *problem* of his art." "It's a lie, sir," replied Paley, "and that's the *solution* of it." Parkinson, however, was not mistaken as to the *result* of Bakewell's method, although he was as to the *mode* of accomplishing it. The great physiologist confirmed Bakewell's views in one essential particular, for he asserted that, in the human subject, small bones were usually accompanied by corpulence. Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, also came to the conclusion that extremely large bones indicated a defect in nutrition. Before Bakewell's day, *large* animals, of whatever shape, were the most highly prized. At a fair, at Ipswich, one or two enlightened persons suggested that a premium should be presented to Arthur Young, for introducing the South-Down sheep into Suffolk; and a farmer then determined to put forth the counter proposition, that Mr. Young was an enemy to the country, for "endeavoring to change the best breed in England for a race of *rats*."

We smile now in reading that in 1806, in spite of Mr. Coke's toast, "Small in size and great in value," a premium was awarded to the largest ox. In 1856, a little Devon ox, of an egg-like shape, which is the modern beau ideal, gained the Smithfield gold medal in competition with gigantic Short-horns and Herefords of elephantine proportions. They now want no animal which carries on his carcass more threepenny than ninepenny beef.

Lord Townshend was another great agricultural improver, "who originated practices which increased the produce of the land a hundred fold, and of which the world continues to reap the benefit at this hour." He applied marl to the sands of Norfolk, and converted boundless wilds of rabbit warrens and sheep walks into rich grain-bearing soil. By the aid of marl, Young estimated that "three or four hundred thousand acres of wastes had been turned into gardens." But marling would not of itself have

reclaimed the Norfolk deserts. Turnips were so zealously advocated by Lord Townshend that he got the name of Turnip Townshend. Pope speaks of "all Townshend's turnips" in one of his imitations of Horace.

This crop, he had the sagacity to see, *was the parent of all future crops*. It and other roots are like the tortoise of Indian mythology, the basis upon which rests the money-bringing grain crop.

Without winter food, little stock can be kept; without stock, manure could not be made; and without manure, there can not be much of any thing else. A hundred years ago, hay was almost the only winter food in England, and all the flesh gained by the grass in summer was lost in winter, or barely maintained. "Fresh meat for six months of the year was a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthy. Even first-class farmers would salt down an old cow in the autumn, which, with fitches of fat bacon, supplied their families with meat until the spring.

But after the turnip cultivation was fairly introduced a full supply of winter food was obtained, and it is no wonder that they excited an enthusiasm similar to that of Lord Monboddo, who on returning home after a circuit, went to look at a field of them by candle-light. As the turnip was the parent of all future crops, so the farmer devoted all his manure to producing a full turnip crop.

Francis, Duke of Bedford, another great Norfolk landowner, succeeded to the mantle of Lord Townshend. He was followed by Mr. Coke of Holkham, afterward Earl of Leicester, who toward the close of last and the first of the present century headed agricultural reform.

The princely mansion at Holkham, erected from the designs of Kent, bears an inscription which imports that it was built in the midst of a desert tract, and its noble founder was accustomed to say at once sadly and jocularly, that his nearest neighbor was the king of Denmark.

Mr. Coke graphically described the

condition of his estate by the remark, "That he found two rabbits quarreling for one blade of grass."

His first care was to apply the existing methods to fertilizing his barren wilds; his second was to improve on the prevailing practice; his third, like a true philanthropist, was to persuade his neighbors to follow his example. For thirty years both landlords and tenants were content to follow in the track which Lord Townshend had marked out for them—a track which led to such wealth that it is no wonder they were not tempted to further experiments. The Earl of Leicester roused them from their lethargy, and what Young calls a 'second revolution' commenced. The great evil of the times was that the farmers had little or no communication with each other. They were almost as much fixtures as their houses, and what was done on one side of the hedge was scarcely known upon the other. The Earl of Leicester instituted his annual sheep-shearings, to which he invited crowds of guests of all ranks. Under the guise of a gigantic festival, it was an agricultural school of the most effective kind, for the social benevolence engendered by such splendid hospitality disarmed prejudice, and many who would have looked with disdain upon new breeds of stock, new-fangled implements, and new modes of tillage, received them favorably when they came recommended by their genial host. Hot politician as he was, according to the fashion of those days, his opponents forgot the partisan in the agriculturist.

When Cobbett, who had no liking for him, rode through Norfolk in 1821, he acknowledged that the people spoke of him as children would speak of a father. The distinguished visitors who came from other counties to the sheep-shearing, carried home with them lessons which had an effect upon farming throughout the kingdom. Excluded by his political opinions from court favor or office, the Earl of Leicester must have found abundant compensation in the feudal

state of gatherings at which hundreds assembled and were entertained—farming, hunting, or shooting, in the mornings—after dinner discussing agricultural subjects, whether the South-Down or new Leicester were the better sheep—whether the Devon or the old Norfolk was the most profitable ox. He formed an intimacy with Arthur Young, and acted upon three of his maxims, which all Southern planters in our new system of labor would do well to remember—First, that a truly good tenant can not be too much favored, or a bad one have his rent raised too high. Second, that good culture is another name for much labor. Third, that great farmers generally become rich farmers. By these methods he raised his rental to more *thousands* a year than it was *hundreds* when he inherited his estate, and had enriched a numerous tenantry into the bargain.

No discovery, perhaps, was made by the Earl of Leicester in agriculture, but he showed a surprising sagacity in singling out what was good in ideas which were not received by the farming public at large, in combining them into a system, and persevering in them until they prevailed. He soon taught his tenants that valuable as was manure, they had better keep animals which would at the same time make a return in flesh and fat. Lord Leicester's steward, Blaikie, made a suggestion to Mr. John Hudson, of Castle Acre, which led that enterprising person to try a new experiment in fattening sheep. He ventured to supply his young wethers with sliced turnips and purchased oil-cake. Such was the success of his experiment, that to Mr. Coke's astonishment, when he asked to see the produce of his tup, he found they had been sent to market fat, twelve months before the usual time. Yet all John Hudson's neighbors, including his own father, who was also a man of agricultural progress, prophesied his ruin from his extravagance in buying food for sheep, which was regarded in much the same light in farming as for a

young spendthrift to go for money to the Jews. Bought food would have been wasted on the former slow-growing species; but applied to the improved stock bred on Bakewell's principles, it created a demand, not only for tups from Sussex, steers from the Quantock Hills, and oil-cake from Germany, but for improved implements and machinery—the turnip-slicer, the cake-crusher, the chaff-cutter, and the bone-mill, as well as the drill, horse-hoe, and improved plows and harrows. The perfecting of the South-Down sheep by Mr. Jonas Webb, was due to one of those trivial circumstances which so frequently influence the events of the world. His grandfather was a breeder of Norfolk rams, and it was one of the amusements of the old gentleman, at his annual sales, to set his grandsons to ride on his rams, holding fast by their huge horns. It was during the races on these sharp-backed animals that Jonas determined to breed sheep with better *saddles* of mutton, when he became a man. A lean, hurdle-backed, black-faced Norfolk ram, and the beautiful firkin-bodied South-Down, for which Mr. Webb refused five hundred guineas at the Paris Exhibition in 1856, are the two extremes—the two mutton marks between the boyhood and manhood of the same individual. Nothing but a Norfolk sheep could have found a living on the Norfolk wilds—nothing but the roots, artificial grasses, grain, and oil-cake of modern days could have raised the Babraham Downs to such marvelous perfection. But to return to Mr. John Hudson, whose name is familiar to all English and most foreign agriculturists. In 1822 he entered upon his now celebrated farm of Castle Acre, of 1200 acres, which is a fair specimen of the Norfolk lands. At that period the only portable manure was rape-cake, which cost £13 a ton, and did not produce any visible effect upon the crops for a month. The whole live stock consisted of 200 sheep and 40 cattle of the old Norfolk breed. He adopted what was then the new, now the old

Norfolk system—that is to say, 250 acres pasture, 300 wheat, 300 barley, (or in dear years 600 wheat,) 300 roots, and 300 seeds, the rest being gardens and coverts. On these 1200 acres, he now maintains 10 dairy cows, 36 cart-horses, a flock of 400 breeding ewes, and he annually fattens and sells 3000 sheep and 250 Short-horns, Devons, and Herefords. His root crops average from 25 to 35 tons per acre, and his wheat 48 bushels per acre, barley 56 bushels. Of the seeds, the clover is mown for hay, and the trefoil and white clover are fed down by the sheep. The purchased food given to his cattle and sheep amounts to £2000. Guano, nitrate of soda, and superphosphate of lime amounts in addition to £1000. Wages absorb from £2600 to £3000 a year. Seven or eight wagon-loads of farm-yard manure are plowed in on land intended for roots, besides about thirty shillings' worth per acre of superphosphate of lime drilled in with the turnip-seed; while wheat has a top-dressing of 1 cwt. of guano, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of nitrate of soda, and 2 cwt. of salt, mixed with earth and ashes. *No weeds are grown.* The turnips are taken up in November, and a troop, called by the vile name of a "gang," consisting of boys and girls under an experienced man, traverse the ground, forking out and burning every particle of twitch or thistle. The same gang are called in during the progress of the root-crops whenever occasion requires, and immediately after harvest, they go over the stubbles with their little three-pronged fork, exterminating the slightest vestige of a weed. By thus weeding in time, the expenses are kept down to 1s. per acre.

Lord Berners mentioned as recently as 1855, that he found in Leicestershire hundreds of acres netted over with twitch as thick as a Life-guard's cane, and studded with clumps of thistles like bushes. Such neglected land required an expense of five pounds to six pounds to put it in heart. No such management disgraces the farm of Mr. John Hudson.

Mr. J. Thomas, of Liddington Park, farms about eight hundred acres under the Duke of Bedford. This intelligent cultivator read a paper some time since to the Central Farmers' Club, in which he stated, with the assent of his tenant audience, that it was not only possible but advisable to reduce the over-fertility of the soil, by cultivating two grain-crops in succession, a practice which was once considered fatal. This over-abundant fertility of soil produced in his turnips "strange, inexplicable diseases, his barley lay flat on the ground by its own weight, and his young clover was stifled and killed by the lodgment of the barley crop."

Thus, while Roman agriculturists, with all their garden-like care, were tormented by a constantly-increasing poverty of soil, we, after ages of cropping, have arrived at the point of over-abundant fertility. Mr. Thomas sells about one hundred and fifty head of cattle fat and one thousand sheep annually, beside keeping a choice breeding flock of four hundred South-Downs, the result of twenty years' care. By these sheep the process of fertilizing is constantly carried on. The store sheep are allowed to eat the turnips from the ground; but for the fattening sheep the turnips are gathered, topped, tailed, and sliced by a boy with a portable machine. Thus, feeding by day and penned successively over every part of the field at night, they prepare the land for luxuriant grain-crops—land naturally so poor that it would scarcely feed a family of rabbits.

According to the latest experience the most profitable system is to devote the farm-yard manure to the growth of clover, to eat down the clover with folded sheep, and then to use the ground fertilized by the roots of clover, without home-made manure, for cereal crops, assisted by a top dressing of guano. This crop is followed by roots nourished with superphosphate of lime. Good implements come in aid of good cultivation. Mr. Thomas has eight or nine of Howard's iron plows—both light

and heavy—iron harrows to match the plows, a cultivator to stir the earth, a grubber to gather weeds, half a dozen drills, manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a elod crusher, a heavy stone roller, a hay-making machine, and horse-rakes. With machinery no large barn is required in the English elimate; the grain can remain in the riek until required for market. About twenty men and thirty trained boys, under an aged chief, are constantly employed.

No land is here lost by unnecessary fenees; no fertility is consumed by weeds; no time or labor is thrown away. One crop prepares the way for another, and the wheel-plow, under the charge of man or boy, follows quick upon the footsteps of the reaper. The sheep stock are kept up to perfeetion of form by retaining only the best shaped ewe lambs, and having or buying the best South-Down rams.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN POETRY.

THE annexed artieles are eontributions to this Magazine, and have never been published before.

LIFE'S FIG-LEAVES.

LIFE's Fig-Leaves! Tell me, are not they
 The outside beauties of our way,
 The pleasant things beneath whose shade
 Our inner spirit-life is laid?
 I own, they oft give promise fair
 Of fruit which never ripens there;
 For, though we seek with earnest hope
 Some tiny bud that yet may ope,
 'Tis all in vain, for fruit or flower
 The tree has not sufficient power;
 And still the earnest spirit grieves,
 Which seeking fruit finds only leaves.
 When sueh I meet they eall to mind
 The Saviour's warning to mankind:
 "The time for fruit was not yet nigh,"
 Then wherefore must the fig-tree die?
 Nature demanded leaves alone,
 But yet he said in solemn tone,
 "Let no more fruit upon thee grow,"
 That he to us this truth might show—
 All life for some good end is given,
 And should bear fruit on earth for heaven;
 Its leaves and blossoms go for naught,
 Unless they are with promise fraught;
 No buds for fruit the fig-tree bore,
 Hence it was blighted evermore,
 But unto man still mutely saith,
 A hopeless, barren life is death.
 And so the parable doth teach
 That soul which doth not upward reach
 For light and strength, and earnest strive
 To keep the hope of fruit alive,

But sits content with leaves instead,
 Is truly to all purpose dead.
 But while life's leaves continue green
 There yet is hope fruit may be seen ;
 A fruit, perchance, that is not found
 Until these leaves fall to the ground,
 Stripped by the storms which rudely tear
 Life's beauties off, and leave it bare.
 But let the tree, perfected now,
 Recall the time when every bough
 Bore only leaves, which close concealed
 The fruit which storms at length revealed ;
 And know before man's life bursts out,
 In ripened fruit its leaves must sprout.
 So, when young lives in leafage stand,
 With patience wait, till God's own hand
 Reveals the buds hid in between,
 Nor grieve that leaves alone are seen ;
 If strength and purpose in us live,
 Some fruit in time each life will give.

MRS. MARY B. CLARK.

A ONE-ARMED SOLDIER'S STORY.

I.

I've been dreaming,
 That amid a battle storm,
 A woman's slender form
 Lay across my buried arm.
 Idle seeming ;
 For the Flag no longer flying,
 The missing arm is lying
 Where the whip-poor-will is crying
 And the turtle-dove is singing
 On the mountain.
 Sigh on, the cord that bound us
 To these blackened fields around us
 Is severed ! It was spoken,
 When the golden bowl was broken
 At the fountain !
 Wistful dove with drooping wing,
 Tis meet that thou should'st sing,
 For the gayer birds of Spring
 Have Northward turned the wing—
 Poor birds ! they can not sing
 Down in Dixie !

II.

Where the Sunland forest pride
 Woos his snowy-breasted bride,
 Where the sea-birds skim the tide,
 And the moss-draped riverside,
 Gently shaketh
 Grandiflora from her slumber,
 Beneath the velvet umber,

And her green-mailed knights in number
 First awaketh;
 I met a little maiden,
 With amber jasmine laden,
 A little sun-kissed maiden,
 Olive-tinted beauty rare,
 With rippling elfin hair,
 Southern type beyond compare,
 Born in Dixie.

III.

I had loved her long ago,
 But my arm was lost, you know,
 And my wife might shudder, so
 I muttered hoarse and low,
 With emotion,
 "We were young, and wide the world!"
 Then I laughed, my senses whirled,
 "She was free!" The sky was turning,
 And my bitter words were burning,
 Earth and ocean—
 Then I swore! Her eyes were set
 In a mist of liquid jet—
 "May my right hand—" I forget,
 I feel it grasping yet
 My good sword—'twas a debt
 Freely given;
 Sword and arm are on the grass
 At Missionary Pass,
 They would not part, alas!
 Bones pave up the rugged pass
 Up to heaven!
 Wild madman, to believe,
 She kissed my empty sleeve
 Ere she fled!
 If she kissed it for my sake,
 How strange a wish to make,
 She were dead!

IV.

I saw her once again,
 Spoke of a trifling pain
 On my heart—a little chain
 Heavy wearing;
 I had worn it through the war,
 A sixpence "brak in twa"—
 Fool and daring!
 Touched the white palm where it lay,
 The wide world swooned away
 And fell dead!
 While I dreamed a woman's form
 Leaned upon my missing arm,
 Smiling through the battle storm,
 And her head
 Was veiled and bridal crowned,
 Orange blossoms sprang around,

From a red ploughed battle-ground
Far in Dixie!

V.

Thank God! I lived again.
Her kiss, O blessed pain!
Filtered through each waking vein!
 Mine forever!
Death, freeze my quivering heart
If we twain must walk apart,
 Quickly sever!
The roses were aflame
In her cheeks. I breathed her name
While heaven went and came
 From her eyes;
From the clear chased goblets fine,
In their limpid blue-white shine,
I quaffed the red-brown wine
 Of melted sighs!
Mine evermore to cleave,
Mine nevermore to leave,
 ● Wholly mine!
Strange the welling flood that rushes
Down my sleeve in living flushes
 Red and warm;
Strange that amid the whirls
Of the ebon-tinted curls,
I distinctly feel each finger
Unclasp the sword to linger
 Round her form!
God defends her from all harm,
With that unseen spirit arm,
 Lost for Dixie!

VI.

Thou gorgeous Golden Rod,
With thy swaying, sleepy nod,
Beneath the winter's sod
 Hiding sober,
Thou lithely fashioned thing,
Thy yellow hair may fling
On the hazy, lazy wing
 Of October!
Wake and tender my love-blessing!
Where the witching curls are pressing
Spotless throat in light caressing,
 Nestle tricky,
And when thy bloom is rarest,
Kiss her softly if thou darest,
And proudly, if thou carest
To crown thyself the fairest
 Flower in Dixie!

VII.

Ah! the king vine need not bend
 O'er his tea-set to defend
 Its adorning,
 For the timid bounding fawn
 On the spangled emerald lawn
 Does not lightlier greet the dawn
 Of the morning!
 Topaz-colored buttercup
 Nectar-laden brimming up,
 Fit for the king to sup,
 Now no malice;
 By my faith, the crownèd head
 Might on sweeter sweets be fed
 Could he taste her lips instead
 Of thy chalice!
 Bright sea-shell swiftly seek
 Deeper rouge, an olive cheek
 Is abloom!
 Tangled sweet-brier, thou must fill
 Rarer vases to distill
 Thy perfume!
 It is meet a Southern maiden
 Should with thy sweets be laden,
 Lovely Dixie!

VIII.

O sun-loved sky of ours!
 Call the aromatic flowers,
 To steep their limbs in showers!
 Early wake the orange bowers
 Bluest sky!
 Invite the jasmine vine
 Her brightest cups to twine,
 Round and round our wedding shrine;
 Fill them up with golden wine,
 To the brim in amber shine,
 By and by!
 Bid the grand old forest pride
 With the sweet-breathed bay beside,
 Launch their white boats on the tide
 That the love-lamps safe may glide
 Down the river for my Bride,
 Won in Dixie!

GREENVILLE, ALABAMA.

MISS I. M. PORTER.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

PRELUDE.

TRUE Thomas the Rymour of Erceldoune
 To his guests once sang in his own old hall,
 By chaunt of his voice in monotone,
 And not with the aid of silvery harp,

The old Romance of Sir Tristrem the brave,
Son of Roland Riss and Lady Blanche Floure:
How first he was seen by the fair Issolte,
And how she was brought from the Irish shores
For his uncle, King Mark, a bride to be:
How neither had known of the love that glowed
In the heart of each for the other, till
The hapless hour when together they drank
From the magical cup which Brengwaine held
Upon the ship's deck to their thirsty lips.
He sang not that time, as often before
His voice in that hall had chaunted the tale;
He sang not then of the sin and the shame,
That like phantom forms kept chasing the twain,
And bringing to both the breaking of hearts.
For, ere he had told of the stain of guilt,
That smirched for aye the fair fame of the twain,
One sad, beseeching face among his guests
In its rapid course the minstrel's song staid.
The tender pity for a soul misled,
The grace of modesty that would not hear
Too willingly the tale of woman's shaine,
The charity that wished to throw at least
Kind silence for a mantle over sin,
In a moment by the Rymour were read
In the sweet, gentle imploring that looked
Out from the lady's fast-filling eyes.
That silent prayer was to him a decree,
So he ceased to sing the dolorous lay.
But those hearing him chaunt such liquid tones
Ever kept in their minds his measured strain;
And in the harvest-time often, when leaves
Both red and yellow carpeted the ground,
They murmured, as by some noisy stream they strolled,
The rippling words in which the tale was told:
How huntsman Tristrem in Leonesse ruled,
How Cornwall, his uncle's fair realm, he freed.
The princely place he held at Tintagel,
Where Arthur, purest knight and king, was born;
And how he taught the fair Issolte to play
The noble game of chess, and draw sweet strains,
As courtly minstrels do, from rote and harp.
Among the rest, a page of high degree
Knew best the ancient Rymour's very words;
And, when his knighthood came by accolade
And lordly halls his graceful form received,
Because that many wished to hear the lay,
He caused a monk to set it down aright:
And this, *The Battle in the Nameless Isle*,
Is taken from the parchment so inscribed:
And thus in modern speech is told the tale
That lingers in that fair romance of old.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

It is a bitter winter's morn that greets
The deeds of which my lay essays to tell.

And the wild waves in white foam-erected sheets
Are lashing now the base of Tintagel :
As on the Cornish shore each billow beats,
It seems to sound for hope a damning knell,
And ring a requiem to all the bliss
The natives of the land might once possess.

The air is keen—the winds are wondrous high,
The sea-bird's scream is heard above their roar ;
In their lone tower the weeping maids desery,
In every dusky cloud that seems to soar,
Sweeping swiftly along the leaden sky,
The shapes of dead men's shrouds, and nothing more :
No other form phantasmal can they see,
Save these, which woeful portents needs must be.

What heaviness of heart within the land
Is there to suit in gloom such dismal day ?
Alas ! in Cornwall few there be of grand
Or simple ones that do not feel dismay :
As surf that sobs the spongy old sea-sand
Is the wild grief to which their hearts are prey,
A hidden spring of moisture quick to burst
In sudden tears at pressure of the worst.

In Tintagel, that castle huge and high,
Upreamed by giants in the olden time,
With walls of quarrels chequered wizardly
With tint of cinnabar impressed on lime,
Varied with azure—and forced from the eye
To vanish by the spell of magic rhyme
At Lammastide and Christmas time, 'tis said—
A sight that few, I ween, have witnessed—

In Castle Tintagel—as I was saying—
Behold the saddened face of Mark the King !
There one may read what dark thoughts are swaying
A mind bowed down with shame and sorrowing :
If a single hope be left there straying,
It, too, no doubt will soon be on the wing.
Well may he be sad, for faint hearts alone
Have caused what comes this day to make them moan.

At his side his counselors gray are sitting,
But in their heavy faces not a ray
Of hope is seen, or sign of counsel fitting :
They too are sunk in deep and dark dismay,
As desperate mariners, remitting
All effort to resist the tempest's sway,
Stand sullenly their captain's form beside
And watch in apathy the surging tide.

Moraunt, the giant knight, is come at last—
This is the head and front of all their pain,
That he is here to levy tribute vast
Long claimed—and this is Cornwall's greatest bane—

By Anguish, Ireland's king. Of gold amassed
 By easy-natured Mark, Moraunt is fain
 To urge three hundred pounds in payment first,
 In which fair sum the kingdom is amerced.

The same in silver, and the same in tin,
 The lifeless pledges for their faith complete :
 And were this all, little the wailing din
 We hear, of sympathy from me would meet ;
 But, O disaster doubtless due to sin !
 Submission to the tribute, at the feet
 Of Moraunt, forces them as slaves to place
 Three hundred youths and maidens of their race.

Oh ! many, many hearts are mourning now
 Parting so dread—such fearful banishment :
 On their children's necks tender mothers bow,
 Praying that they be not to Ireland sent ;
 While fathers sit, too crushed and dumb to vow
 To send such ransom as may bring some vent
 For the home-coming of the loved and lost,
 Though all their worldly wealth may be the cost.

Sisters wait sadly for the dismal time,
 The time of parting that must come too soon,
 And brothers think with anguish of that clime,
 That hated land to which their loved are boune,
 And curse, as though it were a deadly crime,
 That well might chase from heaven the frightened moon,
 The cowardice of craven Cornish knights,
 Who dare not champion their monarch's rights.

Fond maidens passionately pray to be
 The sharers of their lovers' weal or woe :
 If these the lot still destines to be free,
 They too the bliss of home would wish to know ;
 But, if to Irish lords they bow the knee,
 They too for sake of love would sink as low—
 Such is the strength affection gives a maid :
 The loving naught can fright and naught degrade.

Alas ! The doom seems none the less a doom,
 Ordained to fall upon these stricken hearts,
 For who is there so bold as dare assume,
 When Moraunt's giant form as foe upstarts,
 The part of champion in this hour of gloom,
 Unless some Power unearthly strength imparts ?
 Were Merlin here, he scarce would give them aid,
 For magic charms will flee the coward's blade.

And all the Cornish knights are carpet knights :
 Their King is craven, too, or else is cold ;
 For of resistance to these baseless rights—
 His soul is innocent of thought so bold :
 The very sound of Moraunt's name invites
 To each cheek in his court, though brown and old,

Such pallid hue as maidens wont to wear,
When fill their beating hearts with thoughts of fear.

A gallant knight is Sir Moraunt, though scarce
A prince of courtesy with friend or foe :
Strong, brave, and frank, impetuous and fierce,
For failing hearts he could no pity know,
And would in ruthless scorn such bosom pierce
As heaved with coward sobs and coward woe.
As little as soft tear-drops know his cheek,
Knows he the tenderness that spares the weak.

He laughs to scorn the Cornishmen to-day :
Their lady-brows are sad as night, 'tis true ;
But, though hate may mix with their wild dismay,
They dare not scowl upon his haughty view ;
And, though crushed passion claims her secret sway,
They dare not frown their anger out, as clue
To all the hate their tongues, if loosed, could tell
For Moraunt's land, and all that in it dwell.

But, hark, that faint cheer wafted from afar !
Doth it betoken for the wretched hope,
And light their darkness with a rising star,
By whose rays faith its wildered way may grope,
And, grappling fell despair, its face may mar ?
Can it be a champion come to cope
With dark Moraunt, the tiger-hearted knight :
Comes there one at last to uphold the right ?

Lo ! Mark the King in Tintagel upstarts
From his chair of state, eager to behold
What sight could bring to fallen, sunken hearts
Such joy as might a mother's heart enfold,
When by her son's sick-bed the leech imparts
Glad tidings of the fever's feeble hold.
He gazes from the castle-wall to scan
The knight who now draws near the barbican.

It is a knight, who comes across the plains,
Mounted well, and making what speed he can,
Pressed by the base-born throng he much disdains,
Who will not part and give him way, for ban
Or threat, though largely urged with both. Not chains
Will keep the senseless rabble from the van
What time there is no peril to be met,
But only some new thing their eyes to whet.

That barret-cap, that heron's plume that floats
With wavy lightness from it up and down,
King Mark, amid the music of the rotes
And in the dance, has often seen it crown
The noble head of one on whom he dotes ;
For distant is the day when he will frown
On the sister's son, who already bears
So high a name as knight, though young in years.

A surer mark's the lion on his shield,
 That ramps with glare so fierce and red and high,
 Embossed in bass-relief on silver field,
 With a ruby for his glittering eye.
 His princely name and rank are thus revealed
 To all who may these knightly arms espy;
 They stamp him Prince and Knight of Leonesse.
 Minstrel, huntsman and son of Roland Riss.

As he draws near to Tintagel, the King
 At once in joyous haste descends the stair,
 His only hope to which he now can cling
 Eager to meet and give him welcome there:
 Around the knight his arms he longs to fling
 And learn from him, if he with Moraunt dare
 Contest the right on which so many fates
 Hang doubtful, like his counselors' debates.

Sir Tristrem from his steed dismounts the while,
 And meets with a kind and courtly grace
 The King's glad welcome and the kinsman's smile,
 And with gay tones he chases from his face
 The sadness fixed there by conditions vile,
 And leaving of its stay some wrinkle-trace:
 By Tristrem's merry eye his gloom is shamed—
Such sadness is by courage dumbly blamed.

C. W. H.

(To be continued.)

THE HAVERSACK.

DURING the Christmas holidays of 1861-2 General Stonewall Jackson gave orders to his troops to commence building winter quarters. As soon as he supposed that the spies of the enemy had time to communicate the intelligence, and thus to lull into security, he began the first of those rapid secret marches which afterward made him so famous. His own second in command did not know the line of march, nor the objects of the campaign; and it is said that he often expressed his annoyance at the reticence of his chief. Then was first noticed the General's plan of halting for the night short of a cross-road, so that his own troops could not tell what route he would take in the morning. The weather was horrible; but his noble soldiers pressed on spite of ice, sleet, and snow, and soon placed themselves so threateningly on the line of communication of the United States garrison at Romney in Hampshire county, that it was abandoned. General Jackson sent a portion of his forces to occupy that important point. The officer in charge of them was so much dissatisfied with his position that he made such representations to the Secretary of War as to induce him to issue an order for the evacuation. As the official then in charge of the War Department was as ignorant of military etiquette as of the art of war, it was said that he issued this order without consulting General Jackson in regard to its propriety or the importance of Romney to our cause. The General obeyed the order, and then tendered his resignation, which, however, was not accepted. A friend,

supposing that he might have been induced to take this step through pique at the discourtesy shown him, wrote to him, remonstrating with him for inflicting so serious a loss upon the country through motives of offended pride. In reply, he received a letter which, not being altogether satisfactory in regard to the General's feelings and future intentions, he again wrote a more earnest appeal to him. The reader will be struck with the resemblance between the temper and language of the following answer to the second letter and those employed by General Washington on a similar occasion when writing to a gentleman in New-England.

The sentences underscored in General Jackson's letter have been marked thus by the editor of the Magazine:

WINCHESTER, February 7, 1862.

GENERAL: It appears from your letter of yesterday that I have not made myself understood respecting the motive that prompted the tendering of my resignation. It was not because I felt that an indignity had been offered me, but because the Secretary of War had applied a principle which, if persisted in, would ruin our cause. *I have taken the ground, and hope always to adhere to it, that individual interests must be disregarded when country is involved—that our cause must be placed high above every other temporal consideration.* As I was the first officer to whom the Secretary applied the principle of unnecessarily abandoning to the enemy what had been first restored to us, it in my humble opinion became my duty to protest against such a course in the strongest terms, which I did after executing this order, by tendering my resignation, thus showing that I would not consent to be a willful instrument in carrying out a ruinous policy.

Truly yours, T. J. JACKSON.

WINCHESTER, February 10, 1862.

GENERAL: I send herewith the Richmond Dispatch of the 8th.

A few days since, Captain Baylor wounded a couple of Yankees who were trying to run off one of his negroes, and soon after they crossed the Potomac and burned several houses in Harper's Ferry.

I hope that there will not be any new VOL. I.—NO. II.

cessity for constructing a raft-bridge at Castleman's Ferry; but should you become satisfied that the enemy designs advancing on you in such force as to require you to fall back, and you should determine to do so by Castleman's Ferry, please let me know, and I will at once have the bridge constructed in the event of your requiring more rapid transportation than can be furnished by the two ferry-boats, the capacities of which I notified you some days since. Major Morrison writes that they are expecting Burnside to attack Roanoke Island.

Respectfully your ob't serv't,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 15, 1862,
7.30 A.M.

GENERAL: Yesterday morning the enemy drove the militia from Bloomery Pass, distant from here twenty-one miles. Another consequence of abandoning Romney. Some of the enemy are reported as killed, and a number of ours as captured.

Day before yesterday, I sent eleven small boats to Castleman's Ferry. One of the twelve mentioned in my former dispatch was unserviceable.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER, Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, VA.,
Feb. 17, 1862.

GENERAL: Yesterday Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby recovered Bloomery, wounding one of the enemy and capturing a horse. Ashby also had a man wounded. The enemy can make the occupation of Bloomery important to him.

I am apprehensive for the safety of Winchester. Should it fall, it would be a serious loss. The enemy might then advance southward, and thus force the evacuation of Centreville, etc., without firing a gun at our main position, but merely by seizing the communication and cutting off supplies for Manassas.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

The ten boats and a gondola capable of carrying a hundred men, left Berry's Ferry yesterday for Castleman's.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg, Va.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 20, 1862.

GENERAL: I return herewith the statement of the Baltimore refugee, for which I am much obliged to you.

Your intrenching tools have not arrived. When they come I will forward them to the ferry, and notify you of the same.

The railroad is complete as far east as Hancock.

I am not fortifying. My position can be turned on all sides. There are some fortifications here, in which are heavy guns.

Should I succeed in getting an engineer officer, I may need some of the tools you speak of, and will be thankful for them.

Buckner and Pillow are at Nashville with 25,000 men.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 22,
4.40 P.M.

GENERAL: I will mark the letters in future, when the case is urgent, as you suggest.

I fully agree with you respecting the importance of fortifying, but feel a delicacy about suggesting any thing to General Johnston respecting points in his department outside of my district; but as the points you name are so intimately connected with your position, you can do so with propriety.

Tennessee troops, *en route* from this place to Manassas, are crossing at Castleman's Ferry. No news, yet, of the intrenching tools.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

The letters of the 20th and 22d February, 1862, show the General's opinion of the importance of fortification. It was often said of him that he despised such things, and an ungenerous effort was made at one time by some foolish writers to decry "West-Point science," by pointing to the example of General Jackson.

Now, his plan was to be the attacking party, if possible; and he often spoke of the advantage of attack over defense as being two-fold, namely, the assailant had the moral advantage of

assumed superiority, and he could strike his blow at the weakest point of the line.

But when a point had to be defended, there was no one who saw more clearly than he the advantage of protecting his own men and of breaking the impetuosity of the enemy by earthworks of even a slight character.

The Russians, during their war with Napoleon, had more steadiness and endurance than the French troops; but they could not withstand the enthusiasm and rapidity of the attacks of the French soldiery, till they delayed them by earth-works, abattis, and obstructions of various kinds, long enough to cool the fierceness and ardor of the assault. McClellan had the same notions in regard to Southern impetuosity, and he fortified every step as he advanced; and all his successors wisely followed his example. The art of fortification is as old as the art of war itself, and the foolish men who wished to eulogize General Jackson were paying him but a poor compliment, when they sought to make his opinions different from those of all the great captains, from Joshua down to Napoleon. The thorough soldier, but ignorant boor, Suwarrow, had great success when opposed to men like himself, but the scientific generals of Napoleon taught him the folly of his contempt for the great principles of warfare, and he died in neglect and obscurity.

The night after Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburgh, General Jackson *ordered his artillery to throw up epaulements and his infantry to dig rifle-pits*. The enemy, it is well known, did not attack the next day, and his situation was very precarious.

General Franklin, in his testimony before the Committee of Investigation, expressed his surprise at this, and said his troops would have been demoralized by even a show of attacking them. A division commander said to General Jackson, "My batteries could be opened with terrible effect." He replied, "If we are quiet,

may be they will renew the attack." It is probable such a hope influenced the Confederate leaders, and kept them from making the attack themselves. The dawn of the next morning revealed that Burnside, or rather his troops, had recrossed the river.

The writer of this happened to be by General Jackson, when it became evident that the enemy had escaped. His countenance expressed great disappointment, while he gazed on the open field where the foemen had lately been, nothing to be seen there now but some newly upturned graves and some still unburied bodies. At length he said, "I did not think that a little red earth would have frightened them. I am sorry that they are gone. I am sorry I fortified."

The italics in the preceding letters are our own and not his.

It is needless to say that he was entirely mistaken as to the strength of Buckner and Pillow, he having derived his information from the newspapers.

The letter of the seventeenth February shows the forecast of General Jackson and his military genius. He divined the plan which McClellan, that thorough master of the theory of warfare, had adopted.

At the time General Jackson was writing this letter, the officer to whom it was directed was in consultation with a refugee, who had escaped through the lines and who brought certain intelligence of a flank movement against Centreville by way of Winchester, and it may be of Loudon and Fauquier counties. The information of this man was most minute and accurate in regard to the position and strength of all the troops on the north side of the Potomac, as well of those under McClellan in person. Some of his adventures in gathering facts and getting through the lines were of a romantic character and of thrilling interest. His statements were written out in full and forwarded both to General Johnston and to General Jackson. Whether the former had received earlier intelligence of the intended movement, we

do not know certainly, but the latter had not. The refugee soon after sealed his devotion to the Southern cause with his blood. He had a foreboding of his fate, and said that he "had come to die with his own people."

As soon as the movement was fully developed and the enemy began to cross the Potomac, General Jackson, ever prompt to strike a blow, proposed a plan for the union of the forces at Leesburg with his own, that together they might attack and beat him in detail.

The letter containing his full views can not now be found, and may be in the hands of his biographer. The letter of March tenth refers to the junction of forces and to his firm conviction that "a kind Providence would bless it with a rich military harvest." The officer at Leesburg wrote to his superior for instructions, and received for a reply, "If Jackson can give you assurance that together you can repulse the enemy, I would do it, otherwise not." Finding that no troops were to join him, Jackson resolved to hold his position alone. We think that there is nothing in his great career so sublime as his remaining at Winchester when all his allies had abandoned the adjacent posts and left him without the remotest prospect of help against an enemy more than ten times as numerous as himself. This was a source of great anxiety to some of the retreating columns, but of amusement to many others.

"What news, Stuart; has Jackson left Winchester yet?" "No, and he will not till he has hit them a good lick." Such was the manner in which his great tenacity was viewed by his comrades.

At last he fell back, but only to return when he thought that the occasion presented itself to "hit the good lick." The battle of Kernstown was fought against greater odds than any other battle in our history, save Boonsboro alone. It was a defeat, but the generous Irishman who fought Jackson paid the most handsome tri-

bute to the magnificent courage of his troops and to their skillful handling. But this, though a defeat, was fraught with more important consequences than most of our Confederate victories (Chickamauga, for instance,) if it be indeed true that it brought Banks back from his march to join McClellan. In that event the blow was begun at Kernstown which was made decisive on the Chickahominy.

The generosity of General Shields was felt by Jackson, and we have reason to believe that the kind feelings mutually entertained for each other in the Mexican war were never changed by their being on opposite sides in the great civil contest.

The letter of the twenty-sixth February is curious as showing that nineteen months before he captured Harper's Ferry with its garrison of eleven thousand five hundred men and seventy-two pieces of artillery, he understood precisely how it was to be done. This letter sketches out the very plan which he afterward adopted. Some foolish persons have supposed that his successes were happy blunders, or the result of the inspiration of the moment. The fact is just the reverse; his plans were well matured, well weighed, and thoroughly digested before he put them into execution. Because he told no one of his thoughts, many imagined that he allowed himself quietly to float down the current of events waiting for the favorable turn to enter or seize some desirable haven. "If my left hand knew what my right hand was doing," said he on one occasion to a too curious individual, "I would cut it off." But his intimate friends knew that his mind was ever active. "Jackson is always forming plans for killing Yankees," said Stuart of him at Centreville. In truth, though a devout believer in an over-ruling Providence, he was no fatalist. He believed in employing right means in order that Providence might bless those means. Napoleon had some strange notions about his star and "the sun of Austerlitz," but this su-

perstition never kept him from arranging the plan of battle himself and seeing in person to the execution of its minutest details. He was never suspected of making "happy blunders," because of his blind belief in destiny. Why, then, should this language be applied to the victories of the Christian soldier because of his faith in the Ruler of the universe?

Is it not a species of infidelity? the envy of the man of the world at the genius of the man of prayer? or might it be rather the jealousy of the weak mind on account of the greatness which it can not understand or appreciate?

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 24, 1862.

GENERAL: The enemy crossed the Potomac last night, and took possession of Harper's Ferry; his force is not known. The telegraphic line between here and there is broken at several points. I will take immediate steps toward repairing it. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,

Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

If you can aid me, please be in readiness. I will keep you advised of events.

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 26, 1862.

GENERAL: Your letter of yesterday indicates that your position is threatened. And whilst I need reinforcements, yet I do not desire them to be sent if your own safety will be endangered thereby. The enemy has not advanced this side of Harper's Ferry. It appears to me that you can prevent the reconstruction of the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, and possibly drive the enemy out of the town by means of a few pieces of artillery on the Loudon Heights.

If the enemy are satisfied that the railroad bridge can not be rebuilt, I think the town will probably be evacuated, and especially if you can get such a position as to endanger their boats. The attempt from the Loudon Heights is worth the effort. The artillery would have to be placed some distance below the summit. The invaders crossed in boats. Respectfully, your obedient servant.

T. J. JACKSON,

Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, 6.51 A.M.,
March 7, 1862.

GENERAL: Your despatch of the 4th is the last that has reached me.

I am in a condition to fall back now, but do not know when I will do so.

What point do you fall back to?

Captain Sheetz, at Berryville, took two Federals yesterday. They report that in their opinion about 20,000 have crossed at Harper's Ferry. Captain Sheetz reports that a party of the enemy are moving up the Shenandoah on your side of the river. I think it is small, and probably has for its object the possession of the ferries.

I will let you know immediately when I fall back.

The news of Lander's death and of Shields being his successor is confirmed. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDER C. S. FORCES, Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, 6.35 A. M.,
March 8, 1862.

GENERAL: I have no news this morning. Yesterday the enemy came within about five miles of here. Ashby skirmished with him for some distance, and finally, aided by a kind Providence, to whom all glory be given. Since that time the enemy has not returned. As instruments in the hands of God, great praise is due to Colonel Ashby and his brave officers and men.

I have no dispatch from you since the one dated the 4th instant. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Please let me know to what point you are moving.

WINCHESTER, 5.55 A.M.,
March 10, 1862.

GENERAL: Some of your dispatches that there was reason to believe were lost, finally, after two or three days subsequent to their date, reached me. I do not think that the dispatches of more than two days failed ultimately to reach me.

I would be delighted if you were out over here with your command. I have reason to believe that a kind Providence would give us a rich military harvest. As yet, the enemy have not come within nearer than five miles of me; but may do so at any time, if not prevented by God.

When he advanced last Friday my command was in delightful spirits, well tuned for defending the trust confided to them.

I felt quite anxious about you when you were at Leesburg, during the last few days of your stay.

Please send the accompanying dispatch to General Johnston. I would not trouble you with it had I not an opportunity of sending it so far on its way by your courier. Respectfully, your obedient servant,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDER C. S. FORCES.

In the early part of 1862, Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, United States army, was arrested on the suspicion of disloyalty to his government. As one of the charges against him was a treasonable correspondence with a former friend and messmate, the editor of this Magazine, justice to a brave, honorable, and high-minded officer seems to require the publication of the only three letters ever received from him, though we had hoped not to intrude ourselves in any way in the Monthly. The originals of these letters are still preserved, and can be seen by those curious about such matters. They are a sufficient reply to one of the charges against General Stone, who was imprisoned, we believe, for twelve months. The propriety of sending these letters by flag of truce to General McClellan was at one time discussed; but it was feared that rebel interest in the fate of the unfortunate officer would but add to his difficulties. General Beauregard had forwarded a paper found on the battle-field of Ball's Bluff, which relieved General Stone from the responsibility of that disaster; but this, it was thought, had done him harm.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 8, 1862.

General D. H. Hill, Commanding Forces at Leesburg, Va.:

GENERAL: A temporary absence at Washington prevented my receiving until last night your letter of the 4th instant, accompanying three wounded prisoners unconditionally released. While expressing my high appreciation of this

act of humanity, I will state that I have recommended the release, on the same terms, of three prisoners of equal grade, whom I hope to have the pleasure of returning to your care. Very respectfully,
General, your obedient servant,

(Signed) CHAS. P. STONE,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 15, 1862.

GENERAL: In reply to your inquiry as to whether I would receive Miss E—and Miss G—, whom you desire to expel, I would state that if they are loyal to the United States and desire to come within the lines of the army, they will be received and protected. Very respectfully,
General, your most obedient,

CHAS. P. STONE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.
General D. H. HILL, Commanding at
Leesburg.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 15, 1862.

GENERAL: Your letter of yesterday's date was duly received this morning. The firing on Sunday night was directed not on your pickets, as reported to you, but on a boat attempting a passage near Harrison's Island.

I shall direct officers bearing flags of truce to be more careful in future about crossing before the arrival of the officers sent to meet them. You can of course fire on the balloons if you see fit; but the fire will be returned as soon as given.

I respond fully and freely to your kind personal feelings, and can never forget the friendship and esteem conceived years ago for the manly man who nobly sustained then the flag he is now so madly endeavoring to trail in the dust, he forgetting that under its folds he learned the art and science which he now brings to bear in the vain attempt to work out its humiliation. You jestingly speak of the treatment I shall receive when captured by your troops! The officers of this command have learned what treatment to expect should they under any circumstances surrender, by that meted out by your superiors to the brave Cogswell; and I for one would prefer the kindly bullet, with my "face to the sky and feet to the foe" of my country and flag, to the tender mercies of your masters.

When you may by the chance of war fall into the hands of your old friend, you shall find the softest ground in his tent, spread with his best blanket for you, and the best seat at his poor table awaiting you. Very respectfully,
General, your most obedient servant,

CHAS. P. STONE, Brigadier-General.

General D. H. HILL, Leesburg, Va.

Reports of battles have been promised from Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and others, and will appear from time to time.

ELMSVILLE AND ITS HOSPITAL.

BY REITA.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"YES, mother, to-night is my last at home." Thus spoke Frank Barton, in reply to a question asked by his mother. "To-morrow I leave for my regiment. I received a letter from Phil Bradford yesterday; and in it he mentions that Major Cross has been disabled by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the soldiers. Poor Cross! I am sorry for him. He is a gallant soldier and a noble fellow."

"But, my son, why go to-morrow? Lil is at —; and John will surely

be provoked if you do not see him before you leave for Virginia."

"Well, mother, I would certainly like to see Johnnie; and I *must* see Lil—bless her! *She* would never forgive me if I went away without seeing her."

"Frank, you really must not go to-morrow. What has Phil Bradford written you that has so suddenly recalled you to your command?"

"Mother, I am morally certain that one woman has twice as much curiosity as three men; but to settle

difficulties, and quiet your mind, here's Phil's letter. You can read it, and if you see why I should remain at home, after reading it, why, of course I'll do so; and, while you are engaged in finding out the 'fine points,' I will call Jack and tell him to saddle Telegraph, for I must go and see Johnnie and that little wife of his."

So saying, the handsome Frank whistled to a greyhound lying on the rug.

"Come, Jowler, old fellow, do you want to go over to Calhoun too?" Then, whistling three times in a shrill tone, as a summons to his dark valet, he was answered by a sprightly boy of merry countenance and unmistakably of color.

"Did you call, Mass Frank? I t'ought I yere your whistle, sah."

"Yes; I want you to saddle Telegraph, and bring him round to the door."

Frank then walked slowly back toward the house, whence he had sauntered while issuing his orders to Jack; and as he reached the steps, he sat down and looked thoughtfully around him, noting with a half-sad tenderness the many familiar objects upon which his eye rested.

"To-morrow," said he to himself, "I return to my regiment. Shall I ever return home? Shall I ever see again this spot, so loved, so dear? Will my eyes ever again see that darling mother, gentle, loving sister, and my brother?"

His sad musings were interrupted by his mother's voice, calling from the parlor.

"Frank, are you busy? If not, come here for a moment, before you leave. I want you to tell me what to put away in your trunk. I know you will not come back before night-fall. Johnnie and Annie will keep you until then."

"Mother dear, do as you like about the matter. You are better acquainted with my wants than I am."

As his mother, thus commissioned with full powers, turned away in-

stinctively to commune with herself in regard to Frank's needs, his expeditious "master of the horse" appeared, with his report of proceedings on his lips:

"Telegraph ready, Mass Frank! I got um roun' to de piazza."

"Good-by, Lady Barton. I'll see you ere the gentle queen of night begins her silvery reign. So, get every thing ready for me, and good-by again."

Kissing his mother, he disappeared through the door; and in a few moments was speeding down the avenue on the spirited horse, which had taken its eccentric name from its reputation for swiftness, a quality well exercised whenever Frank was the rider.

Let me tell you briefly, reader, who Frank Barton was. He was a descendant of one of the oldest families in Floyd county, the youngest son of Colonel Barton, a gentleman of distinction as a statesman and soldier. Young, handsome, wealthy, he added to these adventitious qualities the charm of a genial manner and an irresistible frankness in eye, tone, and gesture. Better and rarer than these, were those ingredients of worth and excellence, which raised his character to so high a standard in the estimation of all who knew him—his generous instincts, his honorable principles, his unswerving adherence to any purpose once resolved upon, and last of all, his unselfishness. Warmly attached to friends as well as kindred, devoted to our righteous cause, and conspicuously brave in the hour of danger, he was a noble specimen of manhood, possessing all the requisites of a true gentleman. He was, at the breaking out of the war a recent graduate of Emory College, where he had won the prize for the best essay, and had taken the first honor; and, if it could add to his merits, he was now senior captain in the Fifty-second Georgia infantry.

Mrs. Barton busied herself, meanwhile, to get her boy ready for the morrow. With a sad foreboding she

arranged his clothing, fondly lingering over each article as she folded it and packed it away. Fond mother! Little did she think that strangers' hands would perform the same service ere long for her loved boy. But I anticipate.

Frank cantered along the hard, rocky road for some time. After a while, however, as if by mutual consent, he and Telegraph were satisfied to go at a slower pace. "Well, to-morrow night," thought he, "I must stop in Atlanta, and see little Lil; and then away to the bloody fields of Virginia! I will rank as major, if Ben Cross loses his leg, as Bradford writes me it is feared he will. Poor Ben! We were neighbors, friends, and comrades. I feel deeply for him. What evils these wretches have brought upon us! As I ride along this beautiful country and see on every hand evidences of wealth and comfort, the desolate wastes of Northern Virginia rises before my mind's eye, and indicate to me what horrors may yet be perpetrated upon our fair land. Will the invader's foot ever desecrate my lovely, peaceful, quiet home? The track of Sherman is marked with fire; and ruin and desolation attend his ruthless army at every step. The once lovely town of Jackson is now in ashes. Ah me! when will this bloody war cease? Shall we achieve our independence, or shall we be conquered?"

Indulging in this train of thought, Captain Barton was scarcely aware that he was so near to his place of destination. "Where are you going, Captain?" was asked of him at this moment. Ere he could recover his wandering thoughts, Phil Bradford grasped his hand, and shaking it warmly, said:

"No longer Captain now, however, but Major; and I have the sad task, Frank, of carrying Ben Cross's remains home. When the train leaves for Rome, I go with it. What were you thinking of, when I stopped you? You evidently were dreaming or thinking with such pain, as absent

lovers feel, of bright eyes in Richmond."

"Oh! nonsense, Phil! I was just thinking of Cross. So, poor fellow! he is dead. I am truly sorry for his family. When are you going back to Virginia? I got your letter yesterday, and start to-morrow. If you will meet me in Atlanta three days hence, I am at your service."

Turning his horse up the Main street, Frank passed on with his friend, until he came to a large female college, in which his brother was a professor.

"Come in, Phil," said he, "and see Johnnie and his wife. They will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Frank. But I have only time to return to the depot before the train starts for Rome."

Parting here our friends went different ways; Frank paying his visit, and returning alone to the dear old home, where the unselfish love of a mother kept eager watch for his coming.

"So, mother," cried Frank, as he caught sight of the glad face in the doorway, so ready with its welcome, "so, mother, here we are, Telegraph, Frank, Johnnie and wife. I persuaded Doctor Lee to give Johnnie a holiday, because I expected to leave home on the morrow: and mother, with my usual success I carried the day. And now, madam, allow me to present the newly-fledged Major Barton," bowing low to her in meek deference.

"What am I to understand, sir? Are you trying to tease me, or what does possess you? Will you ever learn to be as dignified as your brother?"

"O most august lady! I am as serious as—as—well, as anything you please. But do let's have supper; I am terribly hungry. Look at John's countenance. Don't you see by his long face that he is wofully hungry, too? Annie, I am sure, will agree with us in rejoicing over the arrival of something warm and pleasing to the taste. Where are our faithful retainers? Jack, urge Cook

and Butler and all the tribe to put us out of our pain."

Rattling on thus, Major Barton managed to keep up his sinking

spirits, now carrying on a conversation with John and appearing serious for a few moments, and then dashing off to tease his mother or Annie.

CHAPTER II.

"Lil, who in the world is that handsome young Major, coming up to the house?" exclaimed a merry school-girl to her companion. As Lil looked up, she saw her "own dear Frank," as she lovingly called him. Books and pencils were thrown down in wild confusion, and, with a joyous cry, Lil was folded in a pair of strong, loving arms, and warm kisses were pressed on her ruby lips.

"Lil, you are pretty. Did you know it, little one?"

Thus the brother met his gentle little pet and only sister. Soon Lil was excused from recitation, and she and Frank were seated in the parlor of the institution, the well-regulated college in which Lil was a boarding scholar.

"When are you going back home, Frank, darling?" she asked.

"Back home? Why, Sis, didn't you get my telegram, saying I would be here to-day and see you before I went back to my regiment?" asked Frank, quite surprised.

"No, I haven't heard from any one but mamma *recently*—I mean, any one from home," said Lily, a bright blush suffusing her lovely face. "But, Frank, what do you mean by coming here and giving me a surprise: and, then, to come in a Major's uniform? I won't be put upon any longer. I am treated like a little child; and I am seventeen, I'll let you know," said the spoiled beauty, "Somebody wouldn't do me so. But, tell me, what made you mount a star, Frank?"

Her brother's face saddened, as he said:

"You would have known, had you got my telegram. In it I mentioned Ben Cross's death. Poor fellow! he was accidentally shot by an awkward

man, who knew nothing about his gun. Ben refused to have the leg amputated, and preferred death to the loss of his limb, as it would have been necessary to amputate above the knee. I got the particulars from Phil Bradford."

Lil gave a start as Phil's name was mentioned.

"Phil Bradford in Georgia, Frank?" And then blushing deeply, she seemed covered with confusion.

"I wonder why my little sister takes so much interest in Lieutenant Bradford; and why does she blush and start when his name is mentioned? Ah lady bird! you have fallen in love with my Lieutenant, I see; and Phil has returned your affection, has he?"

Lily interrupted him by saying:

"Do, brother, stop; some one else is coming into the parlor."

The servant announced Lieutenant Bradford, to see Miss Barton. Poor little Lil, nearly overwhelmed with confusion, would have made her escape; but, held tight in her brother's arms, could not move. With an air of surprise, he said:

"Why, Lieutenant Bradford, I expected to meet you at the Central House, and here we meet at Dr. Gray's! Well, old friend, my little sis has made me suspect some love affair. I will give my consent to any thing you wish."

Phil grasped the hand of his friend warmly and said:

"I wanted to tell you yesterday, Frank; but you seemed so busy or preoccupied, that I concluded to wait until to-day. I have scarcely had time to breathe. Since I left you I went to Rome, rode back to Calhoun on horseback, and came down on the express which brought General Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

I was a fortunate man to catch the train."

Major Barton staid only a short while longer with his sister; and, promising to call again soon, he went down to his hotel and wrote to his mother, a duty he never omitted for a day, whenever it was possible to fulfill it.

The three days passed quickly by, and Lily parted from lover and brother with a sad heart. Weeping, she told each good-by with a lingering tenderness that seemed to presage sorrow. Her embraces were given as if to those whom we lay away in "God's Acre." Do coming events, indeed cast their shadows before them? And was our darling Lily conscious of such a presentiment, as she threw her snowy arms around her brother's neck, and kissed him again and again? Time alone can tell.

When the door closed upon those loved forms, Lily wept long and passionately. In her journal, under date of the tenth of April, we find her writing thus:

"Phil and Frank left me to-day for Richmond. I can not keep back the falling tears. I feel as though I had given them up forever. My home seems steeped in woe. Mother sits there alone; and I, here, am more lonely still. A mighty tide of grief sweeps over me."

Poor little darling! grief came upon you early. You could ill brook the deep sorrow that burst upon your young head.

Mrs. Barton could scarcely believe what she saw, when she read the announcement of Lily's engagement. A faint perception of the truth broke upon her mind, as she continued reading her darling, blue-eyed pet's letter. "O my little wee lamb! I can not give you up! I thought my darling too young to think of love and marriage. I can not realize that Lily is nearly seventeen; as she says, 'She is no longer a child.' She is right; but oh! how hard it is for me to let her leave me for a place in the battle of life!"

The pet and idol of mother and brother had written freely to the fond being who had always sought to keep her little darling's confidence, telling of her engagement to Lieutenant Bradford, whom she knew her mother liked and respected, both for his own sake and because he was Frank's warm friend.

"I pray," pleaded she, "my mamma's blessing may rest on my love. O mamma dearest! say that you are not vexed with your little daughter for acting without your knowledge. Frank knew of it. You have known Phil from boyhood, mamma; and will you smile on me, and say, 'I freely give my consent to your engagement'? Be your own kind self, darling mamma, and make my happiness complete."

Lily pleaded with a certainty of success: her mother would not have thwarted a wish of her heart. The mother, pleased to know that her daughter had chosen so worthily and was so happy in her new-born emotion, but, with many a sad foreboding for the future, folded the letter and laid it away, determining to go down to Atlanta and bring Lil home for a few weeks. She missed the merry voice of her daughter, as she flitted like a bright bird from room to room, caroling gay snatches of song or bursting into gleeful laughter, ever and anon calling her mother to watch her as she bounded away with Jowler for a race on the lawn or down the avenue. Bright, laughing child! As her mother recalled these many scenes of the happy past, she sighed deeply. All was gone now. Lily would live for some one else. A pang somewhat allied to jealousy, shot through her heart, but found no lasting lodgment in her pure breast; for Mrs. Barton was a truly noble woman of most estimable Christian character, and with her love was allied that highest attribute of a true affection, unselfishness.

Lily came down to gladden Woodlands for a few weeks—ere the dark blight fell upon her childhood's home which was to rob her heart of peace,

and turn her newly-found happiness into the trouble of a bitter suspense or the hardly keener agony of certain sorrow.

"Mamma," cried she one day, "can I go to the railroad to-day? I want to hear the news. Jack can ride behind me; and it is only two miles. Say I may go, lady mother!" pleaded the little syren. "Oh! yes, I'll go to the post-office. I know there's a letter from Frank."

"And from whom else, Lil? I imagine you would rather hear from Lieutenant Phil."

"Do stop teasing, mamma, and say I may go. Here, Jack," she cried, running to the window, "saddle Kate and old Brownie, and have them ready when I come down-stairs. Do you hear, Jack?"

"Now, wha' you gwine, Miss Lily? I spec' I got for go, too, and yer' I is, jis' is black is dat ole gobbler dat stan' up yonder an' holler at me."

Away he went to divest himself of his home jacket and cap, and to brush up a little, as he "spected" he had to go with Miss Lily to the station.

In accordance with her order, the horses were soon at the door; and, with a light spring, she bounded into her saddle, and, kissing her hand to Mrs. Barton, cantered down the long avenue of cedars that reached from the house to the entrance gate. A fearless and graceful rider, she seldom failed to attract the admiring attention of the few boys at home whose fortune it was to view her equestrian performances. These all vied with each other in showing her that, though boys in years, they were possessed of as knightly a spirit as the fathers and brothers who were proving their gallantry on the field of battle. Lily was dressed to-day in a dark-gray riding-habit that became well her complexion and coloring. The soft, peachy bloom of her cheek, flushed into richer depth of hue by the exercise she was taking, gave to the delicate white of her other features a yet more snowy tint, which lit her bright blue eyes with a sun-

nier gleam, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a riper gloss than even they were wont to exhibit.

As she rode on, the May breeze swept her curls in rude play, and sportively cast her wealth of golden ringlets over her face.

"I am riding too fast," said she. "Jack will never in the world be able to keep up. I forgot poor old Brownie's shortcomings. He can't go as fast in his old age as my beauty Kate in her frolicsome youth. So, whoa, Kate! Let's wait awhile for your old friend to come up."

Many happy thoughts trooped through her mind as she paused thus under the fresh, green foliage, quietly waiting for Jack and Brownie. A few weeks ago her brother had ridden over the same road—and with what different emotions! Where was her brother now, and why had he not written? Was he sick, or was another battle going on? Phil had written that Meade was pressing Lee near the Rappahannock, and they expected to have a heavy battle soon.

"Come up, Kate," says she now, "yonder is old Brownie, jogging along as composedly as though he were not keeping Miss Barton and her black beauty waiting."

So saying, she lightly touched Katie's side with her fairy little whip, and dashed away to the depot.

"Just hin time, Mith Lily!" shouted a merry little boy of six years. "The train ith coming up the hill. Quick! Let me hold Katie for you."

Lily dismounted, and walked toward the train with her little friend.

"Now, Jimmie, run and ask Mr. Young if there is any news from Virginia. I am coming on, too."

She soon heard the conductor saying, in reply to her message:

"Yes, tell Miss Barton I want to see her, I have a letter for the Rev. John Barton."

Lily stepped forward and took it from him.

"Thank you, Mr. Young. Any news from Virginia?"

"Sad news, Miss Barton. We

have had another bloody fight. Lee has whipped the rascals; but, O my God! we have suffered awfully. The Fifty-second has fought gallantly, and suffered heavily. Here is the day's Intelligencer."

Speaking as if in a dream, Lily turned to Jack and said:

"Go and bring Kate for me; I am going to see brother John at the college."

Poor little darling! a storm was soon to burst in wild fury over her young head. She went to the college, and having delivered the letter to her brother, she sat down to read the news given by the paper. A wild shriek burst from her lips and caused Mr. Barton to look up. Hastily crossing the room, he reached Lily in time to catch her fainting form. O God, poor child! Frank was mortally wounded—Phil was missing—it was feared, killed. Mr. Barton uttered a deep groan, and bore his fainting sister to the room occupied by himself and wife as a sitting-room.

"Annie," said he, "sad news awaits you. Be prepared, dear wife. Our family has lost its brightest jewel. Frank was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville last Friday. O my mother! My poor mother!"

Soon Lily recovered sufficiently to ask for her mother.

"Do take me home to mamma."

A bitter flood of tears rained down her cheeks. "O my brother, my brother!" cried she.

Soon John Barton carried her home to her mother, who was by this time full of anxiety, as the hour for her return had long passed, and she feared some accident had occurred to her child. Confusion now reigned at Woodlands. Mrs. Barton fell into a series of fainting-fits; and one moment of consciousness was succeeded by hours of insensibility. Poor Lil! Her voice had lost its joyous ring; and her light buoyant step failed and lagged as she forced herself from room to room. Those haunting words, "Lieutenant Bradford, commanding company D, miss-

ing, supposed killed; Major Barton, mortally wounded," rang ever in her ears.

"Jack," said she at last, "go to the post-office; may be some tidings may reach us of Frank or Phil," murmuring these last words to herself, as she clung desperately to the very shadow of hope.

Jack hurried off, and soon returned with a bundle in his hand.

"Miss Lily, yer' some letters an' papers. Mr. Long say Mass Frank is better, an' eberything may be right yet. Cheer up, Missis! Hope for de bes'!"

Lily eagerly read the latest telegram from Colonel C—:

"DEAR MADAM: Your son is better, and not mortally wounded, as at first supposed. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. He is dangerously wounded. I am with him. I will dispatch you daily. Yours,
"H. C—."

"Mamma, O mamma! Look up at me, listen to me, darling mother. Here is Colonel C—'s message. He tells us about our darling, mamma; he is not dead. O my Father in heaven! is my mother dead, too?"

Broken-hearted, almost dying, Mrs. Barton faintly heard the words of Lily. They seemed to come from a great distance. "Frank is not dead." Memory tries to resume her sway. But the truth was too much to be taken in at once. A faint motion answered Lily's anguished cry; and then, slowly opening her eyes, she said: "What is it, my child? Where am I?"

"Mamma, look at me. Frank is living! He is wounded, but doing well."

In that hour of trial, the clinging dependent child became the stay and support of her heart-broken parent. Her father had died ere she could lisp the name papa. Troubles had gathered thickly around Mrs. Barton's pathway in life. Four lovely children lay sleeping in the village churchyard; and the husband of her youth had met with a sudden

and awful death. Now her beloved son lay dying away from home, in a strange land, with such scanty comforts around him as the sick soldier can obtain at the hands of strange nurses and hospital stewards. However, there is one cheering thought. Her boy still lives, and will come home, when well enough to travel. He will, it is true, be disabled, as a second telegram from Colonel C—— informs them. He had lost the right leg, this despatch announced, “amputated six inches

above the knee.” Better that than death. Poor little Lily nobly bore her own heart’s woe. No tears escaped from her, in her mother’s presence. But who can tell the agony that wrung her soul, as day after day passed and no tidings of her lover came? Better confirmation of her doubts than this dreadful suspense.

God in heaven send her peace and resignation to his will, in the midst of this bitter trial!

(*To be continued.*)

HISTORY IN WORDS.

A GREAT many persons pass through the world without seeing what is immediately before them. They need to have their attention called to matters that have always been before their eyes, yet unseen, but which they might have known, if they had noticed. Hence so often when something new is communicated to us, it seems as if we had known it before.

Men will travel through a country and see not the soil, the peculiar kinds of trees, the rocks and minerals before their eyes, and can give no account of them. We were, a few years ago, at the house of a man in an adjoining county, who had lived many years at the place, and had children grown, and in a few hours, passing over his farm, we called his attention to certain minerals scattered all about, of a regular shape and crystalline form, which he had never noticed. Some of them were lying near his gate. He had probably passed over them fifty years, and yet had never observed any thing peculiar about them till his attention was directed that way.

So it is with the Bible. Man reads it over, the eye runs over the words, the ear is accustomed to the sound, but the meaning which another person derives from them they know nothing about, and yet they suppose they understand what they read. They must have their atten-

tion directed to certain points, and informed of what, at first view, it might be supposed they knew already, or might easily discover for themselves, and when informed they are astonished at their ignorance.

How many thousands read the passage Acts 16 : 10 without noticing the change in the narration from the third to the first person, and the important inference to be drawn from it; that the writer, Luke, fell in company with Paul at this point and went on with him. “And after *he* had seen the vision, immediately *we* endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called *us* for to preach the Gospel unto them.”

So it is with language, words used continually, current coin in the intercourse of life. The great mass of men employ words which they have learned from infancy, and because other people use them. They do not stop to analyze them, or to think what they really mean, and how they came to express what they do. They use a multitude of words and phrases of which they know not the exact meaning.

And it has occurred to us that it would not be uninteresting or unprofitable to call attention to the variety and the multitude of terms furnished by our language, and in common use to denote the active agents in the various trades, employments, profes-

sions and relations of life. There are several terminations of words assigned for this purpose. Some of the terms are native and some are foreign. In some cases we have borrowed a word and dropped the ending: as scrib-a, coq-uus, cleric-us, scribe, cook, clerk; or we retain the termination—as agent, attendant; but it would seem that most of them must contain *one* or *all* the letters r, s, t, with some one of the vowels, but more often e or o. And sometimes we add *man* at the end of the word.

There seems to be a tendency to make the union vowel agree with the radical vowel of the word, as doctor, augur, vulture, warrior, venderer. And often this is much more the case to the *ear* than to the *eye*, for with our obscure unaccented vowels we can hardly distinguish ar, er, ir, or, ur. Liar, one who tells a falsehood, and liar, one that lies down, can with difficulty be distinguished. The historians speak of the Inquisition as “the tribunal with all its tremendous apparatus of familiars, inquisitors, and executioners.” It is perhaps this tendency to assimilation that caused master to be sounded as if mister, and women as if wimin. In some cases it seems to be a matter of indifference on which side of the r the e is placed. Centre or center, and lyre or liar, tier or tire sound alike.

The ending with r and some union vowel is found very extensively in the world to denote the agent or doer of what its verbal root, if it has any, means; and probably at first it meant the same as our word *man* that we use in the same way, as work, to work, worker, wright, workman. In Latin *vir* in *vir-ago*, *vir-ility*; in Sanscrit, *vir-ah* is hero; in Greek, *ar-es*, *an-er* a man; so, in Anglo-Saxon, *wer* is a man, and hence *weregild* is the composition for homicide. *Er* in German is the masculine personal pronoun. We find it in the Turkish *viz-ier*; in Zoroast-er, *shaster*, in Hindoostan. In ancient European proper names, *Teucht-cri*, *Bruct-eri*, *Angviv-arii*, *Ar-morican*. *Canter-*

bury was originally *Cant-wara-burh*. These are only specimens: and so we find *Het-man* among the Cossacks, *Her-man* in Germany, together with *Alle-man-ni*, *Marco-man-ni*, etc. And it is astonishing to see the same termination with the same meaning traveling round the world. And if we need a new term in the progress of society we easily form one. Geology is a recent science, and we have geologist, geologist, geologist. So magnetizer, telegraphist, mesmerist, daguerreotypist, photographer. We have on the railroad the conductor, engineer, brakeman, fireman, tender, etc. We have artist, artisan, artificer; arbiter, arbitrator; attendant, attendant; alder-man in a city, but elder in a church; baker, baxter, (bakester;) bar, barrier, barrister, bar-tender; bearer, burdener, (Latin, *burdo* is a mule,) *burdener*. Boat-man, boat-swain, no boater, but rower and oars-man; brewer, brewster; braker, brake-man, broker; bander, binder, bender, bounder, but no bonder, apparently because of bondman, bondsman, bound-man or boy, an apprentice; and it may be thought strange our ancestors did not have a bundler. A chandler makes candles, and the chandelier (Latin, *candelabra*) holds them when burnt. Commissary, committer, commissioner. Cooper apparently should be hooper, as that mechanic does not make *coops* but *hoops*, and probably the proper name Hooper had this origin. A drinker keeps drinking, but not so hard as the drunkard. A driver of a drove does not necessarily own it, but the drover. A daysman may be a deemster or a doomsman. A drawer may draw or be drawn, and so a drawee, but not a draughtsman. A feeder is a fosterer (food-sterer) or a fodderer, and possibly he is a *father* or a fattener. We may have a firer, or a fireman, or an incendiary; or a fire-eater, such as the historian says is a regular descendant of the old northern Berserkers, who swallowed live coals. We have voglers, fowlers, bird-catchers, and bird-men. We have fisher, fish-man, and, which is

singular, both in one, fish-er-man, as well as his fish-woman and fish-wife. Gamble, gamesters and gamblers are among us. Hawkers and hucksters and hookers yet exist. Our ancestors had much to do with herds of various kinds, and their wives and daughters helped them in the business, for they had a herder and a herdess, herd-man, herdsman, herd-groom; cow-boy, cow-herd, hog-herd, swine-herd, goat-herd, shepherd; but the women had the care of the sheep only, and doubtless there were among some of our female ancestors in England, Scotland, France, Germany, or wherever they came from, as beautiful shepherdesses as Rachel who kept her father's sheep in Padan Aram. They did not keep herds of mules or asses in their days, we infer. But we find horsemen and chevaliers, and cavaliers and cavalry, and the age of chivalry, and since that dragooners. Host and hostess, hotelier and hotel-keeper survive. Hunter, huntress, sportsman.

We use halters and holders; we have upholders, upholsters, and upholsters. Hangers and hangmen are on hand when needed. Heirs and inheritors and legatees take property by descent from kindred and kinsmen; and they make business for lawers, lawyers and lawmen. And so we might go on to speak of the great civilizer of modern times, soap, and mention the launders, launderers, laundresses, the washer-women, so useful in these days when we do not know of any washer-men; though it is strange that we do sometimes have a man-milliner; and we suppose it is because some part of the trade is too arduous for females, for milliners seem to be otherwise exclusively of the feminine gender. Murderers and murderesses both commit murder, but if the object of the hate of either be a *woman*, it is just as much man-slaughter as if one of the other sex were killed; and the guilty party is not a slaughter-man, nor slaughterer, nor butcher. There were formerly, when beer was a common drink, malt-men and malsters.

A merchant-man is not, as we might suppose, a man at all, but a female that sails on the ocean; but *she* has changed her sex since the days of the potent King James, when (Matthew 13:45 "a merchantman (was) seeking goodly pearls." He was then a trader, store-keeper, shopman, or peddler. Messengers, messagers, commissioners, and missionaries are often sent for one purpose or another. The cow that is a good milker gives milk in great quantity when the milk-maid is a good milker to get it, and her father, the milk-man, or her mother, the milk-woman, carries it to market and sells it.

We do not regard the muleteer and the mule-driver as the same: the former seems to be the one who keeps, owns and lets out mules, (and so the dictionaries define the Latin *mulio*;) but from the habit of the owner in driving his own team the two terms came to mean the same thing.

Monitor and monster both admonish us, but in different ways. A ready payer of wages is a good paymaster. Practisants, practisers, practitioners, whether of law, or of dentistry, or medicine, they continue their business without interruption; and the latter are aided by the druggers, or drugsters, or druggists. Trenchers are not only wooden plates, but officiate as diggers and ditchers. The recorder keeps a register. Sellers act as venders, or salesmen, but no saleswomen had a hand in the work formerly: they were, however, spinners and spinsters, and laid hold of the distaff.

Speakers, speech-makers and spokes-men (no spokes-women) as well, though the latter, from the imperfect tense of the verb, is an uncommon case. Singer, it is said, once had his help-meet, singress; but she has departed and sent a songstress to keep company with her mates, the songsters of the groves, as well as of our choirs: and no doubt they make just as good music as Solomon's "men-singers and women-singers," or the "two hundred and forty-five singing men and

singing women" that Nehemiah had. If a man says any thing, he is not a *sayer* of it, unless a sooth-sayer; and there are more women diviners than men: though it may be doubted whether the days of witches and wizards are past.

From smithery it would seem that there ought once to have been a smith-cr as well as a smiter. Perhaps the *th* in smith is the same as *t* in poet, *th* in death; *ht* in wright, a workman; *th* in Kohel-eth in Hebrew, a preacher.

But we can dispense with smith-er, as we have so extensive a family of smiths, both white and black; and they have a good deal to do with *iron*, both as forgers, founders, mongers, masters, and artificers in it. They deal in gold, too, as gilders and gold-beaters; silversmiths, braziers, brass-founders, plumbers, pewterers, tinnerns, tinmen, are all useful; stannaters have not migrated to this country. And some of the more recent metals are too young to have a special workman; and must depend upon the metallurgist. Zinc, however, has found an engraver with the euphonious title of zincographer. Perhaps the original idea was to have a smith for each of those metals that were beaten out into plates by hammering, as gold, silver, brass, copper, iron. But then lead and tin would be deficient. A striker often accompanies a smith, and also a strokesman; and they would hit much harder than a stroker, though very nearly related.

Our forefathers not only kept cattle and wrought the metals, etc., but they were shippers, ship-men, ship-masters, sailors, seamen, seafaring men, seafarers, mariners, etc. Seamsters and seamstresses help the tailors to make our clothing. Travelers and wayfarers visit the taverners and tavern-keepers, and call upon the tavern-men; but the highway-men do not. Thrower and throwster; watch, watchman, watcher, wake-man; wheeler, wheel-wright; wagoner, who drives, and wagon wright, who makes wagons, are all important. So are whipper and whipster; web-

webber, webster and weaver. The white man has whitener, whiter, whitster; but in this country we need one word here, for the present generation has gone beyond the former ones; and this side of the Atlantic we need a *whittler*. Our youngsters in their youth are proficient in the art, and practice it after they cease to be yonkers.

We have in our workshops, foremen, bosses, overseers, master-workmen, superintendents, etc. We have physicists, physician, physiologist; star-gazers, astrologers, and astronomers. The clergyman (clerk-man) stands in the pulpit and preaches, while often in this country the clerk sits below and leads the music. No doubt many surnames originated in denominating men from their trade or profession. And some of these terms have thus been perpetuated which otherwise have fallen away, and are not found in ordinary dictionaries; Burder, Webster, Brewster, Baxter (bake-ster), Hooper, etc.; and since the Norman conquest we need a dictionary to give us the meaning and origin of surnames; it would show that some who hold their heads very high came from a source about the same as Adam and the rest of us. At first we might have supposed that *man* would come in to avoid the inharmonious recurrence of *er*, as in pewterer, venderer, upholsterer, murderer, but such is not the fact, and the two have come in from different sources, or have originally existed side by side. And in some cases we see both in the same word to give it greater intensity or to distinguish the gender more fully; fish-er-man, washer-woman, man-milliner, man-midwife. At first view, and from what we are accustomed to in the classical languages, we should regard *er* as distinctively masculine, but then often it means an agent or actor, as heater, keeper, where sex does not come into view; and if we have genitor and genitrix, songster and songstress, we have also father, mother, brother, sister, heifer, (pater, mater, frater, soror, mulier, etc.) In milli-

ner and spinster it seems to have been exclusively given to females.

As to *s* and *st*, when they come between the root of a word and the ending, as in spin-st-er, song-st-er-ess, spoke-s-man, several observations may be made.

1. They are mere euphonic union sounds, to connect the termination to the root, as we have so often in the case endings in Latin and Greek, and in the personal endings of verbs. When from deficiency of derivation we make a new term by composition, as rail-road, locomotive, and the parts do not readily coalesce, we naturally aid the voice by inserting a sound between; we see it probably in such words as jack-a-napes, mount-c-bank, man-ni-kin, harps-i-chord, night-in-gale, hand-i-craftsman: so in the Bible, Ab-i-melek.

But they seem to have traveled along from the East with our language and the kindred ones; apparently it is in Zoroa-st-er, and in shaster; claustrum, Latin, our cloister; in Greek in Homer's day causteer, our caustic, burner, etc. And though as Horace says, great Homer sometimes sleeps, we think he knew how to use his own language; and that with a multitude of words in -ster before his eyes in perhaps his *twenty* languages, the great American lexicographer, though generally so trustworthy, must have been nodding when he derived this termination in spinster from the word *steer*.

This is almost equal to Cicero's derivation of *fides*, faith, from *fio*, to be made or done. But the poet admits that slumber may creep over a man in a long work.

When *s* alone, however, is inserted, it may at least sometimes be regarded in the light above mentioned, and perhaps in such words as craft-s-man; and we think it will be found that this letter always comes between consonant sounds.

2. They may be considered as intensive *double terminations*, just as in fish-er-man. We have *t* as in poet; *th* in smith; *ist*, as druggist, pugilist; *er* in heater: now we want

to make a strong term, and we will put two or three of these together, spin-ner, but spin-st-er; drugg-er druggist, but drug-gist-er, drug-ster by contraction. So in some words we have a double plural ending, as in childer, as many old women say in the up-country of Carolina, which is a plural; and then we add -cn, as in oxen, childer-en=children. Perhaps something of this kind has taken place in brethren.

3. In some cases, the *s* at the end of the first part of the compound may be regarded as a plural sign, to generalize the word.

It is said that the plural is used for the singular when a thing is *generally* spoken of. It denotes what agent does, not on one particular occasion, but repetition, custom, habit: Bill-yards, spokes-man, steers-man, craftsman, etc. We probably see the same thing in bitters, greens, salts; sharps, blunts, betweens, spoken of kinds of needles: so we say of *one pair* of shoes, "they are rights and lefts." So when an individual name becomes a surname (literally, over-name) and covers many individuals, we somehow feel the necessity of adding an *s* to it, especially if it is a short one. Thus John John, Peter Peter, Andrew Andrew would not do; we should unconsciously feel the incongruity; we feel that there is something wrong about it; but John Johns, Peter Peters, Andrew Andrews, pass us by without notice. Possibly, however, in some cases, the *s* may be a remnant of the word son, corresponding to the prefix O, Mac, Fitz, Ap, etc., as Richards, Richardson, Pritchard, (=ap-Richard,) and MacRichard, if there were such a name would all be the same. We once knew a family called in the community Parsons; but in old books in their house of one or two generations back the name was Pierson, and this we take to be Peterson, and perhaps MacPheeters: but somehow by not only contracting the first part, but then changing the diphthong, it was felt needful to add the *s* to the end by way of compensation, or robbing

Peter to pay Paul. So Peters, Pierson, Peterson, MacPheeters, and Peterkin, Perkin, Perkins, Parsons may all be the same. The idea we speak of now may be illustrated from the word *spokes-man*; which is formed not from the present, nor from the perfect participle, but from the imperfect tense; and perhaps from the same idea once accompanying that tense, offrequency of action as in Latin and Greek. The word is found only once in the Bible, Ex. 4 : 16. When Moses was commissioned to go into Egypt, he complained that he could not speak in public; that part of his education had been neglected at the court of Pharaoh; he was, as he said, "heavy of mouth, and heavy of tongue," and he had the promise that Aaron should be his spokesman. But in the original this is not a *noun*, but a verb, in the conjugation that indicates frequency of action, like *dicito* in Latin: "he shall speak habitually for thee." So marksman. And as in many of these cases in many languages the repetition of a syllable in a word accomplishes the same as this *s* at the end, the same may be the case with some of these terms, as practitioner, one who keeps practising medicine, as compared with practiser, which we would regard as long enough. The same thing in amount is seen in the daily papers, in the abbreviations, *bbls.*, *pps.*, for barrels and pages.

4. Some of this class of words may be regarded as genitives, either singular or plural, and equivalent to attributive adjectives, which they seem to be without the *s*, but sometimes with a very different meaning. Bond-man, and bondsman are both under bonds, and so is boundman, but all in different senses. A slave is the first, one who gives bail is the second, and an apprentice is the third. Townsmen may be town's-men, from the same town; or towns'-men, from different towns; or town-men, citizens, may be opposed to country-men, rustics. This will not hold where the nouns are not formed by composition with other nouns, but directly from the verb, which has no

such noun; as we saw just now in spokesman; there is no noun steer in that sense, but steerer and steersman. We have breaker from the present tense, broker from the imperfect, and from the same, brakeman. So drive, driver; drove, drover; but we use drove as a noun, but not broke; seller, sales-man.

We see the thoughts and sentiments of men reflected from their daily speech, as well as in the solid monuments of brass or granite or marble. Their pursuits, employments, and habits, too, are manifest. While in Egypt and in parts of the East, spinning and weaving was, in ancient times, assigned exclusively to men; on the other hand, our Saxon, Celtic, and Norman ancestors do not seem to think that men can engage in this. Worcester, at the word woman, says, "Man is a general term to include each sex, and in Anglo-Saxon, the specific name *wif-man* is given to the female from her employment at the woof, (A. S., *weft*, *wefan*,) and *wæp-man* to the male, from his occupation in weapons of war." Marsh, in his Lectures on the English Language, informs us that in the northern languages of Europe, in the line of descent, sword-side and spindle-side stand for father's and mother's side. In the will of Alfred, spear-side and spindle-side are used in the same way; and the Salic law in France, excluding females from the throne, says: "The crown does not descend to the distaff."

In the Bible, especially in Prov. 31 : 13, 19, we find these employments the province of women. We have seen that milliner and spinster are peculiarly feminine.

Coleridge says that "there are cases in which more knowledge and of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word, than by the history of a campaign."

And some one remarks that "a good dictionary is the best metaphysical treatise." Why should there be so great difference between courtier, "one who frequents the courts of princes," and its corresponding

"courtesan;" and how came the latter to have the bad odor attached to it but from the fact that for ages, the courts of England and France—of the Jameses, and the Charleses, and the Georges, of Louis XIV., and of Louis XV., etc.—were scenes of debauchery, corruption, and impurity; and appropriate places to make and to keep all such vile characters as specially "*belonging to the court*," and nowhere else; as Bailey in his dictionary defines the word?

We have plough-men, and plough-boy, but not plough-woman and plough-girl. We have neat-herd, (cattle in general,) cow-herd, swine-herd, goat-herd, herds-men; but so far as language shows, the women attended to the sheep only, for we have shepherds and shepherdesses. And when the cattle and sheep came up at night, the shepherdess became milk-maid, and brought out her pail. We have a singular metamorphosis in the word master, (Latin, *magister*,) whereby it becomes mister; Mr. John Smith is master of his trade; in relation to his "*boys*" he is no longer master; and they have become their own masters, and misters in relation to others; while little John Smith, Jr., is master John Smith; and his mother, Mrs. John Smith, is mistress of her own family, and not of any outside of it. Where Mr. John Smith is master, just so far Mistress John Smith is mistress.

The *a* here got into *i*, probably from being used simply as a prefix to the proper name; on account of the stress of voice hastening on to strike the name to sound that, as we continually shorten the vowel in the first part of a compound. Thus, not sheep-herd, but shepherd; ball-yards is bill-yards; cat, kitten; wide, width; goose, gosling; hawker, huckster; Saint-Clair, Sinclair, or Sincler; Saint John, Sinjon.

It may be said that we "have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps, or that we have lived in the alms-basket of words;" that this is laborious trifling;

and that it "can be proved to our faces that we have men about us that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian can hear." But God attends to little things when he numbers the hairs of our heads, and when he forms insects perfect organisms, of which 500,000,000 can find sea-room in a drop of water; and when he forms the tiniest flower as well as the mightiest globe, or the highest archangel. From the least things the greatest often originate. Men of the greatest intellects are most attentive to minutiae, and show their greatness in details. The addition or subtraction of a syllable, of a comma, of the letter *s* in a will, a deed or other document, where life or property is concerned, might hang a man, or deprive him of any amount of money; it might alter the value of an inheritance by millions. And not only so, we apprehend error in theology may be taught. Terms have their distinctive meaning fixed by usage. In Heb. 7 : 22, Christ is called our surety, bondsman, sponsor. Now, some persons put the word *bondman* there instead of *bondsman*; but bondman is a slave—with the *s* and without the *s*, they are different words with the same generic idea, and must not be confounded. Not only the English dictionaries keep them wide apart, but the Eng.-Latin gives for bond-man, *servus*, *mancipium*, a slave, one taken captive in war. But it gives for bondsman, *vas*, *praes*, *sponsor*, *satisdator*, one bound for another, one that gives bail. The Bible throughout uses bondman; so also Shakespeare, and all the old writers. Hence, some recent writers, who interchange these words are in an error. And so great a work as *The Life of Paul*, by Conybeare and Howson, in several cases in the introduction to his epistles, makes the great apostle to the gentiles call himself, "Paul, a bondsman of God;" but in the proper sense of that word He does not need, and can not have a bondsman, but a servant or slave.

We see everywhere in language, the

illustration and confirmation of the truth of the Bible with regard to the origin of the human race. Man comes first, and woman follows. The terms conform to the original model and exemplar. The first man was *ish*, (from which perhaps came, *vis*, *vir*, *er*, etc.) and the first woman was named by *ish*, from himself, by adding a distinctive letter, *ish-a*; and from this no doubt has come *ess*, as in poetess; *lad*, *ladies*, *lass*. So in Latin, *vir*, *vir-a* (as in *vir-ago*); *ille*, *illa*, he, she: *ho-min-is*, *fœ-min-a*; as if *heman*, *sheman*, man, woman, the counterpart of man; *reg-s*, *reg-ina*; king, queen; *basileus*, *basilissa*; male, female; the Hebrew has *ish-on*=*man-nikin*, Latin, *ho-munculus*, diminutive of man. The Sanscrit too has *isha*, master, *ishi*, mistress. Latin *caius*, *caia* is similar, and *dominus*, *domina*. Czar, *czarina*, in Russia. And in the same way we have a great number of words that *add* the feminine termination to the masculine to denote the female. In abbot, abbess, it seems to be otherwise, but *ab*, *abba*, father is the root. Actor, actress; baron, baroness; Jew, Jewess; negro, negress; but *mulatto* does not seem to need any. Lion, lioness; songster, songstress; and it is said that singer once had singeress. Hero, heroine; but in Greek, *heroissa*. Prince, princess, in Hindostan, *rajah*, *rajni*, corresponding to *rex*, *regina*. And we have no doubt but that if we could get at the origin of the words, our King and Queen would corre-

spond. The former may be compared with the oriental Khan, and the latter with Sanscrit Kanya. There are cases where the words for the male and the counterpart female are independent of each other, but in general it is just as it was at the beginning, when the woman was made after the man and for him; so the terms for female are after those for the opposite sex, and founded on them. This does not necessarily imply inferiority, for, as Milton says, "What God after better, worse would build?" "The wife shines with her husband's lustre."

We see that this composite character of our language renders it more copious, and more exact. Very few terms are exactly synonymous; each acquires at length its own meaning and retains it. They give us the opportunity to diversify style and expression. A historian says of a certain country: "The inhabitants are tribes of hunters, herdsmen, and agriculturists; united by their common worship of Ammon, and commercial relations." He might have said, "huntsmen, herdsmen, and husbandmen," or, "hunters, graziers, and farmers"—or "men who live by the chase, raise cattle, and till the soil." So the historians employ, in reference to those conquering races in the middle ages, from the north of Europe, the terms, Scandinavians, Northerners, Norsemen, Northmen; or they make a regular plural Normans.

PROF. E. F. R.

REVIEW OF "ROMOLA."

It is always pleasant to recur to that region of romance—fair Italy. That it was so to the great masters of English fiction from age to age, and so continues to be, is a fact well known to the reader. From the days when Chaucer roamed through the pleasant land of Lombardy, and, lingering long in the society of the great Florentine, gleaned from his lips sweet tales to transfer to his own unlettered land, where, clothed

in the garb of English song, they won for him undying fame, English poets and English novelists have delighted in seeking these classic haunts. Classic they are in a double sense; for, not only Ennius and Virgil, Catullus and Horace and Ovid, have breathed their sweetness over them, but Dante, Petrarca, and Tasso, Ariosto, Boiardo, and Filicaia have touched the lyre to wondrous melodies beneath the same soft skies

—skies whose beauty has survived so much of proud and fair that has long since gone to decadence. If that favored land could boast in the days of its ancient state a literature that reflected, and could nobly reflect, the high excellence of that which glorious Greece had produced, it could also boast in after days, when all Europe else was sunk in barbarism, historians, poets, philosophers, and novelists, whose names are still bright stars shining through the darkness of ages. It possesses as well the age of the Medici and of Leo X., as that of the dying republic of Rome and that of Augustus. The mantle worn by Sallust, by Livy, and by Tacitus, remaining through many decades of starved and scant-robed lore unworn, adorned at last the shoulders of Macchiavelli, of Guicciardini, of Villani, and of Botta. Through all time Italy has been famous as a literary land; and, even in the domain of pure fiction—so modern an art in its present form, that England, Germany, and France claim to be almost alone in its successful cultivation—she does not want illustrious examples of excellence. With Boetaccio as the great originator, and Manzoni as the triumphant perfecter, she may show a long line of beautiful and tasteful contributions to the great store-house of fiction, which worthily vindicate her claim to the appreciative homage of those who love and honor genius in this department of literature.

Possessed of such a connected chain of intellectual trophies; bearing in her bosom the ruins of the mighty monuments of her by-gone power—sad witnesses to a glory overthrown; linked as her history is with the destinies of those nations who most fitly represent the progressive portion of the human race; blessed with a lovely sky and a delicious climate, with enchanting scenery and a picturesque peasantry, no wonder that beautiful Italy should be sought by our great artists in every department in which the efforts of genius take rank, as classic ground

and fit scene for muse-inspired labor.

Impelled by this instinctive impulse, the author of those deservedly admired works, "*Adam Bede*," and "*Mill on the Floss*," has been led by the gentle beck of imagination into fair Florence, there to witness and to gather into memory's cells the incidents of that sad story which she (for "*George Eliot*" is universally believed to be a lady) tells so well.

The poem to "*Romola*" is a glowing strain of reminiscence, recurring in lofty diction and picturesque coloring to the glorious past of Florence; and is deeply imbued with the spirit of philosophic poetry. The scene of the tale is laid in the fifteenth century, just after the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent. We will not pursue the thread of the narrative, as the interest of the story is of too painful a nature to be needlessly obtruded upon our readers; but will rest content with brief allusions to the characters introduced. The heroine, first, by all the rules of gallantry, must be presented to the public, though the author takes an opposite course, and begins with the adventures of the hero. The lovely Romola, with radiant hair of the true golden tint, and that delicate ripple which lends such beauty to maidens' tresses, of stately form, queenly mien, and resolute soul, is a young lady, proud and reserved by nature, innocent of all knowledge of the outer world through the cloistered seclusion in which she has passed her youth alone with her father, but versed in no scant measure in that ancient learning which she has drunk in at her father's side from earliest years.

That father, Bardo de' Bardi, the poor, blind old scholar, who mournfully regrets the fame he has toiled so many years to win, and which he fears has slipped away from him irretrievably, is a fine picture, worthy to be put on canvas by one of the old masters. He loves his daughter very dearly, and she in her turn is devoted to him. But, as soon as she

beholds the handsome stranger, a new and utterly different kind of love enters her heart and possesses it; and Tito Melema soon wins her to consent to become his bride. The first love-scene between Tito and Romola is very brief and very beautiful. The simple "I love you" is almost all that is said; and it is so frankly and tenderly said on both sides, that hardly any thing can be more pleasant, hardly any thing could be more sweetly told. Such calm and serene happiness it is a joy merely to witness; and it fills the bosom of the reader with a silent gush of emotion very pleasant to experience. That old tale of love is ever fresh to the human heart. Ever anew the warm thrill of sympathy vibrates in accord with its swell of gladness. But our sense of pleasure in this union of young hearts makes our indignation all the greater, when we see this union destroyed and this happiness marred forever. Here, however, the innate rectitude of Romola's character is well brought out. When she discovers the cold and calculating spirit of her husband, her heart, full of fervid and impassioned sentiments of faith and honor, which are the very life of her being, shrinks from him as convicted of faithlessness and treachery. She scorns him for his heartless duplicity and spirit of selfish intrigue, and becomes miserable from the necessity which associates her with one whom she has learned to loathe and despise. This character—that, we mean, of her husband, Tito Melema—is ably conceived. An Apulian of Greek extraction, he is learned, handsome, gentle, and courteous, every thing that seems noble, and is capable of leading a very virtuous life, if not tempted by the needs of an eminently selfish nature. But, tempted, he falls into one mean and ungrateful act of subservience to his personal gratification, and from that time progresses in evil, until he gradually becomes vicious to the core. His love of reticence, a discreet trait not generally characteristic of heroes depicted in fiction, is

from the first an indication of the cautious, diplomatic nature, ever watchful for the security of one's own interests, which, indulged in to excess, must tend to increase the growth of selfishness. This, indeed, he fosters day by day, and encourages by one sacrifice after another of truth and honor. Gifted with a talent for profound dissimulation, all the unscrupulous facility in intrigue, all the passionless policy and supple art, which have been imputed to Niccolò Machiavelli, are his. In fine, the attributes of a gifted diplomatist are ascribed to him, as the endowment of nature, while circumstance and temptation ripen him at last into an arch-traitor. But through all his guilty career he carries the curse of crime with him. Brilliant in youthful beauty, learning, courtesy, and skillful policy, but false and heartless, he is haunted by fear and all the pleasures won by his wonderful ability bear with them the poison of coming retribution. Romola's tale to the boy Lillo, at the end of the book, puts Tito's sad and shameful history into the best and most forcible words; and to quote them is to give the most concise account of the moral aim of this work.

"There was a man," she says, "to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of doing any thing cruel or base. But, because he tried to slip away from every thing that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

The minor fictitious characters are also well drawn. The grim and cyn-

ical painter, Piero di Cosimo, who has such keen insight through men's faces into their hearts, is a fine sketch of a crusty old bachelor with a true heart under his rough exterior; and we commend him to the favorable attention of those benighted beings who claim affiliation with him in his lonely lot.

The witty barber, Nello, of mercurial temperament and easy good-nature, is admirably sketched; and we should like to have witnessed the specimen he gave of a Florentine joke. Nello is tinctured with some share of erudition, and boasts a shop frequented by the master-spirits of the age. He is a philosopher, and sports a theory, in which he reposes unshaken faith, that the shaving of the chin enhances, in a wondrous degree, the mind's subtle apperception of truths, and quickens all the faculties into fresher vitality and unwonted vigor.

Two characters, very unlike each other, but both conveying to the reader a gratifying sense of their perfect *naturalness*, are those of pretty little Tessa, the peasant-girl, who likes Tito's kisses so well, and is so simple in her frank admiration of his handsome face; and poor Monna Brigida, whose garrulous and worldly gay widow's talk is so rich a treat, that we feel sincerely sorry for her, when, transformed into a Piagnone, (or "Methody,") she is stripped of all her fineries, and frightened so reluctantly into turning her back on the pleasures of the world.

The vengeful nature of the Southern Italian is well depicted in the person of Baldassarre Calvo, after Tito had committed the ingratitude, first, of failing to attempt his ransom, and then, of disowning and refusing to recognize him, when he returned to Italy in wretchedness and a prisoner.

Among the great characters of the age introduced, is that sardonic wit, astute politician, and elegant writer, Niccolò Macchiavelli, whose wise apophthegms have not availed to rescue him from the evil character ascribed to him by popular opinion,

even to this day, of being the great master of that wicked craft, which the satanic Cæsar Borgia practiced with such success.

Another figure, which moves to the foreground and becomes instinct with life under the plastic touch of the artist's hand, is that of the enthusiast, Savonarola, the fervid and impassioned preacher of monastic reform and popular revival of religious zeal, who passed through so singular a career and attained such extraordinary power in those days of half-pagan civilization.

This summary exhausts all the characters of interest in the book. The grouping is everywhere artistic, and the accounts given of striking street scenes are really masterly. Her power of delineation is unquestionably great. The description of the Festival of San Giovanni is the most elaborate of these sketches. Its gay and gallant ceremonial, the gorgeous procession, the brilliant banners, the rich trappings of the steeds, the handsome draperies gracefully suspended from the walls, the joyous throngs of the populace, the stately cavalcade, the merry-making and the feasting; all fall with tasteful ease and elegance into the thread of our author's narrative, and enrich the tale with that bright coloring which always pleases the eye of the mind, as in another form of art the eye of the body is pleased with a similar glow and splendor. Cennini, one of the casual characters, makes a wise remark about these same gala occasions, which we can not refrain from quoting: "There has been no great people," says he, "without processions; and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to any thing but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone, while the river rushed by."

In this very account of the great Florentine festival may be remarked, more prominently noticeable even than elsewhere, the author's characteristic habit of noting with a somewhat satirical undercurrent of humor, and a minute particularity, the

little incidents of life and manners among the vulgar, as she proceeds with the thread of her story.

The story itself is simple enough. It is briefly this: Just at the period when the cultivators of literature and the arts, then newly revived, were lamenting the recent death of their great patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, an adventurer of noble and fascinating person comes to Florence and wins the love of the beautiful Romola, and, at the same time, the good-will of many powerful Florentines, likely to be serviceable as patrons. While in the full tide of success, he receives intelligence of the captivity of his adopted father, whose gems had furnished him with the means which gave him his first "coign of vantage" in the strange city, and to whom he had also been indebted for that learning which had helped to secure him the smiles of fortune. Instead of hastening to devote himself to the task of ransoming his benefactor, he selfishly stays

in Florence to enjoy the favors fast showered upon him by the blind goddess. This first wrong-doing enters into his soul and sullies his conscience. Gradually, but surely, he falls into a net of entangling moral problems, from which he can not extricate himself. Selfish ends become the supreme law of his nature; and he commits, for their furtherance, one base act after another, until his wife discovers with disgust the obliquity of his moral nature, and is forever alienated from him. To domestic unhappiness his wily schemes add other elements productive of evil results, until all the long train of his wicked designs culminates in a miserable death.

Romola, after this troubled early life, then glides into a serene calm of soul, with which the book ends.

It is written with great power, but we do not like so much sadness, especially when the trouble all comes from the unmitigated rascality of the hero.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADELE's father had a sister in Scotland who had married a "penniless laird wi' a lang pedigree," and, as soon as this lady heard of Adele's arrival in England, she wrote to Sir Alfred, requesting him and his whole family to visit her, including Mrs. Cecil, who had been an old school-friend of Lady Inglis. The invitation was accepted, to Adele's great delight, for, next to England, she loved Scotland. She had read tales of Scottish chivalry and romance until her mind contained many vivid pictures of the hills and dales, lochs and rivers, among which her heroes and heroines had figured. Lady Inglis was many years older than Colonel St. Maur, and he had felt toward her rather as a son than a brother. Adele had so often heard him speak of "my sister Edith," and had so

often studied the sweet face which had filled a small oval frame which had accompanied them in all their wanderings, and which now hung in her own little gem of a dressing-room at Lanstead Abbey, that Aunt Edith was, instead of being a stranger, the dearest person in the world. Alfred Mowbray would accompany them to Scotland, but not to Castle Inglis; he would spend a month or so with his friend, Harry Hamilton, whose father's estate lay in Argyleshire.

Sir Alfred and his party reached the station two miles from Castle Inglis rather late in the afternoon. The beauty of the scenery around the station called forth many exclamations from Adele and Mrs. Cecil. There was a broad and beautiful valley, on one side of which glimmered through the old and majestic trees

the quiet waters of Loch D——, and on the other side a towering, craggy, wooden height, and almost at its top appeared the towers of Castle Inglis, perched, like an eagle's nest, almost in the clouds.

"O grandpapa! how shall we ever get up there?" exclaimed Adele, with an amusing expression of alarm. Although the road to the castle made a circuit of two miles for the sake of an easy ascent, the old pile of building appeared so near that the fantastic patterns of the lancet-shaped windows were distinctly visible.

"We can send you up in a balloon, love," said her grandfather, smiling. "But here is your aunt's carriage; we will endeavor to reach the castle in that."

The road wound along the bank of the loch for some time, overshadowed by graceful trees, and then entered a dark grove of evergreens. The ascent from this point was so slight and gradual that Adele kept wondering when "we would begin to go up the mountain;" and when the carriage rolled through the heavy arched gateway, she was almost bewildered, and felt as if she had been transferred thither by magic.

"Surely, grandpapa, this is not the castle we saw from the station?"

"It certainly is, my love."

Adele's astonishment soon gave way to another and deeper feeling. Her aunt stood waiting to receive her, and so like, so strikingly like her own dear father, that Adele almost fainted as she fell into her arms. The beautiful portrait she had so often studied was Aunt Edith in her youth—age had dealt with her in the same way that sorrow had dealt with her young brother, leaving the same wrinkles upon the white brow, the same sadness in the blue eye. The sad, yearning cry which had so distressed her faithful Bernardina, "Papa! Papa!" broke from Adele's white lips, and Lady Inglis, who had loved her brother more than any other being on earth, clasped his child to her heart with a strange mixture of joy and pain.

Miss Inglis, a step-daughter of Lady Inglis, was also there to welcome the party. She was neither young nor pretty, but gentle, sweet, and sprightly.

Lady Inglis had been a widow for many years, and she and her step-daughter Ellen lived here alone. Her pastor and brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, was her nearest neighbor. This gentleman and a few ladies from the neighborhood joined them at dinner, and Sir Alfred seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. Dr. Inglis was a gentleman of the old school, calm, polished, reticent, yet full of information. He never joked, rarely smiled, yet his face wore that calm expression of peace which made one feel that "happiness was too deep and holy a thing for mirth."

Adele was happy too, yet she could not talk—it was all she could do to keep her eyes from overflowing with tears every time she looked at Aunt Edith.

The next morning, when Adele came down to the library, she saw a gentleman standing in the deeply-recessed window reading a newspaper. He was apparently much absorbed, and did not notice Adele's entrance. He seemed quite young, scarcely twenty perhaps, but fully grown. His "short brown beard and curling hair" were of that rich, glossy, *living* hue so rarely seen; his profile was as perfect as though wrought by a Grecian chisel; and his lithe, sinewy form looked as if he would spring with the ease and the grace of a young tiger. Adele glanced again and again at the motionless figure, and at last, with a feeling akin to pique and dislike. "These very handsome people are always disagreeable, I think," was her thought when Miss Inglis entered.

"Good morning, Paul," said she to the young man. "Very polite of you to stand there reading the paper while Miss St. Maur is probably waiting to look over it!"

"Oh!" said Paul, blushing and coming forward, "pray excuse me, I did not know that you ladies were in the room."

"Did not know!" said Miss Inglis, catching one of his ringlets and giving it a smart pull; "that is almost as unpardonable as 'did not care.' This is your cousin Adele, whom you have not seen before."

"Paul is the only son of my uncle, Dr. Inglis," she explained to Adele.

Paul offered his hand, with a graceful bow, to Adele, and talked to her very pleasantly until breakfast-time, while Miss Inglis read the paper. After breakfast they went out to look at the place. Although from the valley below, the castle looked as if built upon a crag, it was really situated upon a natural terrace, which gave space for a fine lawn, garden, and all the necessary yards of a large establishment. On the north was a wall of gray granite, rising perpendicularly from this terrace, higher than the towers of the castle, and fringed at the irregular summit with a fine mass of overhanging foliage. On the south lay the lawn, studded with splendid trees, and on this foggy morning the lawn seemed to termi-

nate in the clouds, which rolled tumultuously around this "island in the sky," as Adele called it. Jenny Wren could have looked down from their aerial abode with the feeling of being much farther removed from the affairs of earth than she could have done from the old Jew's house-top garden among the smoking chimneys of London. She could have said, "Come up and be dead," and rather, "Come up and be in heaven," without giving you any ghostly ideas. Under the spreading trees on the lawn were numbers of easy rustic seats, and Adele and Mrs. Cecil sat down to watch the strikingly beautiful effect of the sun and wind, dispelling masses of clouds which lay around the mountain. The blue sky began to appear in patches, becoming larger and larger, and at length the last cloud disappeared, and the valley, the loch, and distant city were seen below. Stretching out, as far the eye could reach, lay the beautiful land of Scotland.

CHAPTER IX.

Inglis church and manse lay to the east of the castle, and, after Adele had been here a few days, she accompanied Miss Inglis over to the manse. They found Dr. Inglis and Paul in the garden, pruning some fruit-trees. Miss Inglis looked at their work with interest, for she was a connoisseur in gardening, and their large garden was a study, for it showed the hand of a master in the art in every part of it. Dr. Inglis and his son worked it entirely themselves, for they kept but two servants—old Jeannette, who had lived with the Doctor for thirty years, and Andrew, who had grown gray in his service, and knew how to do every thing but garden. The Doctor was in the habit of saying, that it was a law of nature that every man must perform enough work to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow. "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread,"

said the Lord to Adam, and since Adam's day there is no evading this law. Work, or in more popular phrase, exercise, is necessary to health, and acting on this belief, Dr. Inglis had trained his son into a most accomplished gardener.

Dr. Inglis had had heavy sorrows in his youth, and Paul, his youngest child, was the last remaining one of a once numerous and lovely family. Paul's life, however, had been all sunshine: he had no recollection of the beautiful mother, whose portrait hung in their antique drawing-room; no recollection of the sweet group of brothers and sisters, which also hung there. The crushed heart of Dr. Inglis had turned all its energies to serving his God, and training this boy for heaven. And the beautiful, and to human eyes, the *unsullied* soul of the youth, who had just entered manhood, showed how the prayer-trained child be-

comes the God-fearing and God-loving man. Dr. Inglis had, since the chastening hand of God had been so heavily laid upon him, literally and most faithfully obeyed the divine precept, "Thou shalt teach my words diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." So thoroughly was Paul imbued with this fear and love of God, that a less spiritually-minded parent would have thought that he had succeeded almost too well, and that the young man was almost too indifferent to the things of this life. Enthusiast he was, but practical too, and full of energy—no pale dreamer whose life had ebbed away into his books, but healthy, strong, and physically beautiful as Absalom, in whom was found no blemish from the crown of his head to the soul of his foot. Like Timothy, he had been instructed in the Scriptures, until every part of the holy book from Genesis to Revelation was almost as familiar to him as the alphabet. His knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages was so perfect that the most accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholars of Scotland, who were frequent guests at his father's house, were surprised at his proficiency. "My boy must understand the Bible," was Dr. Inglis's frequent remark; "that is the business of his life." And strongly did his son imbibe and act upon this principle.

When Adele and Miss Inglis entered the garden, the gentlemen were engaged in training some espaliers on a stone wall. They soon finished their work, and would have left it when the ladies entered, but Miss Inglis insisted on their not doing so, as she wanted some lessons in the art of training trees. "Our gardener is rather a dull fellow," she remarked, "and I have often to overlook his work. So you must show me how you manage these fruit-trees."

What a contrast this quiet spot

presented to the "island in the sky," as Adele persisted in calling the castle. No distant views here. The gray ivy-hung walls of the old church rose on one side of the little lawn, and both the church and the manse looked a thousand years old. The sun glinted into this nook, embowered in evergreens; and back of the house rose a heather-crowned knoll; this knoll was Paul's study, as Miss Inglis said; here in his boyhood he had been accustomed, cushioned on the soft heather, to prepare his lessons. The ladies were invited into the house, and the dear old smiling face of Jeannette soon appeared, bringing in a tray containing lunch.

There was such a sweet, quiet air of repose upon every thing here, that Adele felt as if she could stay forever; but it was near Lady Inglis's dinner hour, and Miss Inglis had been instructed to bring back her uncle and cousin with her.

"Adele and I will look at the church while you are dressing," said she; and her uncle gave Andrew the key to accompany them.

"Yes, Miss Nellie, ye may weel show the young leddy the kirk, for there is na ither sich in all Scotland. The Culdees used for to preach here lang before the Gospel was heard on in England."

"O Andrew!" said Miss Inglis, laughing, "I am afraid your Culdees were a kind of Scottish fairies, like the brownies!"

Andrew held up his hands in holy horror. "Now God forgive ye, Miss Nellie, for likenen his servants to sich wicked things as brownies." For the old man had a lingering belief in the existence of brownies, notwithstanding his piety.

"Who were the Culdees, cousin Ellen?" asked Adele; "I have never heard of them before."

"The word comes from *Cultore Dei*, and they were a holy set of Presbyterian monks who preached in Scotland."

"Presbyterian monks! how oddly that sounds. Were they really monks?"

"So it is said. I am not very well acquainted with the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland, but I believe that all parties agree about the holiness of life and great learning of the Culdees. It is said they sometimes spent eighteen years in study before receiving orders. Whether they took vows of celibacy I do not know; it seems certain that they lived in societies, but it is supposed by some that this was merely for the purpose of study and united action in charitable works, and that, when they married they left the society. My uncle can tell you every thing that is known at present about them."

"*Cultore Dei*," said Adele, "what a holy name, and how appropriate it seems! But what does Andrew mean about their preaching before Christianity was known in England?"

Miss Inglis smiled as she looked at Andrew's rugged Scotch face. "Oh! Andrew would say that the 'land o' the Scots' was created before any other part of the world, I suppose. Still, my impression is, that he is right about the Christianity of Scotland preceeding that of England. If my memory is not at fault, Ninian was the means of converting the Picts in the year 412, while Augustine did not reach England until the year 597, nearly two centuries later. St. Columba, however, the founder of the Culdees, did not preceede Augustine more than thirty or forty years. The ruins of his old churches and monasteries are still to be seen on the island of Iona; and mamma and I have been promising ourselves a visit there this summer, and your being here will make it so much pleasanter."

"Oh! I shall be delighted," said Adele, "and in the mean time I will learn all about the Culdees from Dr. Inglis—I am so much interested in them."

"Ay, my leddy," said Andrew, "ye may weel spur after them; there war no sic men syne that day."

The ponderous key now grated in the old church door, and the party entered. Very old and damp and

ugly, was Adele's first impression, but the next was that of sweet, quaint, holy quietness, and they seated themselves in one of the old oaken pews, while Andrew stood in the aisle in perfect stillness. At last the old man's voice broke the silence. "Mony souls ha bin born to God i' this place, and mony now before the throne may look back to where they first saw spiritual light."

"Yes, Andrew," said Miss Inglis in a subdued tone, "you and I will also look back to this spot, when we reach heaven, as our former home on earth."

"Ay, indeed, Miss Nellie, it is my home—my happiest hours are spent here. And there outen that window I look at the graves of my dear mistress and her bairns, and I expect before many years to be laid beside them."

After examining every part of the church, they went out into the graveyard.

"This is the grave of Paul's mother," said Miss Inglis, almost in a whisper, "and these are his little brothers and sisters." Beautifully kept was the grass, the shrubbery, the trees—every leaf and tiny spear looked as if watched and cared for. A seat and rustie table were near, of which Andrew said: "This is where master often writes his sermons."

They were now joined by the gentlemen, and took the path to the castle.

Late that afternoon, when the setting sun, away below the island in the sky, was casting his last beams over the misty landseape, the party were seated in groups upon the lawn.

Sir Alfred preferred an easy-chair upon a balcony overlooking the lawn. Adele stood at a little distance from him, looking dreamily over the distant country. Her eyes were not so bright as usual—in fact, there was a dimness about them which almost suggested tears. Her grandfather raised his gold-headed cane, and touching her gently on the shoulder, said playfully, "What is thy petition, Queen Esther? And what is

thy request? and it shall be granted thee, even to the half of my fortune!"

Adele smiled, but the dew did condense into two bright drops, which trembled on her eye-lashes.

"O grandpapa! it makes me so unhappy to think of the Benjamins—I love them so much—and they will be lost!" The tears were followed by a deep sob. "Grandpapa, money would employ a missionary, would it not? could you not employ a missionary for the special purpose of converting the Benjamins?"

Sir Alfred could scarcely repress a smile, but although amused, he did not the less earnestly receive the proposition. He thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, darling, I will make every endeavor to do so. I will talk to Dr. Inglis about it this evening."

"O grandpapa! how good—how kind you are. I am sure there never was such another grandpapa," and she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face and gray hair with kisses. "May I go and tell Dr. Inglis you wish to talk to him? He is walking with Mrs. Cecil near the cliff."

"It would scarcely be polite to in-

terrupt his conversation with a lady; but I see Mrs. Cecil has joined Miss Inglis and her mother, so you may go."

Adele bounded off like a gazelle, and Dr. Inglis seemed to catch the infection of her bright eye, for he came up smiling, which was a rare thing with him. Adele then joined the ladies, but she often looked toward the balcony where the two venerable men held earnest converse. Long they talked of the condition of the Jews, a subject of deep interest to Dr. Inglis, and had been for many years. Paul was soon to be ordained, and his own enthusiastic temperament had already almost determined him to take the missionary field. A mission to the Jews would require a particular course of study, however, such as had been indicated by McCheyne, and Sir Alfred was anxious to secure an agent immediately. "However, your son can carry on his studies at the same time that he engages in active duties—at least endeavor to convert this family, in whom my little girl is so much interested. He is already a splendid Hebrew linguist, and I would be glad for him to embark as soon as he is ordained."

CHAPTER X.

Iona! sacred isle, with its low, bleak shore and naked hills and ruined churches—the church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran—the dismantled walls of the monasteries or colleges. Our party had landed with a crowd of tourists and sight-seers, and their unseemly mirth jarred upon Adele's feelings, and she had wandered off with her sketch-book among the tombs of ancient monarchs and churchmen. Andrew, whose love of his native country made him far more intelligent than most men of his class, had told her that she would find in this holy spot the tombs of forty ancient kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, and eight kings of Norway. Adele could

not find as many as Andrew promised, but the carving on some of the tombs was very fine. Beside the kings, there were many of the ancient dignitaries of Scotland, the McLeans, the McAlisters, and the McDonalds, whose remains had been brought here by their relatives, in the hope that the sins of their lives might be more easily forgiven if their bodies rested within these sacred precincts.

Paul Inglis stood in the church of St. Oran, the carved pavement of which still remained, and with his serene yet deeply earnest expression, he looked at the striking scene around. He stood perfectly still, with a strangely preoccupied look in his large and dark hazel eyes.

"See," said Mrs. Cecil, "he is just my idea of St. Columba! My dear Miss Inglis, I never had a firmer conviction than that your cousin Paul is destined for the accomplishment of some great and noble work. Just imagine that paletot he wears changed into an antique robe, and St. Columba would be before you!"

"Oh!" said Miss Inglis, "I have never imagined St. Columba to have been young and beautiful, like Paul. You know the artists of the middle ages have not endowed the saints with many personal attractions. I have never seen a representation of St. Columba, but many others are any thing but beautiful. I suppose I am uttering a great heresy when I say that I believe that the arts of painting and sculpture have degraded instead of elevated the taste of the world."

"A very grave mistake I think you have fallen into, then," said Mrs. Cecil. "Now, suppose Mr. Inglis were placed upon canvas just as he is, would not the very sight of his pure, thinking face and his fine attitude have an ennobling effect?"

Miss Inglis shook her head with a little smile. "I am inclined to believe, with old Andrew, that it is a sin to make the likeness of any thing upon the earth, or in the heavens above the earth, or in the waters under the earth."

Mrs. Cecil looked annoyed, and had she uttered her thoughts aloud, they would have been rather uncivil.

"You surely would not be without the likenesses of your friends?"

An expression of deep pain flitted across the face of Miss Inglis. "The likeness I have of my father is so unsatisfactory to me that I never look at it. I cherish a portrait of him in my heart, which is so much truer, that the painted image on the wall almost haunts me—it is like, yet oh! so cruelly unlike. And I know it is the same case with mamma, for although she loved him so devotedly, she studiously avoids looking at it. Yet it is a very hand-

some picture, and his friends think a perfect likeness. No artist can make a picture like that enshrined in the heart of a wife or daughter. The very attempt seems to me sacrilege."

"What a poetical fanatic!" thought Mrs. Cecil, as Miss Inglis continued:

"It seems to me, Mrs. Cecil, that few persons realize the sacredness of the 'human form divine.' Its being created in the image of God—its being the temple of the Holy Spirit—Here her voice sank low.

"Yet surely," said Mrs. Cecil, "you would not blot out from existence all the beautiful creations of painters and sculptors?"

"I would like to annihilate all the *ugly* creations of painters and sculptors which I think have demoralized the world for so long. I know," said she, smiling at the expression of Mrs. Cecil's face, "that you think me a northern barbarian, or a fanatical Puritan, but this is really my feeling and belief. I do not know certainly that I am right, however."

"And I feel quite certain that you are not right, begging your pardon, Miss Inglis. What idea would we have of the polished Greeks, if we had none of their exquisite works of art?"

"The Greeks," replied Miss Inglis, "were a noble and cultivated people, and had they been debarred by any means from expressing their thoughts in marble, they would have found an expression in some other form. Do not understand me as condemning art in building, or any kind of ornamentation. But I think the human race would have been better and purer if no delineation of the human form, in marble, metal, or on canvas, had ever been made. Had Greece had no artists, she would probably have had more poets. Had she had no statues, she might have had more temples and more beautiful buildings of every description. In this day, when moral and social questions are so much discussed, it might be worth while to consider what effect persuading men of their own divine origin, and keeping this idea con-

stantly impressed upon their minds, would have in elevating and ennobling them. 'Ye are gods,' said the psalmist, and Adam is declared to have been the son of God. Then let this God-like temple, built for the soul's occupancy, be considered too sacred to be imitated by the hand of man."

"What a singular mode of thinking!" said Mrs. Cecil. "Did you ever meet with an educated person who agreed with you in these opinions?"

"No," said Miss Inglis, "I do not know that I ever expressed them before."

"And then your practice contradicts your theory. Your collection of miniatures, which your mother told me you had made with such infinite pains, is the rarest and most exquisite I have ever seen. And the fine collection of paintings at the castle, gathered from many lands by your ancestors, might have taught you to appreciate art."

"I made the collection of miniatures many years ago, when my father and I lived upon the continent. My present opinions have been formed so gradually that I can scarcely say when they commenced. Probably some doubts have existed in the mind ever since I read an account of the fierce contest raised in the Church by the Iconoclasts, in the eighth century; and gradually the conviction, faint at first, but growing stronger as each year's experience and reading is added to the preceding, that we are to obey God's written commands *to the letter*, and wherever any doubt exists as to their meaning, *to endeavor always to be on the safe side*. It may not be a sin to paint portraits—it is *certainly not* a sin to refrain from it. St. Paul said: "If any man doubt, he is damned if he eat, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

"But I think it is much better not to doubt," said Mrs. Cecil. "You know, with regard to eating forbidden food, it was only the weak Christians who doubted—the strong did not."

"Yes," said Miss Inglis, slowly and hesitatingly; "but latterly the world seems so bewildered between right and wrong, and opposite parties maintain with so much fierceness that their own views are right, that I see no way of coming to a certain knowledge of the truth, except by a close clinging to the revealed word of God. And had the Church from the earliest ages maintained the principle that she had no right, *as a church*, to move hand or foot without an express 'Thus saith the Lord,' there would never have been any schism, and that unity for which our Saviour prayed would have been preserved."

Miss Inglis saw Dr. Inglis approaching, and saw from the smile with which Mrs. Cecil looked toward him that she was going to appeal to him, and she said hurriedly, "Pray do not speak to my uncle on this subject—it does not become me to advance new opinions, and it is not my duty to teach; the apostle declares that a woman ought not to be suffered to teach, and I would always rather my uncle would regard me as a disciple than a setter-forth of strange doctrines."

Dr. Inglis now came up, and said:

"You ladies seem to be engaged in earnest disputation. Ellen blushes as though she had been defeated in the argument."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Cecil, "I am afraid I was defeated; but here comes my darling Adele, with her sketches. Well, my little lady, have you found the tombs of all the Scotch, Irish, and Norwegian kings?"

"Oh! no, dear Mrs. Cecil. I can not find all, and Paul is so preoccupied that he will not help me. But my sketches are beautiful; I mean, I had beautiful carvings of foliage and flowers to sketch upon the old tombs. And this is St. Martin's cross," showing a drawing, "and these are pillars of the cathedral, with such grotesque capitals."

"Why, yes, my love, you have really added treasures to your portfolio; you have executed them admirably too," and glancing from the

drawings to the lovely face before her, she patted the soft round cheek, and stooped to kiss the fair young brow.

"Is my cousin Adele complaining of me?" said Paul, now joining the party. "I must really ask pardon; my thoughts have all flown after the olden inhabitants of this weird isle; but I will now make amends. I have found a rare old tomb, amid the rank

grass and wild flowers, which will be a fine subject to copy. Come, my dear little cousin, I am entirely at your service;" and the knightly bow with which the young man greeted the fair girl and then moved off at her side, formed so pretty a picture, that Mrs. Cecil smiled with pleasure as she and Miss Inglis exchanged glances.

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

IN the first number of this Magazine attention was drawn to the importance of agricultural science, and some general suggestions offered as to how the present deplorable neglect at the South might to some extent be remedied. We propose to follow up the discussion with a concise view of some of the more important practical results already attained in this department of scientific research. The points of special interest to the practical farmer may be summed up in these three: first, his soil, its character and composition; second, his crops, their nature and cultivation; third, his manures, their qualities and manufacture. Upon each of these points science, aided by experience, has made many valuable suggestions and established many useful facts. We can only allude to a few of them.

The soil, we know, results from the decomposition of rocks, and partakes of the general character of the minerals which have been disintegrated to form it. If it has been derived from a granitic rock, its composition will be identical with the kind of granite which has furnished the materials; if, for instance, the granite has its usual composition of feldspar, quartz, and mica, in due proportions, the soil will contain by the decomposition of these the necessary quantities of silica, alumina, potash, and iron, but no lime; and in proportion as the feldspar predominates, the soil will be a cold stiff clay, or as silica

abounds, an open porous sand. If, on the other hand, hornblende takes the place of mica, forming a syenitic granite, we will have both lime and magnesia, but less potash or soda. In like manner each of the rocks gives, by disintegration, its own peculiar soil—basalt and greenstone, a good soil, rich in lime, with due proportions of clay and the alkalies; serpentine, a poor soil, deficient in lime, and abounding to a defect in magnesia; or if the mineral called hypersthene forms the principal part of the rocks, as is sometimes the case, the soil may prove hopelessly barren, containing much magnesia and iron, with only traces of lime and clay.

But few rocks, however, can furnish all the inorganic elements necessary for every variety of plants, and hence their separate disintegration must have formed, in most cases, only a barren result, if God had not, in his infinite wisdom, by what man would have regarded as a dire calamity, brought a blessing upon us. The earthquakes and convulsions of former eras were God's angels of mercy, sent not only to redeem our earth from this sterility, but to bless us with all the rich beauties of the varied landscape. If these convulsions, upheaving the underlying strata, and exposing rocks of different ages and character to disintegration, had not occurred, the whole of our soil must have been formed from a single kind of rock, and have re-

mained comparatively barren for many sorts of produce, while the surface of the earth presented to the weary eye an unvarying and tiresome monotony. As it is, however, rocks of every age, consisting of minerals of every character, have been upheaved and exposed on the surface to the corroding tooth of time, and these, by commingling their rich and varied treasures of mineral manures, each supplying the defects of the other, have diffused a general fertility, and produced, by the aid of organic matter, the exhaustless alluvial deposits of our bottom lands and prairies. It is thus that the different qualities of our soils are easily explained.

The character of the rocks that were originally disintegrated to form the soil in any locality, must determine the character of that soil.

How much, then, might a thorough knowledge of the composition of rocks often aid us in deciding upon the fertility of a soil which has been formed by their decomposition, and the character of the manures necessary for its improvement, even in advance of actual experiment! The soil, it is true, is not always derived from the rock on which it lies, for the alluvial banks of overflowing streams and rivers are formed from all the rocks along their course, and other localities, especially in high latitudes, are covered with a soil that has drifted from remote regions. But still it is generally true that the underlying and neighboring rocks give character to our surface soils, and even in cases where this general rule does not apply, a competent knowledge of mineralogy would often be of incalculable value to the practical farmer. In more than one instance we have known of farmers travelling hundreds of miles to enjoy the advantages of a new country, and after all their toil and sacrifices have settled down upon sterile granite land every way inferior to that they had left behind, when a simple inspection of the surface of the country with the requisite mineralogical informa-

tion would at least have warned them of the danger.

Every farmer, by his own observation, is familiar with the fact that the character of the forest-trees growing upon any locality is a tolerable index to the quality of the soil that produces them. This is so, because the prevalence of any peculiar species of forest-tree in a given locality is dependent, not on any accident that scattered its seeds in that particular place rather than any other, nor on any miraculous power that originated them in that soil at its creation or afterward, but only on the fact that the seeds, which are scattered everywhere, have here alone found the requisite conditions for a healthful development. Their spontaneous growth implies the presence in the soil of the elements necessary to produce them, and those therefore which require the same conditions as field crops, must indicate good farming lands. If our farmers were as familiar with the nature of the rocks that form our various soils as they are with the kind of trees that fill our forests, they would not altogether neglect this sort of testimony in taking evidence to establish the general qualities of lands. If we would, however, know definitely and certainly the exact composition of the land we cultivate, in order to devote it to the most suitable crops, or improve its qualities in the most economical and successful manner, no source of information can be substituted for the chemist's analysis.

By this means, and this alone, can we learn fully and accurately what our soils are, and what special manures will remedy their defects. Without it, much labor and much money may be spent in vain, to furnish elements already present in sufficient abundance, and possibly even in injurious excess.

In the second place, the farmer's crops require some special consideration as to their nature and cultivation.

The plant always has a definite relation to the soil in which it grows; the composition of the one must cor-

respond to the requirements of the other. Wheat, for instance, which requires, among other things, much phosphoric acid to perfect its seeds, and soluble silica to stiffen its straw, could not be cultivated successfully upon a soil containing neither of these essential elements; if the first is absent or deficient, the seeds must fail, or be proportionally defective; if the second is wanting, the straw will not be able to support the head; the plant can not manufacture either for itself, and hence the farmer would spend his strength in vain and his labor for naught if he should attempt to grow his wheat upon such a soil, while, if rich in all the other elements of fertility, the same soil might yield an abundant harvest of turnips, or other plants which require but little of these elements.

In some parts of Brazil where the soil is peculiarly rich in organic matter, and we would naturally suppose that the richest harvests not only of grain, but of any other crop might be produced, the actual experiment has shown that wheat can not be successfully cultivated at all. And in our own country, where rich alluvial bottoms are found, it is within the knowledge of every one that in some instances crops of small grain will not grow, while in other cases the growth is so rank and luxuriant that the stems can not support the weight, and the whole falls to the ground. Now, in the first case, the scientific farmer would not fail to recognize the true cause of his failure in the entire absence of some element from the soil which is an essential ingredient of his crop; and in the second case, in the deficiency of silica, notwithstanding the abundance of all the other conditions essential to success. This silica being the strengthening element in the straw of all our grains and grasses, if the natural richness of the soil induces such a rapid growth that the plant can not take it up as fast as it is required, the straw must necessarily lack stiffness, and like unstarched linen, become too soft and limber. Thus it is apparent that the successful

farmer must either know the resources of his soil, and the requirements of his crops, and suit the one to the other; or he must understand how to remedy the defects of his soil so as to adapt it to the necessities of his plants. He must in the case supposed, either abandon the cultivation of wheat for some other crop to which his land is suited, or he must add silica to his soil; or if that be already present, the strong alkalies, in sufficient quantities to render that silica soluble for the use of his wheat. It is upon this principle in part, namely, that different kinds of plants require different kinds of food, that the great importance of a systematic rotation of our cultivated field crops is mainly based.

If the same plants be grown annually upon the same soil, they will of course draw continually the same elements from the earth, and unless the miracle of the widow's cruse be repeated, that vessel be ultimately exhausted from which we are continually taking, and to which nothing is added. This exhaustion will follow the sooner, if we select those plants which draw largely upon some ingredient of the soil which is present in it only in a limited degree. That special ingredient being thus removed, the soil becomes barren for those plants which require it, while other plants may even grow luxuriantly upon it.

What, then, is the remedy? Either the exhausted element must be returned in the form of manure, or the kindly aid of nature must be invoked, and the soil be allowed to rest from that particular crop, till the same disintegrating agents which originally formed it may have time by further action to replace the substances removed by cultivation. To anticipate this demand and prevent this exhaustion, at the same time that we secure an uninterrupted succession of crops, is the object of rotation in cultivation.

Meanwhile another principle bearing in an exactly opposite direction leads to the same result, namely, that all plants, like animals, not only take

up and assimilate by their appropriate organs whatever is necessary for their growth, but they also reject from their system whatever they have taken in through their roots that is unsuited to their nature. This must be so, as all plants take up indiscriminately in their sap whatever substances are soluble in the soil around them, and yet chemical analysis shows that different species growing side by side in the same soil have very dissimilar compositions, simply because one has retained what the other rejected.

This habit of the plant of excreting by its roots the substances which are unnecessary or injurious to its development, serves to illustrate still further why a soil that has become unfit for the growth of one crop may be exactly suited for another, just as a hog may fatten upon the excrement of other animals.

Thus we have the two principles upon which the proper rotation is to be established. First, those plants must succeed each other which do not require in large quantities the same elements for their support, and especially if the required substance is one that is usually deficient in soils. Secondly, those crops should have the preference in the rotation which can assimilate and thrive upon the excrementitious matters rejected by the roots of their immediate predecessor. While these two principles should establish the *order* of succession, it is evident that the necessities of a country must greatly modify the question as to *what crops* should enter into the rotation adopted by them. The English rotation is, first, wheat; second, rutabaga turnips; third, barley; fourth, clover or grass of some kind; the wheat to furnish bread, turnips for their sheep and cattle, the barley to be brewed into beer and ale, the clover and grasses for pasturage.

In this country, of course, Indian corn must form a part of any rotation that could be adopted; while in the Gulf States, "Cotton is" still "King."

With us, too, the common cow-pea, which has been aptly called the "clover of the South," should not be omitted in any system of rotation which looks either to the improvement of the soil or the value of the produce. As a manural crop for the benefit of the soil, its long tap-roots descend far into the earth, and draw up from depths beyond the reach of ordinary field plants the fertilizing salts which it deposits upon the surface for future use; while the roots themselves penetrating the subsoil tend to pulverize it, and at the same time their decomposition furnishes it with vegetable matters. Indeed, this Southern clover by its many valuable qualities deserves to be such a favorite with our people, that if it is excluded from a formal place in our general system of rotation, it should only be in order to establish it as a more universal crop, to be used whenever and wherever space can be found for it. Especially should it be planted in every corn-field at its final working; when thus used the advantages will be several fold. In the first place, while the pea will come too late to injure the development of the corn, its young leaves will render a substantial service by protecting the soil and the roots of the growing crop from the parching effects of a midsummer's sun. In the second place, it will render a future service by contributing to prevent the washing of the soil. In the third place, after the corn crop has been gathered it furnishes an excellent pasture; and in the fourth place, the vegetable matter from its leaves, and vines, and roots, when plowed into the soil, serves as a valuable manure. As a crop to be harvested for food, its hay is richer in flesh-forming matter than either the common meadow-grass or clover-hay, while the pea itself is said to contain considerably more of these nitrogenous substances than even Indian corn or wheat.

This estimate of the value of the cow-pea, though strictly according to the record, is certainly beyond that

generally placed upon it by practical farmers; and whether the one or the other be correct, it illustrates the mutual dependence of the science and art of agriculture to guide and support each other. If the first be correct, of how little value are the immemorial opinions, or, we might say, prejudices of the "practical" man, without the aid of the principles involved in his profession; and if the second be true, how unsafe are the suggestions of theoretical science till they have been submitted to the ordeal of a practical test!

With such an exhibit, however, of the apparent real merit of the too much neglected cow-pea, may we not hope that a thorough trial, not less practical than scientific, may soon vindicate its right to a high position among the products of the Southern farm?

Thus far we have considered the crop in its relation to the composition of the soil; but it is evident that the nature of the plant should not be more strictly conformed to the qualities of the soil, than the cultivation of the crop to the peculiarities of both. The object in cultivation is several fold.

The soil is stirred by the farmer's hoe, rake, and plough for the same reason, in part, that the chemist pulverizes the mineral he wishes to analyze, namely, that it may the more readily be acted on by his solvents and reagents. We have seen that the entire surface soil has been formed by the crumbling down of ancient rocks, under the influence of heat, cold, and moisture.

This soil still contains much fertilizing matter locked up in the little grains and particles which compose it, and which await further decomposition before their nutritious elements can be dissolved in the earth, and thus made available to be taken up by the roots, to be circulated in the sap of the plant. This further decomposition of these particles, the unlocking of these little store-houses of mineral wealth, can only be accomplished as the original dis-

integration was effected—by the continued action of atmospheric agents; and these can only have free access to perform their work when the soil is loose and pulverulent.

A second and much more important object of cultivation, is the improvement of the mechanical condition of the soil. Under this head may be reckoned a variety of effects which follow the plow and hoe, as they convert the hard and compact earth into a soft and mellow soil. By it the tender roots are permitted to permeate the earth far beyond their usual limits in search of food for the young plants; by it watery vapor is absorbed into the soil, as by a porous sponge, where it dissolves the mineral manures and conveys them to the roots, and circulates with them through all the pores and fibres of the plant, giving freshness and pliancy to every part; by it the atmospheric gases, including the valuable manures ammonia and carbonic acid, are absorbed, when they not only work important changes in the soil, but are carried by the circulating sap to every portion of the leaf and stem, to assist in building up its solid framework.

These general statements of the beneficial effects of keeping the soil well pulverized, leave scarcely any need for a special plea in behalf of deep culture and sub-soil plowing. It is sufficiently evident to all, that if pulverizing the surface gives such advantages, the deeper the process goes, the better the effect; the further will the roots extend in search of food; the more vapor will be absorbed to counteract the effects of drought; the more gaseous manures will be obtained from the atmosphere, and the more extended, also, will be the chemical improvement of the soil. In addition to this, deep tillage will bring back to the surface valuable mineral constituents which have been dissolved by rains and carried down into the sub-soil; it will also equalize the moisture of the earth, permitting it, when in excess, to descend, and by the aid of capillary action

bringing it back again to the surface when it becomes parched; by the admission of warm summer air, and the condensation of its moisture, as well as by the chemical activity produced, it will likewise diffuse into the cold sub-soil a genial and stimulating heat, so necessary to all the functions of both soil and plant.

We would not, of course, counsel the sudden upturning of every farm to the depth of ten or twelve inches, which had before only been cultivated to the depth of five or six. This, in many cases, would bury the shallow surface soil entirely beneath a stiff and barren clay, which would be a serious detriment. But he who would enjoy the best results from his farming operations, as well as secure the pleasure of contemplating his progressive success, should deepen his culture inch by inch, each year increasing a little, till his whole sub-soil becomes penetrable by the roots of his growing crops. The farmer who has purchased a farm has secured the ownership of his soil to an indefinite depth. Why should he not enter upon the possession? The city merchant, when about to build, only buys a few feet fronting on Main street, and then he piles story upon story, to the fifth or sixth, till all the demands of his increasing business are met.

So let our country farmers build *downward*, multiplying farm under farm, each as rich and valuable as the one on the surface, till all his wants are supplied. This would surely be better than to purchase more soil from some other man, while his own lies uncultivated and neglected at home.

The depth to which our common field crops would send their roots in search of nourishment and moisture, if the soil were sufficiently pulverized to admit it, is scarcely credible to those who have not examined the facts. The frail and tender roots of growing corn, if permitted by cultivation, would occupy the earth to the depth of more than thirty inches. There are, indeed, few cultivated

plants whose roots would not travel downward from two to three feet, if permitted to do so. Then, is it not evident that a plant thus deriving nourishment from every inch of the soil for several feet in every direction, would become more vigorous than one imprisoned within a few inches of the surface? Would an animal, tethered to a fixed point, thrive and fatten as one left free to roam over the wide pastures, and feed at pleasure upon its rich herbage? The question answers itself. Then the deeper our soils are pulverized, and made penetrable by the roots of the plants, the better the crop.

Thus much for the general principles of culture. Now what are the limitations to the application? Shall the farmer at all times plow as deep as possible? This must depend upon the nature of his soil, and the character of his crop; in this, as in many other points, his practical wisdom must be taxed, to determine discreetly the path of duty where general principles and special ends have to be compared and balanced.

It is, evidently, quite as important that the growing plant shall have roots to penetrate the soil, and abstract its nutritive matter, as it is that the soil should be penetrable; and if the crop is of such a character, and at such a stage of development, that the deep plowing would injure it more by destroying its tender roots than the additional pulverization could atone for, it is clear it would be bad economy, to open up the new treasures of nutriment in the subsoil, by a process that would close the mouths of the plants, and render them incapable of enjoying it. Plants differ much in their character for endurance, some will bear almost any extent of interference, and by promptly throwing out fresh roots, will soon recover all they have lost, if they have thereby secured a wider range in a loose and mellow soil; while others can not be disturbed without serious injury. Witness the facility with which our garden beets and cabbage may be trans-

planted, and the care requisite for the same operation with the cucumber and squash.

As the best general rule that can be devised, let the land be as thoroughly pulverized as possible before the seeds are committed to the soil, that the after cultivation necessary to keep it loose and penetrable may be as light and superficial as circumstances will allow; thus avoiding as far as may be all unnecessary injury to the spreading roots.

If the soil, however, from its compact nature requires to be deeply pulverized during the growth of the plant, let it be done as early as possible before the young roots have spread much into the adjacent furrows. But the ultimate appeal in all cases, which, like this, depend not only upon the nature of the soil and crop, but also much upon the character of the weather, must be submitted to each man's personal judgment and experience.

The third general head into which our subject naturally divides itself is the question of manures. On this interesting and important department we can give but a brief and imperfect outline.

Manuring, like the system of cultivation already considered, must be regulated both by the wants of the soil and the necessities of the plant, improving the physical character and chemical composition of the one and meeting the organic and inorganic demands of the other. When a physician would treat with the best success a case of disease, he must have an accurate knowledge not only of the functions of the human system generally, but special information in regard to the constitutional peculiarities of the patient under treatment, as well as a detailed knowledge of the nature, extent, and locality of the disease. These points being secured, he is prepared to compound his medicines according to their known qualities and apportion his prescriptions as the patient may require. That pa-

tient is the farmer's soil and crop—the different plants he cultivates, his separate subjects of study—the digestive functions, the seat of the disease—the manure appropriate in the case, the remedy to be applied.

Does the farmer then desire to pursue successfully his profession? He must "doctor" his soil. He must carefully consider its physical peculiarities and the extent and nature of its defects in reference to the crop he cultivates. If this be not done, he can not compost his manures with any certain expectation of remedying its deficiencies. Every one must see that definite knowledge can alone suggest definite remedies and lead to definite results.

The composts of the barn-yard may be considered the farmer's best general *tonics*. Those containing most of the salts originally extracted from the soil for the nourishment of the crops upon which his animals have been fed, must, of course, contain valuable nutriment for succeeding crops—valuable in proportion not only as the food upon which the different animals have lived has been rich and nutritious, but especially in proportion as its volatile and soluble elements have been skillfully husbanded by the combined care and science of the industrious farmer. To pursue this branch of the subject through all its practical details, or at all in proportion to its intrinsic importance, would far exceed the limits proposed to ourselves in this discussion. But fortunately, the admitted value of animal manures has already diffused a very general knowledge upon the subject of barn-yard composts, so that a repetition of the processes and the principles involved in them becomes less necessary in this place.

The whole philosophy of the subjects is summed up in the proper use of such chemical agents and absorbents, (sulphuric acid, gypsum, chloride of lime, charcoal, vegetable mould, etc.,) as will effectually prevent the escape of the gaseous manures on the one hand, and such shelter as will ward

off the evaporating heat of the sun and the leaching effects of rain on the other. The last thing which the intelligent practical farmer would do is to expose his valuable stable manure to drenching rains and scorching heat in the open barn-yard, without any provision being made to guard against the entire waste of its volatile gases and soluble salts. The richest animal manures thus left till fully decomposed would be but little better than so much decayed wood or leached ashes. If they must be exposed, let them be mixed and covered with some of those substances suited to retain the ammonia, and let the drainings be secured for future use.

But while it is admitted that stable composts and manures are generally, if not sufficiently appreciated, because of their adaptation to almost every species of plant and every kind of soil, and their existence at little or no cost at the very door of every farmer, still the same admission would not be true, at least to the same extent, of other and more special manures, as lime, gypsum, guano, etc. These, as distinguished from stable manures, which are more general in their action, may be viewed more in the light of specifics—special medicines for special cases—and being therefore more professional, come less within the experience of the great mass of farmers. Their proper and economic use as a class, also, requires more definite knowledge, and hence, in the hands of the inexperienced, more often disappoint the hopes of those who have spent much labor and money too, it may be, to procure and use them. We may supply our land abundantly with lime, and perceive after all our trouble and expense no beneficial result—because our soil may be already sufficiently supplied with that element, or the crop we cultivate may require but little or no lime; or the lime itself may be positively injurious from the excess of magnesia which it contains. We may purchase large quantities of guano and realize none of the pecu-

liariously prompt and efficient action of that justly esteemed commercial manure—because the article, though perhaps a genuine guano, may have had all the soluble ingredients which give to it its forcing power washed out, and but little more left for the use of the plant than its insoluble earthy matters.

Commercial manures should never be purchased without a previous satisfactory chemical examination. What then? Shall the common farmer who is unable to make a chemical analysis either of his soil, his crops, or his manures, abandon these special fertilizers altogether? By no means.

He must avail himself of the skill and knowledge of other men in this as in all other cases of the division of labor. With a little attention he may make for himself a proximate determination of the value of his manures and soils, to serve as a general guide; but an accurate analysis can only be made by the professional chemist; and we hope the day is not far distant when the "consulting agriculturists," whose special profession it is to aid and counsel the practical farmer in all the scientific part of his labors, shall be established and patronized at the South as in other countries where agricultural science is advanced and appreciated.

As an evidence of the results of strictly scientific farming based upon an accurate analysis of the soil, we submit the following illustration. "Prof. Mapes once purchased some land which could not produce corn at all, and by applying only such manures as analysis indicated to be necessary, at a cost of less than \$2 per acre, he obtained the first year over *fifty bushels of shelled corn per acre*. The land has continued to improve, and is as fertile as any in the State. It has produced in one season a sufficient crop of cabbages to pay the expenses of cultivation, and over \$250 per acre besides, though it was apparently worthless when he purchased it." Such facts

need no comment, they vindicate themselves. We have only space for a concise statement of the specific effects of some of our more valued mineral manures to indicate to the practical farmer their uses and value.

Lime may be placed first in the category, both because of the ease with which it can be obtained, and the variety of modes in which it exerts its beneficial action in the soil. For the purpose of nutrition, the artificial application of lime would in most cases be of comparatively little value, since but little of it is really needed in the composition of many plants, and the small quantity required is generally present in the soil. But if your land be sour, the application of lime will, by neutralizing the acid, correct the acidity; if it be supplied with organic matter, the application of lime, by its caustic action, will hasten decomposition, thus preparing nutriment for the plant, and a genial warmth to the soil; if it be stiff and clayey, the application of lime will assist in crumbling and pulverizing it, by uniting with its silica and other elements, thus improving at the same time its mechanical condition, and developing its chemical resources. If ammonia is being generated in it, lime will cause the oxidation of the ammonia into water and nitric acid, which, uniting with the lime, becomes fixed as a valuable manure in the soil. It is by virtue of this last action of lime, that it is useful in compost-heaps, if added before the manure is decomposed; but it should never be applied to decomposed animal matters, as it always expels the ammonia already formed in the heap.

Guano, if of good quality, is perhaps the cheapest form in which the farmer can purchase ammonia, that most valuable of all his manuring agents. Guano, as is well known, is deposited by marine-birds on uninhabited, rocky shores in regions of the earth where it seldom or never rains, or on sea-islands under similar circumstances, and which are never

overflowed by the ocean. If these conditions are fully met, the result is an accumulation of immense deposits of a rich and valuable manure, covering the entire surface from one to ninety feet in thickness, and containing the accumulated treasures of centuries. These deposits are peculiarly rich in soluble ammoniacal salts, and if drenching rains too frequently descend upon them, they of course, like our barn-yard manures, have these most valuable ingredients rapidly leached out, and carried off by the drainage. Our best guano comes from the rainless region of Peru, which lies between the fifth and twentieth degrees of south latitude. Its special value consists in the abundance of its ammoniacal salts, by which it acts as a universal stimulant to all sorts of plants in all kinds of soils. So powerful, however, is the action, that it should always be thoroughly mixed with earth, not only to prevent its contact directly with the tender roots of plants, but also to absorb the ammonia which would rapidly escape under the heating effects of a summer sun. Nearly one-half of good Peruvian guano consists of salts of ammonia, and from one fourth to one fifth of salts of phosphoric acid. Both of these constituents are highly important, so much so that it is a matter of controversy to which of them its qualities as a manure should be most largely ascribed.

To the first is due, unquestionably, its highly stimulating and forcing effects, on account of which guano is specially valuable when mixed with other less active manures. When added to stable composts its ammonia gives to the young germ a more vigorous start by supplying it abundantly with nutriment before the other matters have become sufficiently decomposed to be digested by the tender roots. The start, of course, renders the plant more vigorous, and therefore its vital energies are more able to resist all injuries, either from disease or insects. On the other hand, the phosphates have a more

permanent action, and are required in large quantities by the seeds of all the cereal crops. When judiciously applied, experience has shown that guano will increase thirty per cent the usual yield of grain, beets, and potatoes, while it greatly improves all varieties of field and garden-crops.

The precise time of application, whether before the crop is planted, or at the time of sowing the seeds, or after the plants have come up, is of comparatively little importance provided suitable precautions are taken to prevent the escape of the ammonia, and provided, also, it is applied in time to allow the plants to have free use of it in the early period of their growth.

Gypsum, or plaster of Paris, has also its peculiar and specific action, in many cases of great interest to the farmer. Containing both lime and sulphur, it furnishes in a two-fold form essential elements for the composition of plants. Lime and sulphuric acid are each required to a greater or less extent by all of our field-crops, and the latter is often deficient especially where oats, potatoes, or turnips are cultivated, as these crops extract it from the soil in considerable quantities. But the more common use of gypsum is as an absorbent of ammonia; for this purpose it is valuable when sprinkled around our stables, poultry-houses, and wherever else offensive but useful gases are escaping into the air from decomposing animal substances.

The sulphuric acid of the gypsum, by combining with these gases, not only preserves them as valuable manures for future crops, but at the same time purifies and renders more healthful the surrounding atmosphere. Gypsum, even when scattered upon the open fields, exerts a similar action upon the ammonia which is always present in the air, absorbing and fixing it in the soil for the benefit of the growing plant. Upon chemical principles, a substitute for gypsum, in most of its uses, may be easily manufactured by every farmer out of common lime and

salt, at a cost much less than the usual price of plaster. Take pure fresh lime, and slack it with water thoroughly saturated with common salt, at the rate of three bushels of lime to one of salt. Allow the mixture to remain under shelter ten or twelve days, the longer the better, applying the salt brine at intervals, and stirring the mass till the whole of the brine is absorbed by the slacking process. The work is then done. The lime by its powerful affinity, aided by heat and other chemical actions involved in the process, has decomposed the salt and appropriated its chlorine, forming chloride of lime, while the sodium of the salt thus set free has become oxidized, and uniting with the carbonic acid of the air, is converted into carbonate of soda. Both the chloride of lime and the carbonate of soda thus formed are useful agents in the hands of the practical farmer; but it is the first which specially substitutes for gypsum as an absorbent of fertilizing gases, and may be used in its place successfully in all cases where a disinfecting and absorbing agent is desirable.

As a food for plants, this compound also furnishes to the soil more of the elements that are necessary for vegetable growth than is supplied by the gypsum for which it is substituted, for while the gypsum furnishes only lime and sulphuric acid, the mixture contributes lime, chlorine, and soda.

A brief allusion to a single other example of the many valuable manures which science, aided by the skill of practical men, has brought within the reach of every farmer, must close what we have to say in this connection. We refer to the use of green manures, or the plowing in of green crops for manuring purposes. If antiquity is any evidence of merit, the system of green manuring, as is shown by the writings of Virgil and Xenophon, is entitled to the fullest confidence. And in modern times the distinguished reputation of Flemish farmers throughout

all Europe is due perhaps not more to their judicious rotation of crops, or their skillful and scientific culture of the soil, than to their long combined system of green manuring. The crops most appropriate for this purpose are those which draw their nourishment largely from the atmosphere, among which we may enumerate clover, peas, turnips, etc. The proper time for plowing them under is just at the period of blooming, as they then contain most nitrogenous matter in their composition.

The benefits accruing from this system may be concisely summed up as follows: 1. The green manure while growing shades the ground. 2. When plowed under, it furnishes on the surface the inorganic salts brought up from below by long tap-roots. 3. It increases the fertility of the land by contributing organic substances derived from the air. 4. It furnishes its valuable manures on the spot without the expense and trouble of hauling. 5. It loosens and mellows the soil by being incorporated with it. 6. It warms the soil by its decomposition.

Thus we have submitted rather a meagre synopsis than a full discussion of some of the more interesting practical matters connected with the farm and its interests. And, now, in conclusion, may we not fairly reckon also, among the practical results which have followed from the connection of agricultural science with agricultural art, its religious bearings, the insight which it gives into the wisdom, power, and goodness of God?

The farmer, in the legitimate pursuit of his calling, is necessarily a student of nature, being brought into daily contract with the works and ways of the great Creator; and as he watches the revolutions of organic matter from life to death, and from death back to life again, he can but see that

and in no pantheistic sense either; for everywhere are found the proofs of design. Germination, growth, maturity, decay, and back into germination form the links of an endless chain—a connected whole—parts of a single plan—the offspring of a single mind. If he communes with inorganic matter, and through the medium of his science, interrogates the minutest atoms of the earth, he finds them also only agents of the great Architect—ministers of his that do his pleasure, having each his appropriate office work in the one universal scheme of the one universal Mind.

Examine one of these dumb-mutes of nature. Summon it to your presence it is an atom of oxygen. By experiment and observation inquire its mission; even while you speak, it vitalizes the breath you draw. Watch it; though it has no voice, by a mute but eloquent and impressive pantomime, it tells of a thousand offices it has been commissioned to fulfill in the name of the Master. Here with noiseless tread it acts as scavenger, consuming and removing by the slow process of decay the loathsome carcasses of the earth from the sight of man; there on rapid wing it seizes the pestilential vapors of the atmosphere and converts them into healthful air. Here it grapples with the sluggish particles of carbon, seizing and hurrying them away to their appointed place in the framework of some giant oak; and anon it touches with a lovelier hue the delicate petals of some tiny flower, or kindles with a richer glow the blood that mantles the cheek of beauty. Everywhere it points to a God of love and mercy—a God over all, through all, and in all. Such are the daily lessons of nature. Such is the daily pursuit of the farmer.

PROF. J. R. B.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"

CHAT AND CLIPPINGS.

WE have heard of persons falling in love with one another at first sight ; of a passion kindled up by the sight of photographs mutually exchanged, without the sight of the person ; and of engagements entered into, not from a view of any charms of the outward form, but from an acquaintance with the mind and heart obtained through friends, and by correspondence in writing.

But who in modern times, even among the writers of romances, ever dreamed of parties becoming mutually enamored of each other by the views they had in dreams ? There is, however, a singular story to this effect which has come down from antiquity.

As the legend goes, a King of Scythia, by the name of Omartes, had a daughter by the name of Odatis, the only one. She and the king of the country above the Black Sea, between the river Don and the Caspian Sea, "fell mutually in love from the sight of one another's image in a dream. But Omartes, her father, having no son, wished her to marry one of his own relatives or near friends. He therefore summoned them all to a banquet, at which he desired Odatis to fill a cup with wine, and give it to whomsoever she

chose for her husband. Meanwhile, however, Zariadres (the king who had fallen in love with her) had received notice from her of her father's intentions, and, being engaged in a military expedition near the banks of the Don, he set out with only one attendant ; and having traveled eight hundred stadia, (one hundred miles,) arrived in the banquet-hall of Omartes, disguised in a Scythian dress, just as Odatis, reluctantly and in tears, was mixing the wine at the board where the goblets stood. Advancing close to her side, he whispered, 'Odatis, I am here at thy desire, I, Zariadres.' Looking up she recognized with joy the beautiful youth of her dream, and placed the cup in his hands. Immediately he seized and bore her off to his chariot ; and so the lovers escaped, favored by the sympathizing attendants of the palace, who, when Omartes ordered them to pursue the fugitives, professed ignorance of the way they had taken."

It is singular that this story, so popular of old in Asia, has not been worked over by some of our novelists. It is found in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS OF CATO THE ELDER.

Popilius, as general, held a province where Cato's son served in his army. It happened that Popilius thought proper to disband one legion ; he dismissed, at the same time, Cato's son, who was serving in that legion. When, however, through love of a military life, he remained in the army, his father wrote to Popilius, that if he suffered him to continue in the service he should, for a second time, bind him by the military oath ; because the obligation of the former having been annulled, he could not lawfully fight

with the enemy. So very strict was their observance of laws in making war. There is extant a letter of old Cato to his son on this occasion, in which he writes, that he heard he had got his discharge from the consul, while he was serving as a soldier in Macedonia, during the war with Perseus. He therefore enjoins him to take care not to enter upon action ; for he declares that it is not lawful for a man who is not a soldier to fight with an enemy.—*Cicero*.

MONOPOLY AND SLAVERY.

There is a closer connection between freedom of trade and freedom of institutions than is generally imagined; every protected interest exists at the expense of all the other classes of the community, and being based on injustice, must connive at injustice in others. Prospective loss, however great, is constantly hazarded by the ignorant and unthinking for

immediate gain, however small. And it was this selfish policy which enabled the Austrian line of Spanish monarchs to overthrow the ancient constitution of the country, and to render Spain a memorable example of the great truth that a land of monopoly soon becomes a land of slavery, and eventually a land of misery.—*Taylor's Manual of History.*

BALTIMORE.

We of the South can not feel too grateful to this noble city for her kindness to our prisoners during the war, for her princely charities to our sufferers all over the South, not exhibited merely in the Great Fair, which raised \$100,000 for their relief, but also in thousands of acts of private beneficence known only to the individuals relieved by it. We subjoin an article which shows that our cotemporaries as well as ourselves feel that grateful acknowledgments are due to those who have been "friends in need." Now the gratitude of words may be a very beautiful thing, but that of deeds is much more lovely. We trust soon to be able to show how our appreciation of disinterested goodness may be exhibited in a more substantial manner.

"BALTIMORE.—Baltimore will ever be enshrined in the memories and affections of the Southern people. That city and its people have sympathized with us in prosperity and adversity. And now in the hour of our poverty and suffering they have not forgotten us. Theirs has been love without reward, kindness without recompense, save in our eternal gratitude.

"The plan lately put on foot by hundreds, nay thousands of the noble men and women of Baltimore, to hold a great fair or bazaar in their city shortly after Easter, for the benefit of the suffering and poverty-stricken

people of the South, is a noble evidence of the love and charity of Baltimore. Speaking for our people, we find a difficulty in expressing all we feel, when we contemplate this touching example of sublime charity, so nobly displayed by the people of Baltimore.

"This is no ordinary fair which they are inaugurating, but it is a gigantic effort of humanity and love; it is the substantial utterance of great-souled men and noble-hearted women who have heard the cry of distress which has gone up from our people, and having heard it, responded in *acts* and not in *words*. We shall not forget it. It finds a grateful echo in our breasts and cheers us by its tones even as the voice of a loved friend brings consolation to the house of grief and suffering.

"In the bleak moral desert of this cold and selfish world, Baltimore greets us with an oasis of love and compassion. God bless her lovely women and whole-souled men! Already are their names and memories dear and sacred to many of our sons and brothers, who once languished and pined in prison. The deed of holy charity with which they now crown themselves will fill the measure of their fame, and cause their memories to shine with celestial light. The aid which they shall render to our suffering people, will send a ray of happiness to many a darkened household, whose inmates, fed and

clothed by the beautiful charity of pray for her people."—*Richmond Baltimore, will bless her name and Times.*

EXAMPLE FROM SPANISH HISTORY.

The Hon. Charles E. A. Gayarré, the author of the History of Louisiana, and himself a descendant of the historical family of that State, has contributed to De Bow's Review the annexed beautiful story from Spanish history. There is probably no one on this continent more familiar with Spanish literature than is Mr. Gayarré:

"Some centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. We forget their names for the present; but to facilitate the telling of my story, we shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper and a rebel, and John returned the compliment. Well, John at last defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried every thing triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town, which Alfonso had intrusted to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and which, after a long siege, still remained impregnable.

"'You have done enough for honor,' said King John one day to the knight, 'surrender and you shall have the most liberal terms.' 'If you had read the history of your country,' answered Aguilar, 'you would have known that none of my race ever capitulated.' 'I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool.' 'Starve the eagle, if you can.' 'I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword.' 'Try,' was the laconic reply, and the siege went on.

"One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the beleaguered city, a parley sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the king below. 'Surrender,' said John again. 'My rival, Alfonso, is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway, as that

of its legitimate sovereign.' 'Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master.' 'Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies. You have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way; nor against the city in your absence.' The knight came out with banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks, and as he passed along, slowly riding his noble war-horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host who had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume which waved in his helmet was out of sight.

"He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the Cathedral, where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: 'Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to any body but yourself the keys of the town, which you had intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath.' And he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso. Then, bestriding his good steed, he galloped back to his post. As soon as he approached, again the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. 'Well,' said the King, 'are you satisfied, and do you now give up the contest?' 'Yes, Sire.' 'Where are the keys of the town?' 'On King Alfonso's breast. Go and get them. We meet no more.' 'By heaven! we shall never part,' exclaimed the king; 'get the keys back yourself and remain in command of the town in my name.' The followers of the king murmured, and complained of his rewarding a

rebel. 'He is no longer one,' said those men who have fought to the King John; 'such rebels, when won, last for the cause which they loved, become the best subjects.' and which claimed their fidelity.

"Had we the honor," said Mr. Garryré, "of approaching the President, Trust those rebels who come to you with clean hands, and after having we would take the liberty of saying deposited the keys of their loyalty to him: Follow this example, respected sir. Trust, without fear, Confederacy."

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

We don't know who wrote the lines below, but we regard them as beautiful as they are true.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell;
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.
But days flew by, weeks became years,
Our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare, the treasury 'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.
But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it—it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest and born of the angel hope,
Like our hope of success, IT PASSED.

RICHMOND, VA., June, 1865.

S. A. J.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III.

JULY, 1866.

VOL. I.

Henry
THE LAND WE LOVE.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL D. H. HILL.

THE land we love—a queen of lands,
No prouder one the world has known,
Though now uncrowned, upon her throne *m*
She sits with fetters on her hands.

True royalty is sterling worth,
And noble deeds the right divine ;
Her empire sways from clime to clime
Wherever manly thought has birth !

And through all coming ages sure
Her honor, founded on the rock
Of truth, shall grandly bear the shock
Of malice, and undimmed endure.

Man did not conquer her, but God,
For some wise purpose of his own,
Withdrew his arm ; she, left alone,
Sank down resistless 'neath his rod.

God chastens most whom he loves best,
And scourges whom he will receive ;
The land we love may cease to grieve,
And on his gracious promise rest !

Nestling her children to her side,
She fought to make those children free ;
And when, by heaven's supreme decree,
Her last fond hope of freedom died,

She nobly yielded to its might,
Gasping amid her fiercest pain :
“ God's way !—and he will make it plain—
“ His evening-time will bring us light !”

Four years to battle for the right,
And warfare with the world sustain;
Yet on her 'seuteheon not one stain—
No blot upon her banner white!

Land that we love—O Southern land!
(Far dearer to thy children now
With desolation on thy brow,
Than when at thy supreme command

Thy hosts embattled, and the stream
Of triumph rolled its purple tide
Throughout thy golden borders wide,
And bathed thee with a rainbow gleam,)

Though howling waves around thee toss,
Rest calm in thine exalted strength,
Sublime though ruined, till at length,
The crown of heaven replacae thy cross!

FANNY DOWNING.

CHARLOTTE, June 7, 1866.

THE MINERALS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

HITHERTO, almost the whole capital and enterprise of North-Carolina have been devoted to agriculture. Whether this policy were more conducive to the highest prosperity of a state than a diversity of occupations among her people, was a question often discussed by her more intelligent and thoughtful citizens. That it was not necessary nor natural, was evident to any one who considered for a moment the great variety and extent of her resources. But whether wise or not in the former relations of capital and labor, it is apparent to all that under the changed condition of affairs, the old *status* can no longer continue. We enter upon a new era, wherein there is to be, in our work, less routine, less hereditaryness, less uniformity, and more individuality, more novelty, more originality, and consequently more variety. Under the strong impulsion of necessity, we shall take hold of any means and every means which a bountiful Providence has placed at our hands for supplying our wants, bettering our condition, and repairing our shattered fortunes. We must diligently "interrogate Nature;" and if our soil is capable of higher fertility and of more varied and more valuable products, it must be put under severer contribution; if there are other and better markets, we must make a way to reach them; if our forests yield timber of value in the arts and manufactures of foreign nations, we must find and prepare it, and give it to commerce; if our climate is adapted to the cultivation of the vine and the development of new industries, we must by no means lose the opportunity; if our table-lands and elevated mountain slopes can be turned to a valuable account in cattle-raising and wool-growing, we must no longer neglect so promising a source of wealth and prosperity; if our numerous rivers, in their extended courses from the mountains to the sea, can be made to manufacture the crude products of our fields, forests, flocks and mines into more valuable merchandise, and then to transport them to the world's markets, then must they no longer be allowed to

mock and taunt us with their indolent roar and idle murmur; if the rock-ribbed earth itself, in the crags of the mountains, the ledges of the hills, or the beds of the plains, can furnish from their quarries material for the architect or the sculptor, or for any of the thousand and one arts of use or ornament of modern civilized life, or if there be "a vein for silver," or "dust of gold," or if Nature has laid up for us, in her ample store-house, accumulations of the more useful minerals, as coal, iron, etc., no labor or difficulty must deter us from exhuming these treasures. And doubtless, in our eager search and narrow scrutiny of all the feasibilities and possibilities of our new situation, we shall discover new and hitherto unsuspected sources of prosperity and of wealth within our borders. So that, wide as is the desolation "on all sides round," irreparable as are the losses, and heavy the calamities which have overtaken us, we can already begin to discern how it may turn out that the overthrow of our cherished systems and modes has not been wholly an evil, even in the material aspect of it and leaving out of view the higher "uses of adversity," and the moral meaning and intentment of such providential chastenings.

It is safe to assume that the people of North-Carolina, with their accustomed sound judgment and practical good sense, will have accepted the inevitable as the decree of Providence, and will at once go about to adapt themselves to the new conditions and address themselves to the new tasks before them. In order to do this intelligently and successfully, one of the first things necessary to be done is to take a survey of our means and resources. As a contribution toward this end, we propose a brief review of the *minerals* of North-Carolina. We shall avoid technicalities as far as practicable.

A statement of some general principles, and a few observations on the leading geological features of the country, will make the subject more

intelligible. The position and general arrangement and condition of the rocks of a region have always an intimate dependence on its mountain systems. The strike, or direction of out-crop, and the dip of the strata, may generally be predicted as soon as the direction of the dominant mountain range is ascertained. Thus the different beds of rock on the eastern side of our continent fall into parallelism with the axis of upheaval of the Apalachian system. The general direction of the Blue Ridge, therefore, gives us the geological meridian to which all the rocks of North-Carolina must be referred. This direction is nearly north-east and south-west. Every one has noticed that the edges of the outcropping strata, and in general the trap dykes and mineral veins, take this direction predominantly in our latitude. The beds of slate, limestone, gneiss, etc., follow each other in regular succession, all trending away to the north-east. So that in passing from the sea-coast to the mountains, we cross successively in our track the upturned edges of the whole series. Thus we have the clue to the distribution and arrangement of the rocks in mass. In the study of the metalliferous minerals, it is important to bear in mind two leading facts: first, that they are found, especially the precious metals, chiefly on the flanks of mountains and in tracts marked by disturbance and upheaval, in the vicinity of trap dykes and other eruptive rocks, and at the intersections of these with slates; and second, that their occurrence is mostly limited to the oldest formations, the primary and lower secondary.

The rocks of North-Carolina belong to this lowest horizon, being wholly included, with the unimportant exception of the coal-fields, in the primary group. *So that we are prepared for the statement that there is hardly to be found a territory of the same extent with so great a variety of valuable minerals.*

In the treatment of this subject

it will be sufficiently precise for our purpose to divide the useful minerals into two classes, namely, the metalliferous ores, which occur mostly in veins, as gold, copper, etc., and earthy minerals and rocks, which are found mostly in beds, as coal, limestone, etc.

Under the first division occur gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, and tungsten, and here, for convenience, may be added the diamond; and under the second may be mentioned, as occurring in this State under such circumstances as render them economically valuable, coal, limestone, marble, architectural granite, sandstone, porphyry, fire-stone, buhr-stone, grind-stone, grit, whet-stone, slate, roofing-slate, alum and copperas slate, soap-stone, serpentine, agalmatolite, fireclay, graphite, garnet, barytes, manganese, kerosene oil slates, and chromate of iron.

The second division being most important, will first claim attention; and first among these, coal. The value of this mineral is too well known to require statement even. The development of all other arts and industries is connected directly with its abundance and cheapness. It is found in two districts in North-Carolina, known as the Deep River and Dan River coal-fields. In both, the coal is bituminous, and occupies a narrow tract of country along the course of the rivers from which they respectively take their names. These beds, therefore, follow in their outcrop the general direction of the rocks of the country. The Dan River bed is distant from market, and has been little explored. There is an outcrop in Rockingham and Stokes counties, one seam being four feet thick. The Deep River bed is better known and probably more extensive. It is described in detail in the Geological Reports of Dr. Emmons for 1852 and 1856, and also by Admiral Wilkes, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy in 1859. According to these authorities, this coal is of the best quality, well adapted to the manufacture of iron and gas, and is in-

exhaustible in quantity. They represent it as extending over an area of more than 40 square miles, and containing more than 6,000,000 tons in each mile. This bed, therefore, would yield 1,000,000 tons annually for several hundred years.

These North-Carolina coal-fields are cotemporaneous with those of Virginia, and belong to an age more recent than the Apalachian coal formation, which ranges from Pennsylvania to Alabama. They belong to the later ages of the secondary. The bituminous slates associated with the coal are strongly impregnated with organic products. Dr. Emmons says: "From 30 to 40 gallons of crude kerosene oil exist in every ton of these slates. They are from 50 to 70 feet thick, and it is proper to state that it is a better oil than is furnished from coal."

The coal lies in a trough-like depression, which extends from Granville county in a south-west direction into South-Carolina. This tract is occupied in its whole length by a heavy body of sandstones of the same age with the coal. They are identical in appearance, quality, and age with the brown stone of Connecticut valley, which is so extensively used as a building stone in New-York and elsewhere. These sandstones are also extensively quarried for grindstones, for which they are well adapted.

Beds of fireclay, also, are interstratified with the coal. This mineral is found in various parts of the State, conspicuously in Gaston county.

There are five or six parallel belts of sandstone and quartzite, belonging to the older rocks, which traverse the State in the prevailing direction, and in which are found various grades of building-stones, fire-stones, and grindstones. According to Dr. Emmons, one of these passes to the eastward of Raleigh, another a few miles to the westward, and a third crosses the counties Montgomery, Randolph, and Orange. The well-known fire-stones of Gaston, Lincoln,

and Catawba, occur in the fourth belt which crops out along the line of upheaval of King's Mountain, Crowder's Mountain, and Little Mountain. This rock in places assumes the character of white granular quartz (saccharoidal quartz of the mineralogist) and attains sufficient purity to be used in the manufacture of glass. Linville Mountain, in McDowell county, at the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, is chiefly made up of the same rock. Here is found the flexible sandstone (Itacolumite of the mineralogist) in which the diamond occurs in other parts of the world. The Nautehaleh Mountain, in Macon and Cherokee repose upon an immense development of a similar rock, and doubtless belonging to the same formation.

Above the sandstone of this group, in at least three of the belts described, lies a bed of limestone; along the Catawba, at the base of the Blue Ridge, and of the Nautehaleh. This limestone in some localities reaches the purity and structure of marble. Specimens equal to the best Italian are brought from the Nautehaleh. This association of limestone in the west renders its occurrence probable in the same rocks in the eastern localities. And Dr. Emmons reported having discovered symptoms of its presence in Montgomery and Randolph. The limestone along the north-west border of Wake probably belongs to this series.

Agalmatolite constitutes another member of this sandstone group in at least two of the zones, being found in this connection in Montgomery and Chatham, as well as on the Nautehaleh river. This rock is misnamed soapstone, which it resembles in some of its properties and uses. It is developed on a very large scale, and in no part of the world is it found in greater purity or extent. Its uses in the arts are manifold, being substituted for graphite in lubrication, and for soapstone in furnaces, prepared as a cosmetic and a pigment, and manufactured into soap, into ornaments, and

the finer kinds of porcelain ware. It has been exported for this latter purpose in large quantities to New-York and to Germany.

Here also belong the famous graphite or plumbago beds of Wake county, being found immediately under the sandstone. It occurs likewise in the same connection in the Catawba belt and scattered through several counties westward. The uses of this mineral are well known and important, the principal of which are, for the so-called lead pencils, for crucibles, for paint, for lubrication and for electrotypy. The Wake county mines have been worked to a considerable extent, and will no doubt be reopened. These are the most extensive beds of this mineral known.

The quartz rock of this group in Montgomery takes the form of a buhrstone, which is supposed to be valuable for the manufacture of millstones.

Soapstone and serpentine of good quality are found in various parts of the State, for example, in Wake, Moore, Orange, Randolph, Mecklenburg and Cadwell, and west of the Blue Ridge there is a remarkable dyke of serpentine traversing the State from Jackson to Mitchell, which carries a great variety of minerals interesting to the mineralogist, and one at least that might become valuable economically. Here is one of the few veins of chromate of iron found in the United States. This mineral yields a larger number of valuable paints than any other substance known.

In close proximity to this serpentine dyke appears in Yancey county, a large body of massive garnet, which might be turned to good account in the manufacture of emery.

The slate formation, which occupies a tract of the State not less than 40 miles in width, lies west of the coal-rocks of Deep river, and extends in a north-east direction from Anson and Union counties on the southern border to the Virginia line. These slates constitute a notable feature in the geology of the

State, and in addition to the interest which attaches to the numerous mines along the south-western border, they contain extensive beds of roofing-slates, whetstone slates, and turkey hones, (novaculite.) Scythe-stones are also found on the Nautchalch, of good quality and in great abundance.

Alum and copperas slates abound in many parts of the State, and have been extensively brought into requisition during the stress of the war. The counties of Cleveland andutherford alone contain not less than 100 square miles of these rocks, and could easily supply the continent with copperas. This material is derived, by the process of weathering, from the iron pyrites, which is disseminated in great abundance, and in a state of extreme comminution through the slates, many of which, being feldspathic, yield also alum.

The pyritous character of these rocks accounts also for the numerous mineral springs, sulphur and chalybeate, for which this region is noted. Among these, Wilson's Springs are the best known. They belong to both the white and red sulphur waters, as they are called, and have no superior in Virginia or elsewhere. Mineral waters are not limited to this region, however. No section of the State is destitute of them, and in the mountains they are found everywhere.

Barytes occurs in Orange, in the mines of Cabanus and in Gaston; and manganese also, in Cabanus and Gaston, as well as in Lincoln, Catawba, and elsewhere.

It might be inferred from what has been said, and perhaps still more from what has not been said, in reference to the distribution of minerals in the State, that the tertiary or seaboard region is entirely destitute of mineral wealth. But nature distributes her gifts with a more equal hand. I doubt whether an intelligent Edgecombe farmer would exchange his marl-beds for the coal of Chatham, or all the mines of the west. And perhaps he is right. He has at least one import-

ant advantage, that his profits from that source are immediate and certain, and his outlay almost nothing. This valuable material is liberally scattered over most of the seacoast section of the State, and is found in every degree of purity and of consolidation, from a mere aggregation of loose shells to the most compact limestone, suitable for building or for burning into lime. The famous Bath stone of London is matched by some of these beds. The marl is generally found near the surface and easily accessible. The importance of these accumulations of mineral manure to the agriculture of the State is only beginning to be appreciated. Our farmers are only beginning to understand the essential part which lime plays in the economy of vegetable growth, and its important relations to exhausted soils.

We pass to the other division of minerals, the metalliferous ores.

To the unpracticed eye, nothing presents a picture of more hopeless disorder and chaos than the rocks, particularly in a region of great disturbance, as in a mountainous country. Here seems truly "a land of darkness, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." And yet, at the touch of science, order rises out of this confusion and light spreads over this darkness. In a region of the wildest riot of disorder, dislocation, disturbance, and inversion, under the patient and inevitable inductions of geology, the upheaved, overturned, and distorted strata fall into rank and regularity along certain axes and group themselves orderly about certain centres. As the sandstones, limestones, etc., of the previous division were found to acknowledge certain relationships *inter se*, and toward a controlling geological meridian, so it will appear that the metalliferous ores are not scattered at random and as if by chance, (even within the limitations already stated, of a disturbed area and a low geological horizon,) but have a subordinate grouping and a palpable arrangement.

And first, of iron, king of metals;

so, because it constitutes the very frame-work, as it were, of our material civilization, without which the whole fabric would vanish like the fabled ship on approaching the magnetic mountain.

North-Carolina is peculiarly fortunate in the possession of an abundance of the best ores, and so widely distributed and in so immediate juxtaposition with the other materials and means for smelting it, that each section, except the sea-board counties, can produce its own supply. These ores occupy three or four narrow tracts or districts, having indeed an obvious relation to the mineral belts already pointed out. This relation is most obvious and most immediate in the trans-Catawba tract, being found in heavy veins along the outcrop of the sandstone from King's Mountain through Gaston, Lincoln, and Catawba to Stokes, Davie, and Surry. A second belt extends through Montgomery, Randolph, and Guilford. A third has its largest development in Chatham in the neighborhood of the coal, but makes its appearance also in Johnson and Orange. In the coal-beds themselves, according to the high authorities already cited, exists an important deposit of ore interstratified with the coal. West of the Blue Ridge, and not far from the sandstone belt, is one of the most valuable accumulations of iron ore to be found in the country. It has been long famous for the fine quality of the metal which it yields. The ore lies at the base of the Yellow Mountain in Mitchell county. It will doubtless be found elsewhere in the further investigation of the minerals of this almost unexplored mountain region. The ore is found at several points outside of these well-marked districts. It belongs commonly to the variety known as magnetic. To this, however, there are many exceptions. Specular or hæmatite ore often replaces it, or is associated with it. The ore at several of the points mentioned is well adapted to the manufacture of steel. The manufacture

of iron had attained to considerable importance in the State previously to the late war, during which, of course, this industry received a great impetus. And when our system of internal improvements shall have been completed, this will doubtless become one of the most important manufactures in the State.

Gold-mining commenced in North-Carolina about fifty years ago. The first impulse was given to the business by the accidental discovery of some large nuggets in Cabanus and Anson counties. Previously to the year 1820 not more than \$50,000 had been obtained. In 1860 the aggregate yield was not less than \$10,000,000; which would make an average annual yield of \$250,000. The larger part of this was obtained from a small area comprising about half a dozen counties, lying chiefly along the Peedee and Lower Catawba, but extending north-east from Meckleburg and Anson to Guilford. Here, as elsewhere, the first mining was confined to "surface diggings." And in 1824, Professor Olmsted of the University, then State Geologist, expressed doubts about the existence of gold-veins in that region. In California, Australia, along the Andes and the Ural—everywhere, in ancient and modern times, these superficial deposits have been the chief source of the precious metal, and have been generally more remunerative than vein-mines. And it is in this detritus of sand, gravel and clay, that all the large masses of gold have been found. They never occur in veins, although these detrital accumulations are doubtless the debris of denuded veins. In North-Carolina, however, vein-mining soon obtained great prominence; and the larger part of the whole product in this State has been derived from this source. Some single mines in the gold region have yielded from one to two millions. And if these mines have not been uniformly profitable, it is because they have been generally wrought with little science or economy. *Overman, in his work on Metallurgy, has*

recorded his conviction that these mines, under proper management, would be more profitable than those of California.

Although the mines are more numerous and important in the region indicated, yet they are by no means restricted to so narrow a district. Many valuable mines occur far outside of this "gold region," as in Moore and Franklin on the east, and in Gaston, Catawba, Burke, and as far west as Cherokee. The vein-gold of this State is usually found in a gangue of quartz, or disseminated in a slaty veinstone; and it is commonly associated with iron and copper pyrites. This association almost universally prevails below the water-level. These mines, therefore, are of the same character as those of California and Colorado, and the new methods which have been devised during the last few years to meet the difficulty of working this class of ores will doubtless be found applicable here.

It will be observed that the richest gold mines lie along and near the line of contact of the slate and granite. And it is also along this line that the only silver mines of this State are found. The most noted of these is at Silver Hill, in Davidson county. The combination of metals here is quite complex—including with the silver, gold, lead, copper and zinc. A chain of similar mines runs south-west along the western border of the slates, including the McMakin and Stewart mines. During the war the first-named of these mines yielded a considerable quantity of lead. It had been previously worked chiefly for silver and gold.

Lead has not been found in quantities to justify operation elsewhere in the State, although its existence has been ascertained in several localities in the mountain region, as in McDowell and Cherokee. Both the silver and lead of North-Carolina are found, mostly in combination with sulphur, in Galena. Zinc is not known to occur in the State, ex-

cept in the above-named association and localities.

Copper has been long known as an accompaniment of gold in most of the mines of that metal, especially in those which occur within the belt of granite bordering the slates on the west. Many of these, which were originally operated as gold mines were abandoned on account of the increase of copper pyrites with the depth; and it is only within a few years that several of them have been reopened as copper mines. A considerable quantity of this ore has been exported, chiefly from the mines of Guilford. And as it is a well-established fact that copper veins improve downward, and as these veins abound in the gold region, and have been recently found also of a very promising character in Ashe county, and are known to extend in a well-marked belt of copper-bearing rocks through several of the north-western counties, as far at least as Jackson, there is every probability that copper-mining will be developed into an important interest. The mountain region has been little explored, the geological survey having been carried only to the Catawba, but it will undoubtedly be found to be one of the richest mineral sections of the State, as it is already one of the most interesting and attractive on account of its great agricultural capabilities, the salubrity of its climate, and the grandeur and variety of its scenery, containing, as it does the most elevated table-lands and loftiest mountain ranges to be found in the Atlantic States.

Tungsten, a metal which was long merely a chemical curiosity, but has recently assumed a high value, particularly on account of its relation to the manufacture of steel, occurs in Cabanus.

Several valuable diamonds have been found in the trans-Catawba country, in Lincoln and Rutherford counties.

From this very rapid survey of the minerals of North-Carolina, several

facts worthy of note are evident: first, that, though widely distributed, they are not scattered at random, but follow a certain order of grouping and association; so that the probability of the occurrence of a given mineral in any particular locality can be approximately ascertained before examination. So that when the iron men over in Gaston and Lincoln inquire, as they often do, whether they might not find coal by digging down in the neighborhood of some of the black slates of that section, they are at once answered, those slates are blackened by graphite or manganese, and no coal will ever be found in rocks of that age. And when it is asked whether limestone might not be found in a certain section, the answer will be easy, as soon as it is known what kinds of rocks prevail, and whether any of the usual associates of that mineral appear. And so of other such inquiries. Again, it is evident that this State is abundantly supplied with the more important and valuable minerals, those which are essential to the permanent and successful development of agriculture and manufactures. Among these must be always first named iron, coal, and lime. Of the first two it has been seen that there is the greatest profusion. Of lime, however, it may be supposed that there is a deficiency. It is true, we have no such immense territory of limestone as is found in some other States; and yet, upon consideration, it will be apparent that nature has provided an abundant store for all possible needs. The

tertiary region in the east finds an ample supply for the purposes of agriculture and of architecture in its widely diffused beds of marl. And although the farmer of the middle and western sections may not always find an imperative need of this fertilizer, his soils being frequently derived by disintegration from rocks which contain a considerable percentage of lime, yet, since the breadth of the State is traversed at comparatively short intervals by a number of outcrops of limestone, which are crossed almost at right angles by our rivers and many of our railroads, it is thus brought within convenient reach of almost every neighborhood. Nature has denied us only two of the more important mineral deposits, salt and gypsum, (and they may yet be discovered in the sandstone of the coal.) But of these two there is an unlimited store just across our borders, within easy reach, by a short line of railway, of our network of proposed and completed railroads and of our rivers.

Taking, then, in one view our resources of iron, coal, and lime, of gold and copper, and the great variety of other minerals of subordinate but real and increasing value, it is sufficiently apparent that our State has here the foundation of indefinite wealth and prosperity; and that there is wanting to these ends only a vigorous prosecution of our system of internal improvements on the part of our Legislature, and intelligence, industry, and enterprise on that of our citizens.

Pritchard

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR 1864.

[EXTRACT.]

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,

en route to E. T.,

March 15, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS:

SIR: The proposition to unite the army of General Johnston, with my force, at Maryville, East-Tennessee, for the purpose of moving into Middle Tennessee, *via* Sparta, may, in its execution, force the enemy to withdraw from his present position and concentrate near Nashville in order to meet us. If he should not fight there, we might force him still further back by moving into Kentucky. If he should fight us, our forces ought to win a glorious victory.

I apprehend, however, some difficulty in making the move so as to effect a junction in good time.

The two armies are about two hundred miles apart, with the enemy occupying all of the intermediate country. As soon as we begin to move, the enemy must discover it. He occupying the railroad between us, will have great facilities for concentrating against either of our armies, and might so cripple the one that he encounters, as to prevent the junction, and thus break up the campaign; and we should assume that he will do this. As there are no supplies in the country through which our armies must pass, before concentration, the enemy might depend upon delaying us by occupying the mountain passes until our supplies are consumed, and force us to retreat in that way. The armies would be obliged to haul ordnance stores, forage, subsistence, etc., etc., in sufficient quantities to supply their wants from the moment of their setting out upon the campaign, without the surety of finding supplies at Sparta. That is, in sufficient quantities to supply a large army.

It occurs to me that a better plan for making a campaign into Middle Tennessee, would be to reënforce

General Johnston, in his present position, by throwing the Mississippi troops and those from General Beauregard's department and my own to that point.

The shortest practical route by which I could join him would be over the mountains, about two hundred miles; which at this season of the year may be attended with considerable delays by the mountain streams. It would probably be better, therefore, to choose a quicker route, and march from East-Tennessee to Greenville, South-Carolina, and move by rail thence to Atlanta, and march up from Atlanta. As there are two lines of railway to Atlanta, I have assumed that one of these may be used for the speedy transportation of the troops, whilst the other is used in supplying provisions, etc., etc.

This move may be made, if it is begun very soon, in time to enable us to take the initiative in the approaching campaign.

Our strongest and most effective move, however, would be into Kentucky through Pound Gap. This can be done by moving General Beauregard's army *via* Greenville, South-Carolina, to march through Pound Gap, and unite with my forces, marching also by Pound Gap, into Kentucky.

General Beauregard could collect his transportation and supplies at Greenville for the purpose, ostensibly, of supplying my army, which could be advertised as about to march by that route to join General Johnston. Having every thing in readiness, General Beauregard could throw his troops up to Greenville by rail, and at once take up the line of march for Kentucky; I moving at the same moment from Abingdon, Virginia. The movement would then be so completely masked that our own people would not suspect it before we were well on the march for

Kentucky. If General Beauregard could march from Morganton, North-Carolina, instead of Greenville or Spartanburg, South-Carolina, there would be about sixty miles less of marching, than by making either of the other places the starting-point.

The move itself may not surprise the enemy, but the strength of it would, and we should in all probability encounter a force of his, which could not stand before us.

If the enemy be obliged to abandon his present position, by this move, he must give up nearly if not all of Tennessee below the Cumberland.

This of itself will be equal to a victory for us.

If he moves his entire force back, for the purpose of meeting General Beauregard, he, if he sees fit, may avoid him, and our armies, under Generals Johnston and Beauregard, can unite in Tennessee and thence advance into Kentucky. Or if we only hold Tennessee without a fight, we shall have accomplished a great moral advantage. There can scarcely be a doubt, however, but that we shall be able to advance into Kentucky and hold that State, if we are once united.

I presume that nearly all of General Beauregard's troops may be spared from his department by drawing off General Loring's division from Mississippi, and General Maury's from Mobile, and replacing the troops drawn from General Beauregard's department by one of these divisions; placing the other at Atlanta, to reinforce Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or Dalton. This last position would only be necessary as a temporary precaution, as the enemy will be entirely occupied by the move into Kentucky, as soon as he begins to feel us in his rear. We should thus leave our own positions as securely covered as they now are, and at the same time have an opportunity to strike a vital blow at the enemy's. The move can be made sooner than any other, promises greater results, and is less complicated. It secures to us the means of getting provisions

for our troops, and if entirely successful will end the war. The objection to it is, that there may be some difficulty in uniting the two armies under Generals Johnston and Beauregard; but it is more probable that they would be able to unite, when the enemy is in motion and occupied in looking after his line of communication, than the armies in Georgia and East-Tennessee would be with the enemy lying at his ease and watching them.

It would not be necessary for General Johnston to pursue the enemy with his entire army.

He could put the cavalry under Generals S. D. Lee, Forrest, Roddy, and Wheeler, upon the enemy's rear, and thus damage him so seriously that he would hardly be able to give us battle in Kentucky immediately after his arrival there.

If he should fall upon General Beauregard, we could relieve him without danger of great damage, and afterward join General Johnston.

My troops can start upon this or any other campaign in three days' notice. General Beauregard could not prepare for it sooner than the 1st April. If we can put our troops in motion by that time, we shall be able to take the initiative, as the enemy will not be ready to move before the 1st of May. He may and probably will, make a diversion in Virginia before that time, for the purpose of drawing my troops from the West, and thus prevent such a campaign.

He seems already in some concern about our position and movements. These ideas are advanced under the supposition that they will be executed with that determination and vigor which must insure success. In order that there may be as little delay as possible, I have expressed them somewhat hurriedly, and I may have failed to explain them as well as I would like, and the suggestions may not go sufficiently into details.

I remain, sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant-General.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

HUGH MILLER says that when he was working on the shore of Moray Frith in Scotland, as a mason, he picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes apparently of an Ionic capital; and the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had he broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could not have surprised him more. Was there another such a curiosity in the whole world? He broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found there might be. The writer of this a few years ago had lying about the house a small piece of rock, of no apparent value or beauty, and its source not known; it was covered with a coating of quartz with minute crystals over it. But accidentally knocking off a corner of it one day, he discovered another mineral within, totally different, and perfectly crystallized in its own peculiar shape. We sometimes find an old coin covered and corroded with rust, but upon beating, rubbing or heating it the “image and superscription,” as well as the legend, appear.

So with familiar words, the current coin of social life: the “faded metaphors” of language. We must hammer them, or beat them, or scrutinize them, or conjure with them, to bring to light that hidden meaning that may have hitherto eluded us. There is a world of wonderful curiosities in the heavens; in the air; in the earth; in our bodily frames; in our spiritual natures; and in *our mouths*. Man is the mouth-piece of the whole creation. Other animals may vocalize, but he is “the divider of the voice.” His “winged words” *reêcho* all voices, above, below, and around him; and he not only *paints*

sounds to the ear, when he makes the sea roar, the thunders roll, the winds whisper in the pines, the cricket (*creaket*) chirp, but when he limns *ideas* to the *eye* in letters, in (Litera, from lino, Latin, to paint) the *zig-zag* lightning, in the *L*-bow, and in many other pictorial representations, as all writing probably was at first; and then at pleasure he *obliterates* and *blots* them out again, that is, he unpaints them again. But it is not our purpose now to dwell upon this most curious quality both of written and spoken language, and which pervades it more extensively than most, even of educated men, have any idea of. We defer that till another time.

One of the primary ideas everywhere, in all languages, of course must be that of *being, living, existing*, in the highest style on earth, and its perpetuation, by the connection of one generation with another. Now the more ancient and original any language is, the more it partakes of that descriptive and imitative character we have just spoken of.

The Hebrew has it in a high degree: and the verb to be, live, etc., in that language, seems to be an imitation of the *act* and the *sound* of inspiring and expiring breath: we can represent it nearly by the letters, HVH, or with the vowels Havah: we find the same thing in Greek Bioō; but as B, as in modern Greek, was probably aspirated, and a sound called the digamma, like our F or V, came between the first two vowels, (the last is a mere ending,) we have almost the same sound as before, ViV-o, which brings us to the Latin viv-o, from which we have revive, and so many other words, related in meaning. Now as soon as Adam saw his future wife, he named her from her relation to himself as his counterpart, *ish-a*; giving the feminine termination which is common to so many languages to the

word that described himself, *ish*; he was *ish*, his companion (not Eve yet) was *ish-a*; the same as in Latin, *vir*, *vira*; and imitated in English, not in the way we form the term by a *prefix*, *Fœ* or *Wo* male, female: man, woman; but by changing the *end*, and saying, man, man-a. But how, and when did the *Ish's Isha* become Eve; and why did God's vicegerent and the Lord of this lower world change the name of his associate and companion? It was in reference to matrimony, (mater-mony, motherhood) mater-nity. He called the name of his *isha* (woman) *Havah* because (s)he *havetha* (was) *am* (or our ma-ma) of all *hav*, (living.) This imitates the sentence very nearly, and shows that her name *Eve*, the verb *was*, and the noun *living*, *being*, are all connected in their root: and *mother* is our *ma*, repeated ma-ma, and the first syllable in *mater*. It is also in all probability the Latin verb, *am-o*; as we presume there is no affection on earth stronger than that of a mother to her child; and it seems to be so regarded in the Bible, Isa. 49: 15, where the question is asked as if to be confidently answered in the negative, "Can a woman (mother) forget her sucking child?" etc. Though Isaac Taylor thinks the conjugal affection the strongest.

This title, more specific than *isha*, primarily, no doubt, was given to Eve (rendered by Septuagint in Greek *Zoë*, life) from the fact that she had the germs, and was to be the mother, of all generations of men; literally, "*the mother of us all*." But no doubt there was in her case a further reference to that exalted, mysterious, remote descendant of hers, who was to bruise the head of the serpent, lead captivity captive, so often called THE LIFE; the great and only source of life to man; the Jehovah of the Old Testament, a name connected with the same verb *to be*; and yet descending in a line of first-born ones, from the great first mother, Eve, Havah, of which word, Eve, Eva, is only a different pro-

nunciation. To what then does all this tend, does some one ask? We reply by asking, what is the idea, and the origin of the word, wife? One great linguist derives it from *wedve*, the *weaver* in the family! But we think we have sufficiently indicated its origin and antiquity. It has no such blazonry about it as the loom. Eve is the predecessor of all wives, and all other women are her daughters. The word comes straight along down through a variety of languages in nearly the same form. Ours is the Anglo-Saxon; Dutch, *wyf*; German, *weib*; Frisian, more nearly like the English than any language in Europe, *wif*; Danish, *vif*; and Icelandic, which preserves old Norse forms, the same; Low German, *wief*; old High German, *wib*; Middle High German, *wip*, etc.

Webster, at the word *Eve*, quoting from Adair, says that in the Chickasaw language a wife is called *awah*; we see the idea indicated in the use of the word *matrimony*, for the married state. We see the idea in the horrible proposition of Lot's daughters, Gen. 19: 32-34, where "*preserve*" is from the same root, and in a causative sense, to give life, to quicken; and in the "quickenings" of more modern times.

And this word "quick" may have a relationship to *viv-a* in form as well as sense: *vig-or*, wake, wick, (in candle-wick,) and quick, seem allied; we speak of a *live* coal, and Horace, the Latin poet, has *vivæ* and *vigilæ lucernæ*, that is, living and vigilant, quick and wakeful lamps.

But there are other gems of thought; and words that do not give out their meaning, as musical instruments, do not discourse sweet music till it is brought out of them. Some one says that there is no instance in the Bible of medicine taken internally. Though Prov. 31: 6 would be an exception: "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish." The ancients, as we see both in the Bible and in Homer, depended very much upon external applications in healing wounds and diseases. Olive oil was

often employed, as we see in Jas. 5 : 14, "anoint him (the sick) with oil in the name of the Lord;" Mark 6 : 13, "and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them."

Now, we often read in the Old Testament of Baal, Bel, Belus, the name of one of the chief deities of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, etc., representing the sun, or the planet Jupiter. We see his high position in their mythology from the fact that his name is incorporated into so many other names, as that of the true God was among the Jews; *Beelzebub*, *Hannibal*, *Hasdrubal*, and perhaps *Sardana-pal-us*, etc. It means God, King, Lord, Master, etc. Some persons may be surprised to find that we have this *Baal* in common use. But the Hebrew word for oil is *shemen*, included in that hallowed word, Gethsemane, oil-press; and if we combine the two, we have *Baal-shemen*, king-oil, lord-oil, sovereign remedy, panacea. We have the word contracted first in Greek, balsamum, the same in Latin, and balsam in English; and this is not an oil but a kind of liquid gum, of the consistency of oil, and applied medicinally in the same way, often, as their oil. Hence the inquiry, Is there no balm in Gilead: is there no physician there? in which the word is so far contracted that just as we employ it for a garden herb, it has lost one *a* from the first part, and all of the last, but the last letter. Thus we see the high genealogy of Balsam, and Balm; and it was also costly, for it was sold for double its weight in silver. In Gen. 37 : 25, we see that it was an early article of traffic, for the Ishmaelites were carrying it to Egypt, with spicery and myrrh, more than seventeen hundred years before Christ.

We have all been familiar with that little rodent animal that injures our corn crop so much in autumn—the squirrel. But we presume that many, both of the boys and young men, and old men too, who are accustomed to kill them, and who have before their eyes, often, that peculiarity of the animal from which

it takes its name, can not tell what that name means; or if called upon to give it a distinctive appellation, could not form one so descriptive. "It is derived from the circumstance of the *tail* serving as it were, to shade the body." In the Greek, we have *skia-oura*; this in Latin becomes *sciurus*; then give it a diminutive termination, *sciurulus*; then bring it through the French, and we have squirrel, an animal that makes an umbrella of its tail—shadow-tail!

"The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play,
Ascends a neighboring beech: *there whisks*
his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries
aloud."

We have pul-lets, foals, and fillies about our farm-yards; and in summer the stagnant pools swarm with vermin called tad-poles, and pollywiggles. But how are these connected? *Pōl-os* in Greek, and *pul-lus* in Latin, is the young of an animal, *a foal*, filly, etc. A tad-pole then is a toad-foal. And as so generally, when we add a word or syllable to another, we contract the former, and sometimes both, so here, toad is tad: and foal is filly, as from ingenuity, we have engine, then *gin*, in cotton-gin. When we are annoyed by fowls, and wish to drive them away, we say, "Shoo! Shoo!" and this is the most ancient way of doing it, for if we look at the original of Gen. 15 : 11, we shall find that Abraham used the same word when he drove the fowls away from his sacrifice. One commentator says, "he puffed them away;" that is, "by swelling his cheeks with his breath and blowing at them." Another says, "he huffed them away." But the form and sound of the word *shoo*, almost exactly imitates the original.

We are told that "the proper study of mankind is man." He plays an important part in the world from the earliest times. According to Tacitus, *Mannus* was the founder of the Ger-man race. *Man-u*, the son of *Brama*, gave the most celebrated code of civil and religious law

to the Hindoos; and in some form, not very different, from the days when the Sanscrit language flourished in that country, through Asia and Europe, over into America, he has been a great thinker, and dealer in *men-tal* science; the verb-root in Sanscrit is *man*, to think, *man-as*, mind, *manushya*, a son of man, to which *mens* in Latin, *mind*, is evidently related. In Europe they have, without specifying *mann*, *monn*, *manur*, *mand*, *manna*, etc.

He plays an extensive part in English, and in a variety of combinations. *Man*, *Wo-man*, *Men*, *Wo-men*, corresponding to *ho-men*, *foe-mina* in Latin, q. d. *he-man*, *she-man*. Then we have the little *man*, or dwarf, *man-nikin*; and in Latin, *ho-munculus*, *ho-mun-cio*; and little woman *femella*, or *fe-min-ella*, our female, which word, though the counterpart of male, (from *maris*,) is not derived from it. We have *hu-man* and *inhu-man*, *hu-mane* and *inhu-mane* men and women. We have *mankind* including womankind, and *man-kind*, (1 Cor. 6 : 9 ; Lev. 18 : 22 ; 1 Tim. 1 : 10), *ex-cluding* womankind. Kind men and kind women are not of course kinsmen and kinswomen, and these latter are not of course kind men and women. We see *man-children*, *male children*, *boy babies*, *girl babies*, and *female children*, but we do not think that any one sees *woman children*. The Bible shows us *men-servants* and *women-servants*.

Man is both general and specific; "man is the only erect animal," that is, *mankind*; but "man and wife;" the Latin would say, "*homo*, show thyself a *vir*," while the English must say, "*man*, show thyself a *man*." If the different sexes are combined in the same individual, we have a *man-wo-man*. If the qualities of the sexes are interchanged, we have have a *feminine* or *womanized* man, who, though not *man-like*, is better than an *effeminate* man. And sometimes we see a *masculine* woman, (a *heroine*, *virago*, *Amazon*,) who is not very *feminine* or *lovely*. A *man-of-war* is not a *war-man*, nor

a *man* at all, but a *ship*; and to *man* that *ship* is not the antithesis of *un-man* a *man*.

Our word *hemp*, the name of an article so important in naval affairs, and for hangmen, is also needful in *canvassing* many subjects. *Hemp* is *cannabis*; by changing *b* into *v*, as we make *tavern*, from Latin *taberna*, so we have *canvass* for *cannabis*. Our *canvass* whitens the sea; but when we have a *discussion* of any subject, we *shake it apart*, as the word *discussion* means; and when we *canvass* it, we are *dressing hemp*, or beating and swingling it to separate the fibre from the broken pieces of the stalk, answering to the shives in flax.

A library consists of rolls of bark from trees, or of the thin layers and coats of the papyrus plant of Egypt; or of parchment, of dressed skins from Pergamos, in Asia Minor; or of blocks of *beech* wood, upon which the northern nations of Europe wrote, and thus made books; and as the fruit of the beech tree is triangular in shape, the book in the library is related to the buckwheat (*beechwheat*) cakes we have on the breakfast-table, for the shape of the grain buckwheat is the same as the fruit of the beech tree. A book is then a *beech*, and buckwheat is *beech-wheat*, that is, wheat of a triangular shape.

Our words *sow* and *swine*, generally, seem to have come from mount Ararat, or from Babel after the dispersion through the south of Europe. Our pork too came from Italy. But *hog* came from Wales; and the proper original word *chuk*, which is the one in wood-chuk, came from Persia, apparently above the Black Sea. It probably was intended to imitate the grunt of the animal; and Webster infers that our ancestors came from Persia, from the fact that this word, native there, is the one in common use here for calling swine. And in general, probably, it is true that an animal is the native of the country

where its name is native to the language of the country.

Just as the Latin word *res*, a thing, (from which we have *real*=true,) is connected with *re*-or, to think, so our word thing is any thing thought about. Really, a *thing* is a *think*. The word *thank* is, by the vowel change, from the same root. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called their Congress *Witenagemote*, the meeting of the wisemen, or, as they met not to palaver and wrangle, that body was the *Mycelgetheath*—the Great Thought. The same assemblage is, we believe, to this day, in one of the northern nations of Europe, the All Thing=All Think. It meets to take council to *think*, and not to pour out words which have no thoughts in them.

We often hear of a disease called the "big head," and John Bull has it, perhaps, as much as any one. Milton somewhere compares a storm of wind in the atmosphere of the world to the act of sneezing in man's lesser universe. We know that certain points, capes, and promontories, projecting into the sea, are peculiarly liable to storms, and dangerous to navigation; and hence "the cape of storms." Cape Look-Out, on our coast, that is, cape, from Latin *caput*, head, "head of storms," "head look-out," etc. A point on the west coast of Epirus, passed on the way from Brundisium to Greece, was called Akrokeraunos, that is, the Point of Thunder, or of roaring.

Now, if we look around the coast of Great Britain, we shall find, looking out upon the ocean, all kinds of *heads* of various colors, and what is more strange, though there are a great many *mouths*, the heads and mouths are not together; and we do not notice more than one tongue among them all, and that in an out of the way place in the extreme north, where we might suppose it would be frozen up a large part of the year—a thing which might be well for some loquacious persons.

In one case, too, we find a Knock-head; and more surprising than that, an Eye-Mouth, which no one ever heard of before; though we have heard of men carrying their heads under their arms.

Another alarming fact is, that if we launch forth from Portsmouth on the south, and sail east, and then north around the coast of England to Johnny Groat's House, we shall need to keep a sharp look-out; for we shall not only have a great many mouths open before us, and some eyes looking at us, though not always in the heads, (the heads are like those of the fish in the Mammoth Cave, they never had any eyes,) but if all the big noses we pass, beginning with the most dangerous one of all, Dungeness, that is, Danger-nose—if they all should begin to sneeze at the same time, when we sail around, as the fleet of Agricola did, the first time England was circumnavigated, what a storm there would be, according to Milton's idea! But if, when we set sail from Portsmouth, instead of sailing east around the corner, Kent, (cantium is corner,) we turn to the west, we shall fall upon the *horn* at the other corner—Cornwall is Cornu-Galliae, Horn of Gaul.

We infer that John Bull worships *the rising* more than the setting sun: though he boasts that he has no end to his day, but that just as Tacitus describes the course of the luminary in his day, in the first century after Christ, the sun does not set, but passes round. But why do we think this? Because he not only has so many heads, and mouths, and eyes, on that side, but *all his noses* point in that direction. We have already mentioned Dungeness on the south, which is Dangernose, and as we go north, we find Sheerness, Sheer-nose, Shoebury-ness, Foul-ness, Oxford-ness; and they thicken as we come to the coast of Scotland, where we can find any number of them, and among others a Scar-nose, and Noss-head. Whether any of these are Roman noses, (that is, came from Latin *nasus*, and the Roman occu-

pancy of the island four hundred years,) we can not tell: for the words, like the people, are all of the same family; and like real noses, they, as we may suppose, have a general resemblance, and yet vary in some respect. The Anglo-Saxon has a *nose* like that of St. Anthony on the Hudson river; and it has *nosu*, *nasu*, *nase*, *nâse*; the old Frisian, nearest to the English, has *nose*; the Dutch, *neus*; the Icelandic, *nös*; the Swedish, *näsa*; the Danish, *näse*; the old High German, *nasa*; the new High German, *nase*; the Sanscrit, *nâsä*; the Slavonic, *nos*; the Italian, *naso*; the Provençal, *nas*, *naz*; the French, *nez*.* A variety of these forms are found on the *east coast* of England, and this makes it so difficult to account for them, *as they are all on that side*; and except a few in Denmark and in Norway, and in the Orkneys and Iceland, scarcely found anywhere else in the world. And as *By* is the Danish for town, *Naseby*, of noted memory for a decisive battle fought there in 1645, would be *Nose-town*. There is another town of the same name on the island of Oland belonging to Sweden.

Hence *Whitby*, the name of a town on the east coast of England, and also of a commentator on the Holy Scriptures, means white town; and our *bye-law*, *town-law*. In Denmark is *Oxby*, *Oxtown*, and on the coast of Norway is *Oxnas*, *Oxnose*. On the east coast of England is "*The Nose*," and also "*The Nase*." The *Nase* at the south point of Norway is also called *Lind-ness*, or *Lime-nose*. The Scotch have a *Noss-Head*, and a *Broom-nose*, (*ness*;) and as the nose is Scotch, we suppose the *broom* is Scotch too. This is on the extreme north; we read of a Dutch admiral putting a broom at the mast-head of his ship, to sweep the English fleet from the channel, so the Scotch with their *Broom*, will sweep away the ice from the frozen ocean. But it is not the English, Scotch; and Irish alone that abound

in Heads, if *the Noses* are peculiar to them, and to one side of the Island.

For if we turn to another part of the world, and a different climate, we shall find about two score of *Heads* fanned by the breezes of Araby the Blest, and those that blow soft over Ceylon's Isle. And these *heads* are related to perhaps the oldest language, and the *head* of the oldest book in the world. If we take a good atlas, and commence near the mouth of the Indus, and come west, around the Persian Gulf, the Peninsula of Arabia, and the Red Sea, and a certain distance down the coast of Africa, we shall find, at a great many points, and as far as the influence of the Arabic tongue goes—*Ras-Ras-Ras*, etc., till we are tired of the repetition, as much as in seeing *Head* so often on the coast of England and Ireland. Now if we turn to the *first word*, at the *last end* of the Hebrew Bible, (which reads all the way backward) we find, "*In the Beginning*," *Be-Rash-ith*, of which *Be* is the preposition, *in*, and *ith* is a mere termination, as in English *weal-th*, *tru-th*, *mou-th*, etc. These being removed, we have the primitive radical, *Rash*, in the Hebrew = *Head*; "*at the head*," "*in the beginning*." So Ex. 12: 2, "*the beginning of months*," is the same word, (root,) "*the head of months*," and in Prov. 8: 22, "*The Lord (Jehovah) possessed me in (no prep. in original) the beginning of his way before his works of old*," here is the same word as in Gen. 1: 1, *Rashith*, and there seems to be an allusion by Solomon to the words of Moses. Now the Arabic is nearly related to the Hebrew, of the same family, and "*now covers with its mantle of oriental beauty a large part of Western Asia and Northern Africa*." So strange is it that a *Ras*, should be connected with the *Head* of the whole creation. But there is no end to wonders in language, and stranger than any thing we have yet advanced is this, that, as with *nose*, we have *ness*, and *naz*, and *nase*,

* This list is from the last edition of Webster's Dictionary.

sometimes near neighbors, and sometimes wide apart, as in Scotland and in Oland; so here, in Arabia and Africa we have *Ras*, but the same word is apparently a near neighbor of the heads, and mouths, and noses in Scotland itself, and if so, it will be one of the great problems in language to discover how a Hebrew and Arabic root got transplanted into the mountains of Scotland from the plains of Palestine or the burning sands of Arabia: for what is *Ross*, in *Kinross*; *Rox*, in *Roxboro*; *Rose* in *Melrose*, *Montrose*, and in many other words of the same form, but the same radical syllable? This has the same meaning as *Ras* in the Arabic language; *Kinross* is head of the promontory: *A* is sometimes pronounced like *a* in *Albany*, *Raleigh*, in the latter of which it is often sounded like short *o*, *Röleigh*. And *Rosh* is exactly the word for head in Ps. 118 : 22, "the head of the corner." While the Celtic nations have an eastern origin, as shown by *Prichard*, and "led the van of occidental emigration through the wilderness of primeval Europe," coming undoubtedly above the *Caspian* and *Black Seas*; some think not only that the Celtic language is connected with the Indo-European, but also with the Semitic languages. And the author of the *Universal History* says: "The Celtic is a dialect of the Hebrew." As the language of the old *Canaanites* conquered by *Joshua* was similar to the Hebrew; and the *Carthaginians* had the same as the *Canaanites*; and they extended their language into *Spain*, and by trading or by colonizing also into *Ireland* and *Scotland*. It is said there are *Druidical* remains in *Morocco*, which show traces of *Highland* clans in their migrations. There was then a stream of emigration on the south, as well as on the north of the *Mediterranean* sea, toward *England* and *Scotland* in the earliest times, from the east. It is thought there have been several successive sets of population on this continent; and also on the west coast of the

other continent, where the waves of emigration have met the waves of the *Atlantic*, especially on its most remote projections, as *Spain*, *Brittany*, etc.

And as in geology there are primary, secondary, tertiary, and other formations of rock on the surface of the earth, in successive layers over each other; so it may be literally in language. Some geographical names of rivers, mountains, headlands, hills, cities, etc., never die. *Damascus* is the same now as in the days of *Abraham*, two thousand years before *Christ*.

Suppose then an invading and conquering race, come into a country, as the *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, *Normans*, etc., in *England*, as we have taken possession in this country. This new race with a new language, find names of all these great natural objects, in the language of their predecessors; but neglecting the meaning of the words, or not understanding it, they add a corresponding word of their own, of the same meaning; and a third race do the same, retaining the two preceding as a compound term and adding the same, from their own tongue. Suppose, for instance, when the *Romans* under *Agricola* invaded *Scotland* they found a cape, headland, etc., named by the natives *Ross*, that is, in their tongue, not understood by the *Romans*, (just as the meaning of many of the *Indian* names here are unknown to us,) meaning *head*, promontory, mountain. Now the *Romans* call it *Mont-Rose*; then we have mount-mount literally; just as some people call a ford on the *Cataba* river by the name of *Oxford*, *Oxford-ford*, forgetting that *ford* is already there. Now suppose again, the *Normans* had come in, or the *Saxons* before them, and had put *cape* to this already compound, tautological term, and we would have *Cape-Mont-Rose*; and as *cape* is from *Latin* *caput*, head, we would have mount-mount-mount; or head-head-head. We do not say that this is the actual fact, but we

are illustrating the way in which this might take place very naturally ; and in which it often does.

A people has died out ; their language has died out as that of Cornwall has done lately—a few names of places, mountains, rivers, alone survive as their monuments ; and those names not understood by their successors, but repeated as Humboldt tells us the old parrot in South-America did the language of an extinct tribe of which he was the representative, the Atures :

“ As they lived, free, dauntless ever,
So the brave Aturians died,
And the green bank of the river
All their mortal relics hide.

“ Yet the parrot, ne’er forgetting
Those who loved him, mourns them still,

On the stone his sharp beak whetting,
While the air his wailings fill.”

But what we have supposed above, is the undoubted fact in some cases ; Garnet in his Philological Essays shows this in regard to Lang-Strother, in which Strother meant originally the same as after the addition of Lang. Mountbenjerlaw, and Brindon Hill include the word Mount, Hill, *three times* ; one is Welsh, another is Saxon, and the third English. Dunnet Head is probably of the same class, and many of the names of mountains in Europe, as the Cevennes, Erzgebirge, etc. It is probable that we are doing the same thing every day ; when we say *robin* red-breast, we forget that we have the word *red* already in *rob*, from the Latin *rubeo*, to be red.

WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

THERE have been numerous and conflicting accounts of the wounding of this great leader ; many written by persons who were miles away from the scene of the ever to be lamented occurrence, and of course who possessed little accurate information of the affair ; while others have been written by eye-witnesses, and have been accurate, so far as each individual had an opportunity of beholding what occurred. It is a duty of those who were eye-witnesses of the affair to furnish history an account of what they saw and know to be true.

The person from whom this narrative is taken was a participant in the battle, and was near the person of the General at the time he received the fatal wounds, and assisted in bearing him from the field. Early on the morning of April 29th, 1863, General Jackson was informed by Major Hale, of General Early's staff, that the enemy was crossing the Rappahannock in force at Deep Run, two miles below Fredericksburgh, by the use of pontoon-bridges, and that a

considerable force had already succeeded in effecting a landing on the southern bank of the river. General Jackson immediately dispatched orders to his division commanders to get their troops under arms, and, accompanied by his staff and escort, rode to the vicinity of Deep Run, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. It was evident, from the movements and displays the enemy made, that they were in heavy force, and wished to create the impression that the main crossing and attack would be made below Fredericksburgh, and preparations were soon made to meet them. During the day, however, a dispatch was received from General Lee stating that General J. E. B. Stuart, who was on the left wing of the army, reported the enemy to be crossing rapidly at United States Ford, fifteen miles above Fredericksburgh, and moving in heavy force to Chancellorsville. It was now apparent that their crossing at Deep Run was merely a feint ; and leaving General Early to watch and check this force under Sedgwick, General Jack-

son marched with his three other divisions in the direction of Chancellorsville, where he found two divisions of Longstreet's corps, under General R. H. Anderson, confronting the enemy; uniting with this force, he continued to press forward, driving the enemy until he reached the Catherine Furnace road, which intersects the Fredericksburgh and Orange C. H. road, one mile east of Chancellorsville. It could now be seen that the two armies confronted each other, and that the Federal army had been in position a sufficient length of time to take every advantage of its naturally strong position, and had thrown up heavy intrenchments, protected along its entire front by an abattis of felled timber and innumerable batteries of artillery. So strong and well fortified was this position that the Federal commander, in a general field order to his troops, says: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." The Confederate troops were arrayed in line of battle, and an order to storm the works was hourly expected. Yet it was plain that such an attack, if unsuccessful, would be the utter destruction of our comparatively small army. During the afternoon of the 1st of May, and after the troops had rested on their arms several hours, expecting an advance, General Jackson, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, rode beyond the left of his command, and near the Catherine Furnace met General J. E. B. Stuart, and after conversing a few moments they rode still further to the left, to a knoll, where two pieces of Pelham's Horse Artillery were engaging the enemy, in order that they might get a view of the enemy's lines. General Jackson here inquired particularly about the roads beyond this point and in the vicinity of the enemy's right flank, and being apparently satisfied with what information he received, was returning to his com-

mand, when a shell exploded near the party, mortally wounding Captain Price, General Stuart's Assistant Adjutant General, which sad event detained him a short time. After this detention he rode at a gallop to the centre of the army, where a conversation was held between Generals Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill, in regard to the best point of attack, and it was decided that at early dawn Jackson's corps would move to the left *via* Catherine Furnace and the Brock road to the enemy's extreme right and attack his right flank. This movement was successfully made, and four o'clock p.m. on the 2d found Jackson in position on the old stone pike leading from Chancellorsville west toward Orange C. H. He had marched around the entire front of the Federal army, and his lines were now fronting in an opposite direction to their formation of the day previous. His corps was formed in three parallel lines extending over half a mile to the right and left of the pike. The first consisted of the division of General D. H. Hill, under General R. E. Rodes; second, that of Jackson, under General R. E. Colston; and third, that of General A. P. Hill—in all numbering twenty-seven thousand men. As soon as the lines were formed the order of advance was given, and never did troops move forward with more enthusiasm; they knew that they were striking the enemy where he least expected it, and rushed forward with that peculiar yell characteristic of the Southern soldier. Sigel's Dutch corps of the Federal army was first encountered, and being attacked on its right flank, made no attempt to change front, but was hurled like chaff before the winds. Several batteries attempted to arrest the advance of the Confederates by rapid discharges of canister, but the lines swept forward without a moment's pause, killing or capturing the cannoneers, and taking their guns. This advance was continued for over two miles, through an almost impenetrable wilderness, and over that

whole extent the ground was strewn with Federal dead and wounded, guns, knapsacks, canteens, etc. Darkness of the night now made the advance slow and hazardous. The lines were halted and reformed, and the division of General A. P. Hill advanced to the front. The Federal lines were also reforming, or rather bringing fresh troops to the front. It was now near 9 o'clock, and General Jackson, who had been for some time near the front line, rode a little in advance of it to reconnoitre the enemy's position. A heavy skirmish line had been ordered to the front, and he supposed he was in rear of this line. He was at this time accompanied by Captain J. K. Boswell, of the Engineers; Captain R. F. Wilburne, of the Signal Corps, Lieutenant J. G. Morrison, Aid-de-camp, and five or six couriers—and had ridden but a short distance down the pike, when a volley was fired at the party by the Federals in front and to the right of the road. To escape this fire, the party wheeled out of the road to the left, and galloped to the rear, when our own men, mistaking them for Federal cavalry making a charge, and supposing the firing in front to have been directed at the skirmish line, opened a galling fire, killing several men and horses, and causing the horses that were not struck to dash, panic-stricken, toward the Federal lines, which were but a very short distance in front. The General was struck in three places, and dragged from his horse by a bough of a tree. Captain Boswell was killed instantly—Lieutenant Morrison leaping from his horse, that was dashing into the enemy's lines, ran to an interval in our line, and exclaimed: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men." A colonel commanding a North-Carolina regiment in Lane's brigade, cried out: "Who gave that order! It's a lie! Pour it into them, boys." Morrison then ran to the colonel, told him what he had done, and assisted him to arrest the firing as soon as possible. He then went to the front, in search of the General, and found him lying upon the ground, with Captain Wilburne and Mr. Wynn of the Signal Corps, bending over him, examining his wounds. In a few moments General Hill, accompanied by Captain Leigh and a few couriers, rode up to where the General was lying, and dismounted. On examining his wounds, they found his left arm broken, near the shoulder, and bleeding profusely. A handkerchief was tied around the arm so as partially to stop the bleeding. While this was being done, and while the party were bending over the General, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, stepped up to the party, from behind a cluster of bushes, and looked quietly on. General Hill turned to several of his couriers, and said, in an under-tone, "Seize those men," and it was done so quickly that they made no resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, thinking that these were scouts in front of an advancing line, stepped to the pike, about twenty yards distant, to see if it were so, and distinctly saw cannoneers unlimbering two pieces of artillery in the road, not a hundred yards distant. Returning hastily, he announced this to the party, when General Hill, who was now in command of the army, immediately mounted and rode to the head of Pender's column (which was coming up by the flank) to throw it into line. He left Captain Leigh, of his staff, to assist in removing General Jackson. About this time, Lieutenant J. P. Smith, Aid-de-camp, who had been sent to deliver an order, rode up and dismounted. Captain Wilburne had gone a few moments previous after a litter. The party thought it best not to await Wilburne's return, and suggested that they bear the General off in their arms, when he replied: "No; I think I can walk." They assisted him to rise, and supported him as he walked from the woods to the pike, and toward the rear. Soon after reaching the road, they obtained a litter, and placed him on it, but had

not gone over forty yards when the battery in the road opened with canister. The first discharge passed over their heads, but the second was more accurate, and struck down one of the litter-bearers, by which the General received a severe fall. The firing now increased in rapidity, and was so terrific that the road was soon deserted by the attendants of the General, with the exception of Captain Leigh and Lieutenants Smith and Morrison. These officers lay down in the road by the General during the firing, and could see on every side sparks flashing from the stones of the pike, caused by the iron canister shot. Once the General attempted to rise, but Lieutenant Smith threw his arms across his body, and urged him to lie quiet a few moments or he would certainly be killed. After the road had been swept by this battery—by a dozen or more discharges—they elevated their guns, and opened with shell. So the little party now had an opportunity of removing their precious burden from the road to the woods on their right, and continued their course to the rear, carrying the General most of the way in their arms. Once they stopped, that he might rest, but the fire was so heavy, they thought it best to go on. The whole atmosphere seemed filled with whistling canister and shrieking shell, tearing the trees on every side. After going three or four hundred yards an ambulance was reached, containing Colonel S. Crutchfield, General Jackson's Chief of Artillery, who had just been severely wounded—a canister shot breaking his left leg. The General was placed in this ambulance, and, at his request, one of his aids got in to support his mangled arm. During all of this time he had scarcely uttered a groan, and expressed great sympathy for Colonel Crutchfield, who was writhing under the agonies of his shattered limb. After proceeding over half a mile, the ambulance reached the house of Mr. Melgi Chancellor, where a temporary

hospital had been established. Here Dr. Hunter McGuire, Medical Director of General Jackson's corps, checked the bleeding of the General's arm, and administered some stimulants. He was then taken to the Field Infirmary, some two miles to the rear, and about two o'clock in the night his arm was amputated by Dr. McGuire, assisted by Surgeons Block, Wells, and Coleman. Before administering chloroform, Dr. McGuire asked him if, upon examination, they found it necessary to amputate the limb, must they do so. He replied: "Yes; certainly. Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best." About half-past three o'clock, Major A. S. Pendleton, A. A. General, arrived at the hospital, and requested to see the General. He was at first refused by the surgeons, but stated that his business was of a very important character, and the safety of the army depended on it. He stated to the General that General Hill had been wounded, the troops were in great confusion, and General Stuart, who had taken command of the army, wished to know what must be done. General Jackson replied, that General Stuart must use his own discretion, and do whatever he thought best. Accurate accounts by Dr. McGuire and others of the last hours of General Jackson, have been written, and it is unnecessary that they be reproduced. On the morning of the 3d the General dispatched one of his aids to Richmond to escort Mrs. Jackson to where he lay wounded. This officer was captured by a raiding party under Stoneman, but made his escape, and, after some delay, reached Richmond, and returned with Mrs. Jackson on Thursday, the 7th. The same day the General was attacked with pneumonia, from the effects of which, together with his wounds, he died on Sunday, the 10th. During his intense suffering he displayed that Christian fortitude, which was always characteristic of our great chieftain.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. G. JENKINS.

No commander in our army was more beloved by the troops of his command than was General A. G. Jenkins, of West-Virginia. Recklessly brave, he never required his troops to go where he would not go himself. The hardships, privations, and exposures he always shared with his brigade. In the winter of '62-3, with a portion of his brigade, he made a raid to the Ohio, traversing the destitute and mountainous region lying between us and the Great Kanawha valley. To burden the troops as little as possible, and to facilitate their movements, a few ears of corn were issued to each as our rations for six days—the General included. The trip was an arduous one, and though 'twas in the midst of winter, numbers reached the Great Kanawha bootless and shoeless. The rough and sharp rocks had nearly worn out the General's boots, and his feet were so blistered that most of the upper portions of his boots were removed to make them endurable. One of the command, who had succeeded in capturing a horse, so insisted that the General should ride, he finally consented; but after riding a little way, he turned the horse over to one of the command, who could hardly have been less able to walk than himself, and uncomplainingly made the rest of the trip. What soldier who beheld that spectacle would not have followed General Jenkins?

In the summer of 1863, in sweeping around Winchester, that portion of Ewell's corps that pushed on to Martinsburgh was preceded by Jenkins's brigade. Arriving at Winchester, without waiting for the arrival of the

infantry, he dismounted all of his brigade but one company, (Night-Hawks.) As the enemy commenced retreating, the Night-Hawks were ordered to charge through the town and capture a battery the enemy were attempting to remove; but by some misapprehension, the order was countermanded by the A. A. G. Jenkins coming up, however, at the time, and not knowing the cause of their hesitancy, exclaimed, "Boys, if you will not follow Captain —, follow me;" and well they did, for though from the cross-streets and houses a continued volley was poured in their ranks, they did not falter. In a short time, six pieces of artillery, with five times their own number of prisoners, were captured. About three miles below Martinsburgh, when the continual detail to guard the captured had reduced the number to the General and three privates, he suddenly came in view of a company of infantry, drawn up in line on the right of the road. Putting on the boldest front, the General commanded, "*Right wheel into line!*" Colonel —, hold your men in readiness, but don't fire till I give command." The dust so obscured his little party that their numbers could not be detected. Turning to the company, he demanded, "Will you surrender? Do you surrender? Throw down your arms, right face, forward, march!" and he actually marched the whole company back to Martinsburgh. General Jenkins fell at Cloyd's farm, with hat in hand, in front of his troops, urging his men to "charge." His body rests near his own home on the Ohio.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

ABOUT twenty years ago, there appeared in our periodical journals, a short poem bearing the above title and credited to the Oxford edition of Milton's Works. It was admired by all readers of literary cultivation and taste. Its authenticity seems to have been questioned by none, except, perhaps, by the few who united the research of the antiquary with the learning of the scholar. The Oxford *imprimatur* was to most persons a sufficient voucher as to its origin. Then, too, the lines bore the Miltonic impress both in the sentiments and the versification. The stateliness of their movement, their rhythmical swell and sustained dignity, served to confirm the impression derived from the source from which they first issued, for these were considered so distinctively characteristic of Milton's style as never to have been successfully imitated. The fact that they had remained two centuries unknown to the world, might well suggest the suspicion of mistake or attempted imposture; but the doubt, if raised, was dispelled by the question, who but Milton was capable of writing them? who but he, who spoke as no other uninspired man ever did speak, of "The throne and equipage of God's Almightiness."

In addition to these unmistakable marks of his pen, as they were supposed to be, those familiar with his writings could not fail to observe another characteristic equally decisive—that consciousness of his own gifts and powers, or, to designate it by the proper name, that *egotism* which, when betrayed even incidentally by almost any other author, is so apt to excite the disgust of the reader, but Milton so far from attempting to conceal, everywhere boldly, and sometimes obtrusively displayed, with no other effect than to enlist our sympathies and heighten our admiration.

Having read the lines until they

were imprinted on the memory, and used them for months as the means of regaling our friends, what was our surprise to see it stated on good authority, as it then seemed and has since proved to be, that, the Oxford Edition notwithstanding, they were the product of an American pen—of the pen of a lady, Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, of Philadelphia, whose name until then had been unknown to us. Their true source being thus ascertained, our first impulse was to assign to the fair author the first place in the rank of American poets, certainly the first among those of her sex. Happening not long afterward to be engaged in reading Milton's Second Defense of the People of England, our attention was arrested by a passage which seemed to furnish a solution of the mystery connected with the origin and history of the little poem. The conceptions *are* Milton's; the versification, and little else, is Miss Lloyd's.

In saying this, however, we disclaim all purpose of detracting from her merits as a poet. It is something to her credit that she should have been familiar with Milton's prose writings. For there are many professedly literary men, and still more professedly literary women, to whom these products of his mighty genius are unknown except by report, and there are others, avowing a high admiration for these writings and often using excerpts from them to garnish their own discourse, whose reading has been confined to the comparatively short and popular tractates, such as his celebrated letter on Education and his *Areopagitica* or *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. It is something still more to her credit that she possessed the mind and the heart—the one to comprehend and the other to appreciate—a passage of such intellectual and moral grandeur as that which supplied inspiration to her pen. And passing

over other indications of genius and skill, it is, finally, greatly to her credit, that she succeeded in transfusing the thoughts of Milton into verse so rhythmically appropriate as to deceive, however unintentionally on her part, his admirers, both in England and America.

We propose to republish the poem, partly because it is worthy of the compliment, and partly because it will probably be new to many of the readers of our magazine. We propose, also, to publish, in connection with it, the passage from Milton to which reference has been made; and this for several reasons. The correspondence between the two pieces presents a literary incident of curious interest. An occasion, we will not say excuse, is thus afforded us of introducing to our readers, to many of whom it may be new, one of the most characteristic, sublime, and beautiful passages to be found in Milton's prose writings. Although to an extent equaled by scarcely any other author he has incorporated himself, so to express it, with the productions of his pen, we know not where in the same compass he has told us so much of his person and habits, nor where he has given us an insight at once so deep and so clear into his feelings, and into the workings of that mind which, notwithstanding all the results of its gigantic labors lie before us, is still enveloped in mystery more profound than that which invests any other great genius, ancient or modern. We do not know where we shall find in the same space more memorable sayings, clothed in nobler language — sayings applicable to all the adverse conditions and vicissitudes of life, scarcely less than to the appalling calamity, as all but Milton would have regarded it, which furnished the occasion for them. As we contemplate in the light of his own truthful words his heroic purpose to persevere in what he regarded the path of duty, with this calamity threatening him at every forward step — his calm, uncomplaining resignation to the will of Providence after

the dire evil had actually befallen him; and how that which would have overwhelmed and crushed any other spirit, only aroused him to enterprises of loftier import, and girded him for achievements of more enduring worth — we are no longer amazed and perplexed by the mysteriousness of the providence, but can unite with him in hailing the loss of his earthly vision as the special manifestation of the divine favor to him and to the world. Had Milton not lost his sight, the world would not have had the *Paradise Lost*, nor *Paradise Regained*, nor *Samson Agonistes*, or, if at all, not as they now are, nor so worthy of the world's admiration.

We are aware how unwelcome is a long 'grace' when the appetite is whetted for the repast, and such, to some degree, is that of the reader, unless we have failed utterly in the design of these prefatory remarks; so we add merely that, in order to designate some points of correspondence between the original and the imitation, we have put a few passages of the former in italics.

LINES BY MISS LLOYD.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted by my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One !
When men are furthest, then thou art most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown :
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear !
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
Thy being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

EXTRACT FROM MILTON.

Let us now come to the charges which were brought against myself. Is there any thing reprehensible in my manners or my conduct ? Surely nothing. What no one, not totally divested of all generous sensibility, would have done, he reproaches me with want of beauty and loss of sight :

" A monster huge and hideous, void of sight."

I certainly never supposed that I should have been obliged to enter into a competition for beauty with the Cyclops ; but he immediately corrects himself and says, " though not indeed huge, for there can not be a more spare, shriveled, and bloodless form." It is of no moment to say any thing of personal appearance, yet lest (as the Spanish vulgar, implicitly confiding in the relations of their priests, believe of heretics) any one, from the representations of my enemies, should be led to imagine that I have either the head of a dog, or the horn of a rhinoceros, I will say something on the subject, that I may have an opportunity of paying my grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, and of refuting the most shameless lies. I do not know that I was ever once noted for deformity, by any one who ever saw me ; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall ; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Yet what if it were diminutive, when so many men, illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same ? And how can that be called diminutive, which is great enough for every

virtuous achievement ? . . . I wish I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness ; but I can not do it ; and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should not I endure a misfortune, which it behoves every one to be prepared to endure if it should happen ; which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man ; and which has been known to happen to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history. [Here follow the names of various characters answering to the description just given as distinguished and virtuous persons. He then proceeds with his own case, thus :] And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity, which might have deservedly marked me out as a fit subject for such a calamitous visitation.

But since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote any thing which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise ; it was only by the conviction of duty and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty.

Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the Defense of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast ; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty. . . . I considered that many had purchased a less good by a

greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honorable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem: I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest. Thus it is clear by what motives I was governed in the measures which I took and the losses which I sustained. Let then the calumniators of the divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is *neither an object of my shame or my regret*; that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken; that *I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure*; that on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the divine favor and protection; and that, in the solace and the strength which have been diffused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what he has bestowed, than on what he has withheld; that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person; and that I feel the recollection a treasured store of tranquillity and delight. But, if the choice were necessary, I would, sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of con-

science; mine keeps from my view only the colored surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides, which I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see? There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence the more clearly shines; then, *in the proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong*; and in the proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy, in no inconsiderable degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with the more tenderness and compassion in the proportion *as I am able to behold nothing but himself*. Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration! For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but *almost renders me too sacred to attack*; not, indeed, so much from the privations of my sight, *as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings* which seem to have occasioned this obscurity; and which when occasioned He is wont to illuminate with an *interior light more precious and more pure*.

SKETCH OF PLAN OF OPERATIONS FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1865.

SHERMAN's ultimate objective point is doubtless Richmond, before which he expects to form a junction with Grant, forcing General Lee either to evacuate Virginia, or to accept battle at great disadvantage, and with certain defeat by superior numbers. His immediate objective points are possibly Fayetteville, and certainly Raleigh and Petersburg. His present position (at or near Camden, S. C.) and movements indicate a purpose to avoid Charlotte, and to move on Fayetteville either directly or through Wilmington by way of Cheraw or Florence, effecting a junction with Schofield, from Wilmington, whose force is about 15,000 men. I estimate Sherman's force at not exceeding 35,000 men, exclusive of 4000 cavalry.

This plan of campaign may be signally foiled:

1st. The troops now concentrated under Hardee at Cheraw, some 10,000 infantry and light artillery, in conjunction with the cavalry under Hampton, should oppose Sherman's advance, and do all possible to delay his march, making an obstinate defense of the line of the Pedee, for a time at least.

2d. The forces at Charlotte, about 6000 infantry and light artillery, should be sent by rail, *via* Raleigh, to Smithfield, N. C., as soon as Sherman's movements are uncovered so clearly as to indicate his line of march to be the one anticipated.

3d. From Smithfield this force should march at the proper moment, and form a junction, at or in advance of Fayetteville, with Hardee, who would fall back gradually before Sherman.

4th. Bragg should retire from his present position about Fish Creek, near Wilmington, by railroad to Warsaw, and march thence to Fayetteville, (47 miles,) so as to reach that place at the same time with the troops from Charlotte. He should cover or

conceal his movements, from Schofield by his cavalry, and a strong line of skirmishers, and some light artillery, which may be sacrificed if necessary.

By these means there would be assembled at Fayetteville:

Hardee's corps, (infantry and artillery,)	10,000
Army of Tennessee, ...	6,000
Bragg's forces, ...	10,000
Infantry and artillery,	26,000

But Sherman will have a well-disciplined and organized army of 35,000 men, flushed with a series of successes, to cope with which, especially in the present condition of our forces, we should have at least an equal number of men. The deficiency of some 9000 men can only be drawn in season for the emergency, from General Lee's army, and I would urge that that number of men be held to be detached for the service, in time to effect a junction with the other troops to be concentrated at Fayetteville. We could then confidently attack Sherman, expect to destroy his army, and be left free at once to effect a junction with General Lee, with all our forces, except perhaps Bragg's corps, which might be required to watch Schofield. We could then attack Grant with superior numbers and defeat him signally.

Should Sherman, however, be able to effect a junction with Schofield, he will then have about 50,000 men, a force which would be too large to contend with, as arranged in the foregoing sketch.

In such a contingency, I can see no other means of preventing the complete attainment of the main objects of Sherman's campaign than by the prompt evacuation of our lines at Petersburg, and the occupation of those prepared for such an emergency around Richmond, and by detaching 25,000 men to unite with the force

already in North-Carolina, and give immediate battle to Sherman, which could be done with almost certain decisive success. After which the whole army should be hastened back to Virginia to raise the siege of Richmond.

Present events tending to force the evacuation of Richmond, it would seem a necessary part of the strategy of the campaign that the Confederate States Government should be previously removed to some point that

would free the army from the necessity of protecting it, and thus, at the same time, diminish the importance which the enemy attaches to Richmond as the capital of the Confederate States.

Respectfully submitted.

Charlotte, N. C., March 1, 1865.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General.

To Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,

Commanding Dept., etc., etc.,

Charlotte, N. C.

CONCERNING CONCEIT.

PRIDE may be called the *Proteus* of the whole brood of evil passions. Many would not be slow also to declare it the parent of them all. Some divines have regarded it as man's original sin; and Milton is very well satisfied that it was the root of evil in Satan's case. It may be defined to be the feeling which is aroused by the perception of some supposed advantage or superiority over others. Pride, therefore, implies comparison. One could no more be proud without reference to another whom he apprehended to be inferior, than he could be taller without reference to another who was shorter. But its manifestations are diverse. One proud man is prompted to evince the comparative feeling which possesses him, by depreciating his fellow who is the object of the comparison, and thus his pride becomes haughtiness. Another, of a different temperament, evinces the same feeling by attempting to display his own superiority, instead of degrading his rival; and then we call his pride vanity or conceit. In one man, pride is suspicious, envious, and ready to take the alarm, at the appearance of competition; in another it is so happily confirmed, that it reposes good-naturedly in the sense of its unapproachable superiority, and is condescendingly kind to the rest of mortals.

As pride is the feeling which arises

upon the apprehension of some superiority in self, and as self-love is universal, it would appear evident that all men must be sensible to this pleasure. In other words, every body has his conceit. And it is the prerogative of this foible to bid defiance to right reason, in the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind. Greatness is no guarantee against the indulgence of conceit, about things of which, even though pride were proper in other excellencies, it is preposterous to be proud. How often is the statesman, whose skill in arts or arms is admired and envied by all the world, more gratified by his dexterity in some game of chance? It is said that Alexander the Great plumed himself upon his ability to hold more wine than any other mortal; that Cicero was especially vain of his readiness at puns; that the great Napoleon was vain of a beautiful hand; and that even the lofty Washington was conceited about his horsemanship. Moralists are much given to a species of grave amusement, which consists in bringing the vagaries of the human heart to the measuring-rod of reason, in order that the absurdity of their form may be made evident. There is no feeling which offers a better subject for this than conceit. The multitudes, who plume themselves upon their family descent, are gravely asked,

whether they suppose the merit of the qualities which distinguished their ancestors, is heritable, like their lands and bullocks, and are reminded that if they have not similar personal merits of their own, the distinction of their race is only a pedestal, upon which their defect is elevated that it may be more extensively despised. The purse-proud are reminded that money just as often represents the fraud, stinginess, and sordid meanesses by which it has been acquired, as any admirable quality. Cowper skillfully analyzes the illusion by which the inflated squire expands his personality, in a certain sense, over his possessions, and arrogates excellence to himself from the superior fatness of his elods, the bigness of his bullock and swine, and the fleetness of his horse and dog; and very faithfully exhorts him upon this sort of petit-larceny of merits:

"Leave Ringwood's praise alone;
The hound, more honest, envies not thine own."
For which virtuous interposition honest Ringwood was doubtless duly grateful, unless, indeed, his dogship took this not unnatural view of the matter, that the proper business of the master, who could speak, was to sound the praises of the dog, who could not—an arrangement which made the beast the important character, and the man his lackey. But the best butt of all is the vanity of the male or female fopling. How unworthy, that a creature whose prime distinction is his rationality, should neglect the graces of the soul, to adorn the part which allies him with beasts and reptiles! That he who is, in his own resources, the most naked and helpless of bipeds, should ruffle so conceitedly in the borrowed spoils of birds, sheep, and silkworms! That the breast should be filled and the cheek be flushed with as proud a glow, for the newly discovered color of a ribbon, the unprecedented involutions of a bow, or the placing of a button where a button was never placed before, as that which might thrill the heart of the patriot who is

hailed as the Father of his country! But the most biting part of the jest is, that the high immortal, in this his chosen competition with the lowly animal, should always be surpassed by his irrational rivals; being outdone in gracefulness by a cat, in sleekness by a snake, in swiftness by a fox, and in strength by an ass.

This satire has too its sacred part; for conceit has not hesitated in its protean changes to assume the guise of sanctity. Divines find their subject of similar rebuke, in "spiritual pride;" that preposterous inflation, which presumes upon its possession of much Christianity, forgetting that this is professedly a religion for spiritual paupers, the foundation of which is laid in the doctrine of total and original depravity, whose prime exercises are confessing and begging, whose scheme God devised expressly to "exclude boasting," and whose most appropriate grace is humility. But nevertheless does conceit make a pretext of this religion, to say: "Stand by thyself; come not nigh me; I am holier than thou." Does the victim of this pride detect it, and cast it out by the door? It returns by the window, for forthwith his heart begins to whisper, with new pride: "Soul, how lovely is thy humility!" Does he now perceive that he is vain of his very lowliness? Then his heart whispers still another cause of self-gratulation: "Soul, how keen thy perspicacity! Thou canst analyse thyself with lightning clearness. Thou art not, like duller mortals, the victim of self-ignorance and unconscious delusions!"

Suppose, reader, that you should hear the retort made upon the critic himself: "And is not thine likewise a conceit, which prompts thee to probe so keenly the conceit of others? Is not satire also the language of pride and arrogance?" Let us suppose that an application should be made to him, of the fable of Diogenes and Alexander the Great, which relates that the cynic philosopher, entering the presence of the king with disrespectful indifference, said, "I

trample on the pride of Alexander;" when the latter answered: "Yes, and with greater pride." Still, Diogenes will reply, that, if he is himself convicted of the universal malady, it is only another evidence of the proposition which he set out to illustrate; which was, its universality. And Diogenes's conceit will teach him to urge this as an argument *à fortiori*; how subtle must the *Proteus* be, if he reduces even the acute cynic to his herd?

Conceit, however, manifestly afflicts its victims unequally. Some nations betray a much stronger proclivity to it than others. The Continentals think that, in its haughtier forms, it is peculiarly prominent in John Bull, who is religiously persuaded that Britannia rules the waves; that her queen is the first of queens; that her capital is the biggest of cities; that the British Parliament is the wisest of legislatures; that Bull himself is right by prescription in all his opinions; that his social state and wealth are so enviable in the eyes of the less fortunate remainder of mortals, that every one he meets is, of course, scheming to intrude into their enjoyment by some illicit means; and that London fog, beef-steak, and brown-stout are unquestionably superior to those institutions in any other land.

But the acute biographer of Captain Sam Slick has propounded the opinion that the conceit of the "universal Yankee nation" is far superior, and confessedly "beats creation;" an opinion in which not only the British people, but mankind in general, are now almost unanimously agreed. And, as it is the established doctrine with the American people, that the majority must always be right, this conclusion must be accepted as indisputable, that we *are* the most conceited people in the world. Should the reader happen to bring together the beginning and end of this portion of our essay, thus getting the initial and concluding facts into juxtaposition, that, according to Milton, sin first began in Satan's pride, and that the Yankee is the most conceited of

men, we caution him to remember, that the inference thereby suggested is not ours, but Milton's—and the majority's. And it was a Yankee (not we) who was heard arguing from this trait of his compatriots, most ingeniously, as follows: "The Yankee can not go to heaven; proof—those who go there will be satisfied there. But the Yankee is so thoroughly convinced that he is 'cuter' than every body else, that no one can 'fix' things so well, but that he will see a way to 'improve' them, and itch to do it. But things in heaven are unchangeable, and so can not be improved." Q. E. D.

But, more seriously, conceit is undoubtedly the fruitful mother of speculative error. The pert and vain understanding is determined to utter something notable; and so, rather than win a true distinction by the only honest mode, ("to scorn delights and live laborious days,") it affects the skeptic or transcendentalist. Hence this age, like most others, swarms with a race of half-fledged mystics, pantheists, and unbelievers, who are heretical in theology and philosophy from sheer affectation and vanity; who go about retailing the cant of their heresiarchs, and uttering obscure novelties, (old errors revived,) as a sort of cheap substitute for profundity. They tell us with a sigh, that they can no longer be satisfied (they wish they could!) with the views of philosophy and theology which satisfied a Gas-sendi, a Bacon, a Newton, a Clarke, and a Butler. They have dived deeper into the abysses of the "intuitional consciousness," and have gained a clearer insight into truth. Sometimes they are heard, with a conceit still more affected, professing a wish that they could believe as their fathers did. They really admire Jesus of Nazareth; indeed, they are quite disposed to patronize him. They are willing, at least, to give him one niche in their gallery of heroes, along with a Zoroaster, a Woden, a Socrates, a Mohammed, a Napoleon, and a Kant. They avow that this

thing the Christians call faith, would be very pleasing; it is so child-like, so composing, so beautiful. But, alas! they must pay the penalty of their greater wisdom; their superior light must needs dissipate those graceful and venerable myths which at once awed and fascinated the ruder minds we have mentioned, and so they are compelled to relinquish the pleasing puerilities of the Bible, although it is done quite sadly.

Now what is all this but mere conceit? which rather than permit its authors to pass along in that obscure mediocrity which is their due, will be singular by being erroneous; which prefers to be cheated, rather than to be insignificant. And what is the true motive of the species of diction which they affect, where perspicuous simplicity is carefully shunned, where new or perverted terms are employed to express old ideas, in order that the unsubstantial character of the thought may be concealed by the tinsel of seeming novelty, and where speculations are obtruded, not because they are seen to be true, but because they are believed to be ingenious? So, much of the maudlin profundities of transcendentalism is but a trick of its teachers to flatter themselves and their pupils into a belief of their own intellectual greatness. It is thus the plan works: Let the author fill his pages with a flood of strange, long, hard terms, which shall be sufficiently unintelligible, and yet tease the reader's mind with the phantom of a resemblance to sense and solid reason, and let him make himself, by some artifice, "the fashion" in the literary clique which he affects. As the pupil fares along through his lucubrations, like Milton's Satan through Chaos, "nigh foundered, treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying," his mental vanity very surely furnishes the desired inference. Says the reader: "If these speculations are thus obscure to my acute discrimination, (his possession of which is self-evident,) how grandly profound must be the mind which could pro-

duce them all!" So likewise the master provides for the scholar a ready recompense for this tribute of adulation, in a cognate deduction. It is this: "But I also comprehend and love, at least, much of this high mystery, which to the baser many is a sealed book. Am I not also entitled to call myself of the esoteric circle?" So, conceit spurs on the reader to applaud and ape his Coryphæus, to echo his muddy dicta, and to attempt to babble in his pedantic gibberish. The writers and the readers of this species of philosophy, falsely so-called, form a species of "mutual admiration society."

Intellectual vanity has done yet wider mischief in another way, which, if less criminal and disreputable, has been more general. This foible perpetually betrays men into an overweening confidence in the certainty of the deductions of reason, and a disregard for its proper limitations. Men speculate as boldly as though a thousand errors had not evinced the liability of their understandings to error; and when once their darling speculations are published, conceit forbids that they should be questioned. It is not pleasant to him whose trade is philosophizing, to remember how often the current and general opinions of ages have been found at fault; how not only propositions which were believed to be the clearest deductions of science have been exploded, but dogmas held for necessary axioms have been shown to be not even truths, and much less self-evident truths; for how many generations the Ptolemaic system of the skies was held, and how, after Galileo had seen its undoubted falsity in the first revelations of his rude telescopes, the logicians both of Rome and Geneva continued to prove by rule and figure of logic, that it was undoubtedly true; how the scholastic ages founded their systems of pneumatics and hydrostatics upon the axiom that "nature abhors vacuum," until Torricelli showed that this abhorrence only extended to the height of thirty-three feet, over an

inclosed column of water; how even *Des Cartes* was governed in his theory of the movements of the universe by the old maxim "that no body can act where it is not," while Newton showed that every instance of planetary attraction, that great law which binds the worlds in order, was an example of a body exerting its force beyond the limits of its own existence; and above all, how the Scriptures, in teaching us that God made the world out of nothing, exploded that proposition, which the whole ancient world had held as self-evident, that eternal, self-existent matter was as necessary to the creative act as an eternal, self-existent Creator. Were the wise men of olden times fools, as compared with us? Should we conclude them so, this would be the best proof that we are the fools above all predecessors. They were *men*; and the proper inference to be drawn from their persistent errors, is that the human understanding, though a precious instrument when guided by caution, humility and diligence, is an instrument at best feeble and imperfect.

It had been well for man, also, if he had exercised lowliness enough to acknowledge what the human mind can not compass, and to recognize its proper limitations. Most speculative errors may be traced to an unwillingness to acquiesce in inscrutable mystery as one of their sources. Men have been like Milton's evil angels, who sought to beguile the pains of their remorse:

"Reasoning high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Thus have they been ever beating against the walls of the incomprehensible. As the crowning absurdity of this intellectual conceit stands the axiom that nothing can be believed which is not also intelligible. Men forget that while the evidence on which we believe must be intelligible, in order to produce rational belief, the proposition evidenced may

be in large part unintelligible, and yet be most manifestly true. Indeed, by this arrogant rule we could believe nothing, for there is nothing so familiarly known that it does not involve an incomprehensible mystery. When man has learned the highest wisdom of his race, every blade of grass which he crushes beneath his feet involves a mystery which he can not solve, and an organism whose construction he can not imitate. Does he study himself, the knowing, intelligent subject? He does not know what is the tie which connects the conscious spirit with the corporeal senses through which alone he studies and observes. Does he speculate about the organic world, and display his learning about all trees, from the cedar of Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He can not define that vegetable life which gives character to them all, nor tell what he means by the vitality which distinguishes a plant from a stone, or that which separates a man from a plant.

It is a familiar and just trope which represents intellection by vision, truth by light, and ignorance by darkness. The limited domain of any finite mind may therefore be aptly compared to a circle of light bounded by darkness. The circle of light possessed by the learned is wider than that beheld by the unlearned—both alike have their circumferences of darkness. There is no line of light radiating from the centre, or crossing the illuminated disk as a chord, which does not gradually hide its ends in thick night. Let man increase his knowledge, and thereby extend his circle of light—still he has only pushed off a little farther the dark boundary of the unknown; and he has increased also the length of that circumference of ignorance by which his knowledge is bounded. He has just so much multiplied the points at which his knowledge terminates in the unknown. He, therefore, who knows most is most conscious of ignorance. The greater his knowledge, the more numerous the

points at which he feels himself arrested by his own ignorance.

Hence it follows that the wisest are ever the most humble. It is the sciolist who is puffed up by his scanty acquisitions. "With the lowly is wisdom." It follows equally that with the increase of knowledge, humility of mind becomes more and more necessary. As the points are multiplied where knowledge is arrested by the unknown, more frequent and larger demands are made upon the submissive spirit, to own its weakness, and pause in its inquiries. This will be true even in heaven; for as man can never become omniscient, one effect of the increase of his powers and knowledge will be to extend the length of that boundary of darkness by which his vision will still be embraced. As questions are solved which are now mysteries to us, new mysteries will emerge, grander, more profound, more numerous, of whose existence our feeble minds are now unconscious. The new truths acquired will doubtless explain many things now inexplicable, in the relations of the truths we now hold; but those new truths will also doubtless unfold novel and grand relations between themselves, disclosing the existence of still higher mysteries, before which the soul must still bow. So that by the very reason more is comprehended, more things must be believed which can not be comprehended.

Pride and conceit are aspiring; and yet it is demonstrable that their whole brood are debasing to the soul in which they harbor, while humility is elevating. Pride and humility imply a comparison between him who feels them and some other. The proud man is proud because he fancies himself superior in something to the person with whom he compares himself. The humble man is humble, because he sees himself below the standard of his comparison. In the numerous gradations of wisdom and excellence, any person who is neither in the lowest place of all nor in the seat of divine perfection has

both superiors and inferiors. He might, therefore, either feel pride as he compared himself with those below him, or humility as he measured himself with those above him. This, then, is the character of pride and conceit, to look habitually downward at the inferiority and defects beneath them. But the trait of the humble man is, that he contemplates, and aspires after the excellence that is above him. He is humble, because he looks ever above him, at a standard of excellence which attracts and elevates, while it rebukes him. Which, then, is the ennobling habit of soul? It is humility which sets the soul in the path of ascending excellence; while pride, looking at the abject things beneath itself, places it in the indolent and vile descent toward those groveling things with which alone its selfishness will permit comparison.

These diverse influences are propagated in two ways. The sense of defect is the *stimulus* to effort. He who looks above and is perpetually humbled by his sense of inferiority, finds in the habitual objects of his comparison at once the spur to nobler exertions, and the model for his self-improvement. But he who only gratifies his self-love by comparisons which may minister arguments for self-gratulation, is attracted away from consciousness of defect, and consequently makes no effort to rise. Second, the character is always assimilated to the objects with which it is most familiar. And with what object can the soul be so truly said to converse as with those by which it habitually measures itself? Since it is the nature of humility to measure itself by things nobler than itself, and of pride to compare itself only with the viler, humility is the ennobling, aspiring temper, and pride the abject and degrading. Pride is the vulture, which fancies that it is soaring at a lofty height as it prowls on level wing above the tree-tops, because its eyes are ever bent downward to the garbage on which it battens. Humility is the eagle, which,

as she soars beyond mortal ken toward the sun, says not that she is high, because her eye is filled with the glories of the Empyrean to which she mounts.

It may now be comprehended why profound humility is the characteris-

tic of the noblest natures. And it may be justly concluded of every system of education, or of social or religious institutions, that just in proportion as they generate conceit, they are mischievous and corrupting.

THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE hyena complained to the leopards that the lion was growing lordly and lazy, and lay snoring in his den, surrounded by his lioness and cubs, while the poor jackal had to hunt for him, bring in the prey, and divide it with the idle pack. A pleasant-looking leopard, whose white spots shone brightly on a ground of copper, replied that the Great Spirit had given the jackal an instinct to hunt for the lion, and that he had never been known to hunt for himself without the supervision of the beast which protected him. "But," answered the hyena, "the old jackal-driver is saucy as well as lazy, and growls contemptuously at his betters, who hunt and kill their own lambs in an honest way." Thereupon a howl was raised, and the beasts all resolved to go to the lion's den and chastise him for his insolence. And the fox made them a song for their march about the wrongs and ill-treatment of the jackal. But when they came to march, the orator and the poet and the benevolent leopard all hung back. The hyena said that he had to stay behind to attend to the national interests of the beasts, that his hatred of the lion was well known, and that the recusant leopard should be forced to go, since his friendship for the lion was notorious.

The fox said he must stay with his foxess, who was in a delicate way, and one of the little ones had been out too late at a hen-roost, and had caught a very bad cold. "But," he added, looking at the lagging leopard, "I hate all who are skulking behind

through friendship for the wicked old jackal-driver."

So the kind leopard was forced to join the army, and his friends were so pleased with his conduct that they gave him the post of honor and of danger.

On reaching the lion's den, and making known their message to the savage tyrant, he roared terribly and sprang upon his old friend and mangled him in a very unfriendly way. So the beasts marched back to their own country and held a grand pow-wow. The mangled leopard wanted the hyena to take his place, but the hyena said that he was needed "to stir the great heart of the nation" at home, and suggested that the Bengal tiger be sent for.

The fox said that though the health of the foxess was not yet restored, and though his unfortunate son was still suffering from a cold, he was willing to make sacrifices for the good of the common cause, and would take any profitable contract for sharpening the claws and whetting the teeth of the warriors in the field. Unhappy fox that he was, he could not give his services for nothing, since he wanted a little jewelry and a few delicacies for his afflicted dame. So the Bengal tiger was sent for, and told of all the sins of the atrocious despot. The fox sharpened his claws and whetted his teeth, and sung him the song, "'Tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "What are ye after paying?" replied the tiger. The hyena patted him on the shoulder, called him a fine fellow, and said

he knew that the best fighters in the world came from the bogs and jungles of Bengal. "What are ye after paying?" once more replied the tiger.

The lazy old lion, unconscious of the formidable preparations, had bragged over his victory until he had fallen into a sound sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the roar of a vast multitude of furious animals around him. One of his cubs, seeing what the end must be, went out, kissed the great toe of the tiger, told him that he was always opposed to this jackal-driving, and thought his sire was a wicked old wretch. And to show his zeal and sincerity, attacked him in his most vulnerable parts.

A great battle ensued. The tiger lost his right eye, the deserter cub had his ear cropped off, the friendly leopard was worse lacerated than before, but the leopards with the black spots kept out of the *melee*, till the old lion was slain. Now, then, while all were resting from the toils of conflict, a voice was suddenly heard. It was from the hyena, (which was supposed to be a great way off,) in the attitude of triumph, on the carcass of the dead lion. "My friends, *we* have gained a great victory, and though I have been somewhat aided by the Great Spirit, remember that *I* brought on this fight. *I* always predicted its happy issue, *I* always cheered the faint-hearted, *I* always forced in the reluctant. *Me*, my

fellow-beasts will recognize as the author of war and the organizer of victory." Next, the treble pipe of the fox was heard: "Fellow-soldiers, *my* odes have led you to glory, *my* labors in whetting the teeth and sharpening the claws have insured a brilliant success. *Brother warriors*, let us take off the hide of the tyrant and clothe the ill-used jackal." The leopards with the black spots growled their approbation. So they clad the poor jackal with the lion's skin and adopted him into the family of beasts. The jackal, in his new dress, thought that he must play the lion, and refused to hunt for his prey. Some days elapsed, when the hyena and the fox passed by the den in gay military costume. (National affairs were not now so urgent, and the fox-ess was much better.) A flight of buzzards and a noisome smell warned them that death had been busy there. "'Tis the rotten old tyrant," said the hyena. "No," answered the fox, "look, 'tis our poor friend, the jackal, he has starved to death;" and here the fox put his tail to his eye and seemed to weep. "Never mind your sentimental nonsense," said the hyena, "isn't the haughty tyrant dead also?" "Ah! that thought comforts me," replied the fox.

MORAL.

Do your own hunting, and mind your own business.

HINTS TO PARENTS.*

WE believe that all known religious systems, whether true or false, enjoin fasting as a duty. The Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos, the Mohammedans, the American Indians, as well as the nations of Christendom, have their stated periods of abstinence from food and carnal indulgence. This, like the wide-spread

belief in vicarious suffering, an universal deluge, a world of supreme happiness or eternal misery, seems to point to a common origin for our race. A common tradition in all parts of the world, among all classes and conditions of men, implies necessarily the same starting-point.

It is scarcely possible that an iden-

* Continued from May number.

tity of belief could have sprung up simultaneously upon so many different subjects, among such numerous nations and tribes in parts so remote from each other, and connected by so little social and commercial intercourse. That would be a greater miracle than any recorded in the Bible. Certainly, it is easier to conceive that the Caucasian and African have been "made of one blood," than that such distinct portions of mankind should concur in certain opinions, which they all claim to have been handed down among them from generation to generation. The skeptic rejects the teaching of the Bible as too hard for belief, only to adopt the most childish credulity upon other subjects. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, could not credit the miracles of the Bible, but found no difficulty in believing that God had wrought a special miracle in his own case, and in answer to his prayer had signified by a voice from heaven the divine approbation of the publication of a paltry book. The infidels of the French Revolution proclaimed that the age of faith had passed, and that the age of reason had come, and they scornfully rejected a pure and holy God of infinite wisdom, to worship an impudent courtesan, as the Goddess of Reason.

Cordially accepting the Bible as the word of God, and fully believing that it teaches that "all mankind descended from Adam and Eve by ordinary generation," we look to its sacred pages to discover the origin, intent, and signification of a religious rite that has prevailed in all ages of the world, and among all nations civilized and uncivilized, heathen and evangelical.

Some suppose that the first fast spoken of in the Bible is that of Abraham on the occasion of the death of his wife, and that the second is that of Jacob when it was reported to him that his son Joseph had been torn in pieces by wild beasts. But there is nothing in the Hebrew word, which in our English version has been rendered "mourn," that neces-

sarily implies that either the bereaved husband or father exhibited grief by abstinence from food.

We assume, then, that the first recorded fasts are those of the great leader of Israel. Three are mentioned, each of forty days' duration. The first, previous to receiving the tables of the law; the second, on account of the sin of the children of Israel in making and worshiping the golden calf; the third, on renewing the tables, which had been broken. It is a significant fact that these first recorded fasts were all with respect to that pure and holy law, which the heaven-appointed promulger foresaw would be broken to the end of time. Hence his humiliation and self-mortification in the presence of its dread Author.

We next read that Joshua and the Hebrew rulers wept, fasted, and bemoaned themselves before God on account of the repulse at Ai. We learn that Elijah fasted forty days and nights, and this seems to have been in preparation for meeting the Lord of Hosts on Mount Horeb.

David fasted when his child of treachery and sin lay on its death-bed. Daniel fasted and made confession of sin for himself and his people. Samuel, Ahab, Jehosaphat, the Ninevites, etc., fasted in order to avert threatened calamities. Moses appointed one stated day in the year—the tenth of the month Tisri, on which all the tribes of Israel were to fast and make confession of sin. The Greeks had likewise a stated annual fast in which cakes could be eaten, but not animal food. Horace ridicules, in his own peculiar vein, the superstitious mother who exposed her son naked on the banks of the Tiber on a fast day, that she might thereby show her thankfulness to the gods for his recovery from a fever. The satirist thought that the gratitude of the mother would certainly bring on the death of the child by an ague worse than the fever he had escaped. A learned commentator tells us that the rite of fasting was introduced among the Romans by Hebrews, Egyptians, and Chal-

deans. There seems to be no room to doubt that all of them derived the rite originally from the Israelites. It has been accompanied, in whatever age or part of the world found, with the idea that mortification of the body, self-abasement, and self-denial, are pleasing to the offended majesty of Heaven. Back of this lies the thought that the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; "and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Just as the body of man obstructs the light of day (the symbol of Deity), does his animal nature prevent the shining of spiritual light into his soul. Let him walk out on some bright day and he will see in the shadow cast on the ground a sombre image of himself, its groveling and its blackness proclaiming the degradation, and the guilt wrought by this body of sin and of death. Hence conquest over the sensual part of our being was so prominent in the Christian scheme of religion. Deny thyself and take up thy cross was the constant teaching of its founder. The cross was not merely the prophetic badge of suffering to be endured, but also the glorious ensign under which victory was to be won over the flesh. Hence the first preachers of the gospel frequently spoke of the body as crucified, and already dead, no longer a source of corruption to the soul. "Now if we be dead with Christ we believe that we also shall live with him." "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." "Wherefore, if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world;" "for if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him;" "we being dead to sin should live to righteousness."

It is not strange that under such instruction the primitive Christians should have been so distinguished for austerity and unworldliness. Gibbon has said of them: "Their serious and sequestered life, averse to the gay luxury of the age, inured

them to chastity, temperance, economy, and all the sober domestic virtues. As the greater number were of some trade or profession, it was incumbent on them by the strictest integrity, and the fairest dealing, to remove the suspicions which the profane are too apt to conceive against the appearances of sanctity. The contempt of the world exercised in them habits of humility, meekness, and patience. Even their faults, or rather errors were derived from an excess of virtue. Ambitious to exalt the perfection of the Gospel above the wisdom of philosophy, the zealous fathers carried the duties of self-mortification, of purity, and of patience, to a height which it is scarcely possible to attain, and much less preserve in our present state of weakness and corruption." The Mosaic economy aimed at the same thing as the Christian, in the destruction of greed, covetousness, and worldliness in every form. The Israelite, however far he dwelt from Jerusalem, had to leave his business, his farm, his home, and journey thither three times a year with all his family. He had to pay a tenth of all that he possessed to the Levites, and to give contributions of other sorts amounting in all to not less than a fifth of his entire income. His land had to lie uncultivated every seventh year. His *Hebrew* slave became a freeman after six years' service. He could perform no labor in the year of jubilee, and then the fields and houses which he had bought must return to their original owners. The primitive Christians went beyond even this. They sold their possessions and had all things in common.

Now we are far from recommending asceticism. We fear that it too often ends in gloom, sourness, moroseness, and fault-finding. We like to see contentment and cheerfulness always, and fun and frolic in their proper places. But we do recommend having the passions and appetites in such perfect control that they may never be injurious to ourselves or others. Believing that the Author of Chris-

tianity is a God of benevolence, we believe also that his injunction of self-denial is meant to promote the happiness of his creatures. We have no doubt that the man of fewest wants is the happiest man. Artificial desires increase more rapidly than their possible gratification. The child is as much pleased with a rusty nail, an old piece of iron, a fragment of broken plate, as with the rarest and most costly toy, until you have cultivated and developed in him a taste for the latter. Then he soon wearies of it, and wants a new one. Get that, and he whines for a third, and so the craving is never and can never be satisfied. It is thus with grown-up children. Indulgence can never sate the longing for some as yet untasted joy. Hence man is happy just in proportion to his independence of his appetites. Of a numerous staff, we thought him to be the most habitually cheerful who used nor spirits, nor tobacco, nor coffee, nor tea. It has come within the knowledge of the most careless observer that the self-indulgent are never satisfied—the selfish never happy; while the continent is ever content, and the generous is always good-humored.

But we go further than this, we believe self-indulgence and selfishness incompatible with greatness. We place these two terms together because they are closely allied. The self-indulgent man may not at first be selfish, nor is he necessarily hard-hearted. His natural impulses may be all kind. But whenever his own ease and personal gratification are to be surrendered for the good of country or of individuals, he is incapable of the sacrifice. War, which calls for the greatest amount of physical endurance and mental anxiety, detects the latent selfishness of the self-indulgent. Hence the unmanly expedients of this class of persons to shun military service. Hence the magnificent failures of all such men in responsible positions. A general officer, in speaking to the writer of the disastrous career of one whose name is almost the synonym of mis-

fortune, said: "I knew he must fail, he was too selfish a man to succeed."

We know not how it was with our opponents, but certainly on our own side, every self-indulgent man met with some grave reverse. Their love of ease, of comfortable quarters, of good living, etc., made them neglect discipline reconnoissances, or some other important duty. The Apostle Paul, whose military figures prove him to have been well-read in the science of war, exhorts Timothy to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Here the intimation is very plain that the successful soldier, as well as the successful Christian, is one who can endure hardness and is no effeminate softling. All of his allusions to military life show that he regarded it as affording the highest example of earnest, honest, unselfish devotion to a great principle. In the last closing scenes of his life, the mind of the great apostle reverted to the incidents of his toilsome, self-sacrificing ministry, and he drew his comparison from the career of the generous and heroic soldier. "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day." The aged warrior expects a crown of glory at the hands of the Captain of his salvation.

This view of the subject explains the remarkable fact that the highest type of Christian character has been found in camp. Selfishness and its direct offshoot, pride, are the two great causes which militate against repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. But the whole career of the soldier is in direct opposition to both. The hot weary march, the dreary night-watch, the scanty ration, the cheerless bivouac, the fatiguing labor, the necessity of yielding to the tastes and inclinations of his comrades, the implicit obedience to be given to his

superiors—all these strike at habits of self-indulgence and lofty notions of self-importance. But if the march and the camp cut off the boughs of selfishness, the field of battle lays the axe at its very roots. The soldier is now called upon to make an entire surrender of self and to present himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. The selfish man can not make the dedication. Hence he is fruitful in expedients to avoid the field or plays an ignoble part in the hour of trial. The writer of this remembers a conversation upon the subject of courage between two officers, who had themselves seen death under its most terrible aspects in many a stubborn fight. They both agreed in defining courage to be “unselfishness in the presence of danger,” though it is probable that neither of them knew that they had employed almost the very words of the great British poet, who sounded the very depths of the human heart and knew all its hidden recesses: “He that is truly dedicate to war hath no self-love; and he that loves himself hath not essentially but by circumstance the name of valor.” In the broad light of day and with the eyes of the world upon him, the lover of self may exhibit the semblance of courage; but take away from him his factitious supports and his innate poltroonery will appear. The dead carcass of a land animal will float upon the ocean, when inflated with the gases of putrefaction. Prick the inflated mass; it sinks to the bottom, while the natives of the deep are revelling amid the roar and surging of the billows. Thus the presumptuous egotist may be borne along by the current into the thickest of the contest; but let his bladders of support collapse, and he will shrink into the shivering coward, while his really brave companions are exulting in “the joy of battle,” a phrase which the Roman invented and which those of Roman soul can alone understand.

The war has demonstrated beyond all denial that duellists, street bul-

lies, heroes of bar-rooms and old field musters have an unconquerable aversion to battle-fields. One of the greatest bullies the writer ever knew managed for three years to be sick at every battle. Forced in at last, he acquitted himself respectably. We had trusted that these gentlemen were so well understood now, that one would never more hear their bluster and braggadocio. But in the village of —, in a sister State, we were annoyed by the old rowdyism and the old flourish of pistols, and were troubled with that nervous twitching in the toe of the right boot, which the most patient feel under such circumstances. We were curious enough to inquire the history of the champions, and were told that the noisiest had been advised by his company after the first battle to take care of his dear wife and sweet children at home. The other had been famous for the fine dinners and champagne suppers given by him to the conscript officers. Bullyism proceeds from the tyrannical desire to oppress and injure the weak. Rowdyism shows an utter disregard for the comfort and feelings of others. Both are unmistakable marks of selfishness, and consequently of cowardice. The truculent bravo, whether at home lording over his own household, in a court-room badgering a witness, or in the legislative hall devising schemes of humiliating the powerless, is a mean, selfish, wretch, and therefore a poltroon at heart.

Censoriousness as well as tyranny flow naturally from the fountain of selfishness. All the ways of a selfish man are right in his own eyes. All the ways of every other man are wrong in his eyes. He repents of the sins of the poor publican, and thanks God that he has none of his own. Hence he becomes a reformer, and when his reforms are not accepted he next becomes a persecutor. In Paradise he would have changed all the serpentine walks into right-lined avenues laid off according to his own compass and square. He would have dug up all the roses and

replaced them by onions or other esculents of a fragrance savory to his own nasal organs.

The carrion crow flies over our beautiful South; but with his eye fixed upon rottenness and garbage, he sees nothing of the loveliness of hill and dale, nothing of the magnificence of our forests and the bright sparkling of our rivers. He is looking only for the decaying carcasses, which his vicious tastes have taught him to love. Perched perhaps, upon some dead pine, he may look down upon our toiling and impoverished people in seeming unconsciousness that he has the foul odor and ugliness of an unclean bird. Thus it is with the selfish censor of others. He sees nothing of their amiable, generous, and noble qualities. His eye is keen to discover only those defects over which charity would fain throw a veil. Elevated too by his own egotism, or the adulation of kindred spirits, he may from his "bad preëminence" gaze scornfully upon the follies and foibles of his fellow creatures, ignorant that he himself is an object of loathing and detestation to all who have minds to perceive and hearts to hate his baseness and corruption. In brief, we have seen that the Mosaic economy and the Christian dispensation have taught directly the duty of self-discipline, and that the religious systems of heathendom have in a modified form joined in the sublime teaching. We have seen history and experience

showing that selfish and self-indulgent men can not be good and great, can not be brave and generous, happy and contented, and that they are ruthless and remorseless revilers and persecutors of others. Let all wise parents, then, make the eradication of selfishness a radical principle of family discipline. Let their first lesson to their children be to conquer their passions and appetites, and learn to consult the tastes, wishes, and inclinations of those by whom they are surrounded. Let them be told of the great hero, who when a child endured pain until he fainted, that he might gain a victory over self—who when his great career was drawing to a close, and he lay in the agonizing throes of a mortal wound uttered no groan for himself, but many words of pity and compassion for his fellow sufferers. Still better, let them be told of Him, who divested himself of the glories of divinity and took upon him the form of a servant, who gave up the joys of heaven for the sufferings of earth, in order that he might go about doing good, and "do not his own will, but the will of him that sent him." When they have learned to love his character and to imitate his example, parental instruction and parental guidance will be no longer needed. A life of usefulness and an eternity of happiness may then be hoped for as their lot and their portion.

(To be continued.)

THE HAVERSACK.

DURING the war we frequently saw the phrase "dying in the last ditch" attributed to General Pillow by the Northern press. Lately, we see that Brownlow of Tennessee, whose classic purity of style is so well known to the whole country, is receiving the credit of originating it. But with whomsoever the expression originated, it was employed, long before the rebellion, by William the Third of

England, Stadtholder of Holland, and Prince of Orange. When defending his hereditary dominions against the immense armies of Louis XIV., he was told by the French Ambassador that inevitable destruction awaited his people, unless he would submit to the power of the Grand Monarch. He replied: "I have thought of the means of avoiding the sight of the ruin of my country; I can die in the

last ditch." In Holland, intersected in every direction by canals whose embankments afforded the best defensive works, the language is pregnant with meaning. It could have no local significance in any part of the United States. Byron has an allusion to this celebrated speech of William of Orange. In his diary we read: "Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have partly discussed an ensemble expedition. It must be in ten days, if at all, if we wish to be in at the revolution. Old William of Orange talked of 'dying in the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is well that I can swim, or I suppose that I should not well weather the first."

Brownlow, who was once as furious against the abolitionists as he is now furious in their favor, said in one of his numerous tirades against them: "I am not, and never have been, *interested* in the slave traffic, or immersed in the cares, advantages, or disadvantages of the institution of slavery, and therefore I claim to be a *disinterested* looker-on. A native of Virginia, I have lived half a century in the South, and seen the workings of the institution of slavery in its best and worst forms, and in all the Southern States. I have gone among the free negroes at the North, and in *every instance* I have found them more miserable and destitute as a whole than the slave population of the South. In our Southern States, where negroes have been set at liberty, in nine cases out of ten their conditions have been made worse, while the most wretched, lazy and dishonest class of persons to be found in the Southern States are *free persons of color*. I, therefore, go against the emancipation of slavery altogether, unless they can be sent to Liberia at once. I take my stand with the friends of the institution of slavery in the South. Connected with this question I will go as far as the next man—*dying in the last ditch*."

There are certain expressions which please the popular mind, and soon become part of its common pro-

perty. The right ownership may never be known, but the people will always claim possession. After the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, an anonymous writer alluding to General Taylor said, "The soldiers call him old Rough and Ready." No one in the army knew of this sobriquet, till they saw this communication. But the appellation pleased the soldiery and the country. The old hero *did* from that time forward receive a designation which was the coining of this unknown scribbler. In a Republic his fortune is made who receives a popular cognomen. In "the fierce democracy of Rome," the adjectives Africanus and Asiaticus applied to the conqueror of Africa and Asia could never have aroused a wilder enthusiasm among the people than has been excited among us by the appellations "Old Tippecanoe" and "Old Rough and Ready." In the latter instance, the alliteration took with the masses as much as the names. It struck the fancy like Poe's "pallid bust of Pallas," or Pope's "up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone." At any rate, we doubt not that the anonymous correspondent of an obscure paper won for "Old Rough and Ready" (we readily accord the sobriquet) more than fifty thousand votes. He should have been rewarded with a place in the Cabinet or by a first-class foreign embassy. Perhaps he was, who knows?

During the Confederate struggle the phrase "giving the last man and the last dollar," was attributed, we know not how correctly, to the late Provisional Governor of North-Carolina. If not his, we suppose that the true author will hardly ever set up claims of ownership.

The expression "war to the knife," which was used so frequently during the late struggle and for several years preceding it, has seldom received its true paternity. It was the answer of Palafox to the demand of the French commander, Marshal Moucey, for the surrender of Saragossa. This was not an idle bravado, but the stern

determination of a brave man, who by his heroic resistance has caused the defense of Saragossa to be ranked with that of Saguntum and Numantia. It was thought at the beginning of the second great rebellion that the bowie-knife would be as terrible in Southern hands as was the *machete* in the hands of the Spanish peasantry. But its inferiority to the deadly revolver soon caused it to be discarded. Governor Harris of Tennessee, who served on the staff of General Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh, related an incident illustrating the point. A regiment from —, which had often boasted of what prodigies of valor it would perform with the bowie-knife, broke badly under a withering fire of minie-balls. The General rode up to the shrinking, cowering men and cried out: "You have bragged about what you would do with the bowie-knife, and now when the manlier weapon is put in your hands you play the woman. If there is manhood in you follow me." He placed himself in front of the regiment and rode before it until the enemy was routed by the gallant attack. He led into action several regiments on that the last day of his heroic life.

Shells have had a prominence in this war never before known, since the invention of gunpowder. But the mortar-shells used in siege have long been regarded as the most dreadful implements of modern warfare. In throwing up earthworks in and around Yorktown in 1861-2, many eight and ten-inch shells were found, and if we remember aright, a few of larger calibre. Byron's description of a bombardment will recall lively recollections to the better class of Southern young men, the soldiers of the army.

"And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb;
And as the fabric sunk beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
In red and wreathing columns flashed
The flame, as loud the ruin crashed,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven."

The works thrown up by the C. S. (called so) forces were begun at night under false information from Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Lee of the First North-Carolina regiment acted as the engineer officer on the occasion; and it is remarkable that without having made a previous reconnoissance in daylight, and with no maps or traces of old works to guide him, he fell upon the identical line of fortifications used by Cornwallis. A different and more extended line, upon a more elaborate plan, was afterward adopted. But upon the approach of McClellan, the wisdom of the British engineers was fully acknowledged, and the old line was reoccupied.

What a tribute it was to the genius of the young officer who had made so happy a selection of ground in the darkness of the night! Alas! that one so full of promise, so brave, so gentle, so noble, and so generous in all his impulses, should have perished so early in the contest.

How many recollections come clustering around us at the name of Yorktown—some sad, some serious, and some curious. A few of the last class may interest our readers. The Fifth Louisiana infantry (Colonel Hunt commanding) landed at Yorktown in the midst of a cold rain-storm of unusual violence. A captain of the regiment, with some other officers, sought refuge in a recently deserted house. His attention was attracted to what seemed to be his own handwriting, in a letter among a pile of loose papers on the floor. Picking it up, he found his own signature to it, but dated 1781! It was a letter from his grandfather, a native of an adjoining county, (Gloucester, we think,) who had served at the siege of Yorktown. If we remember rightly, the grandfather held the same rank in the old rebel army that his grandson held in the new. The finding of the letter, with all the attendant circumstances, is certainly one of those incidents stranger than fiction itself.

The daughter of a Southern officer

had married a gentleman of another nation, lived unhappily with him, and parted from him, from causes sufficiently painful. The daughter returned to her father; the husband fled to Mexico, and was supposed to have died soon after. Years passed away and nothing was heard from him. The rebellion broke out. General Butler took the field and sent forward the troops who fought the first battle of the war, while he himself with provident care of the wounded, remained nine miles behind, in charge of the ambulance train. (See General B. F. Butler's Report.) After the retirement of Butler's troops a C. S. (called so) soldier strolling over the battle-field found a kind of bowie-knife beautifully finished and elegantly ornamented. It was passed from hand to hand as a rare and costly piece of workmanship, until it at length reached the hands of the father of the unfortunate lady. Judge of his surprise on reading the inscription on the blade to find that it had been presented to a Federal officer by his own son-in-law, supposed to have been long since dead. The name (a remarkable one) and place of residence left no room to doubt his identity.

In throwing up rifle-pits on the morning of the fight at Bethel, a few bones were dug up by some Virginia troops. Colonel M—, of Virginia, told the writer that he had reason to suppose that they belonged to some men under the command of his grandfather, who had been slain near that spot, together with their leader, Colonel M—, senior, in the revolutionary war.

On the sixth of November, 1632, Gustavus Adolphus defeated the Austrians at Lutzen. Nearly two hundred years afterward, on the second of May, 1813, Napoleon defeated the same people on the same spot. In Austria, as in Virginia, the invaders were the attacking party, and it may have happened in both instances that the defenders of their soil turned up the bones of their ancestors. Passing strange are the

facts of history. We would be glad to receive from some military friend an account of the repetitions of battles on the same spot. We think that it has seldom happened in the same war that two battles have been given on the same ground, as was the case, during the late contest, at Manassas and Fredericksburgh. But in all wars on a grand scale there will be whole districts of country which become strategic districts, and there will be points in those districts which become strategic points. A great battle is fought at one of these points, and is followed by a long peace. Another war breaks out generations afterward, and the military leaders both perceive the importance of the old battle-field, and another battle is given to get possession of it. Napoleon had so accurate an eye for strategic points, that in riding over the field of Austerlitz, days before the battle, he could predict a bloody contest would be waged there some day. Lombardy and the Netherlands may be given as examples of strategic *districts*, while Lutzen and Austerlitz are examples of strategic *points*.

General B. F. Butler, United States army, was the first to use the word "contraband" as a designation for the negro, and he has, too, the honor of being the first to encourage that class of persons to desert their masters. It will doubtless gratify him to know that the contrabands made themselves very useful to both sides. The rebels, at least, were kept well posted about all that occurred within and around Fortress Monroe. The number of ships that McClellan brought, and the strength of his army were reported with astonishing accuracy. It is certain that Yorktown knew more of Fortress Monroe, at this period at least, than did Fortress Monroe know of Yorktown. The opposite opinion would be a poor compliment to McClellan. He certainly would have attacked on the first day of his arrival, before Magruder's long weak line, had he known that there were many points of it at

which there was not a man for hundreds of yards. There is reason to believe that Magruder kept Butler amused for more than a year with false information conveyed through intelligent contrabands, while his own intelligence was accurate in the minutest degree. The rebel tricks played off by means of negroes at the beginning of the war would be sufficiently curious; but the time has hardly come for these revelations to be made. But even when "the instinct of freedom was true," the news brought by the intelligent contraband must sometimes have seemed very strange. An officer of McClellan's staff told the writer, during a flag of truce, an amusing instance of this.

After Beauregard's retreat from Corinth, McClellan was much exercised in mind lest he should come to the relief of Lee. A statement to that effect had been published in our papers. Other papers denounced the imprudent revelation and said some wise things about the importance of reticence. McClellan as a military man knew this was the move that *ought to be made*, and he believed it *had been made*. However, to make sure on this point, he determined to examine, in person, an intelligent contraband, just brought into his lines direct from Richmond.

General M. Is Beauregard in Richmond?

J. C. Oh! yes, Masser.

General M. How many soldiers did he have with him?

J. C. Hundred thousand, tree thousand, fifty thousand! Cars heaped up with sogers, ebery day two, tree weeks.

General M. Are you sure that Beauregard is there himself?

J. C. Oh! yes, him make a speech at de Capitol, hear Mass Letcher call him General Boregar.

The news was sufficiently confirmatory of McClellan's worst fears, and the intelligent contraband saw plainly that he had "made a sensation"—the thing of all others the most flattering to the negro. At length some one thought of testing still further the intelligent contraband's accuracy and the examination was renewed.

Q. Did you see General Beauregard yourself?

A. Oh! yes, Masser! me see him for sartin.

Q. What sort of looking man is he?

A. Him great big fat man, tomack tick out so, (putting his hands two feet in front of his stomach.)

This was too much for the gravity of McClellan, who laughed heartily with his fears all relieved.

Beauregard's leanness was too well known for the credibility of the contraband's story. It appeared afterward that the poor fellow had mistaken the portly Price (who happened to be in Richmond about that time) for the celebrated engineer. The fifty thousand, tree thousand, hundred thousand, were the troops of Holmes and Huger from North-Carolina and Norfolk.

NAMES OF BATTLES.

It has often happened in the history of wars that the respective belligerents have called the same battlefield by different names. Thus, the Blenheim of the British is the Hochstadt of the Germans; the Gladesmuir of the Scotch is the Preston Pans of the English. But the late rebellion has brought out distinct characteristics of the two hostile sec-

tions, which has never been before so remarkably exhibited in the nomenclature of battles.

Where it has been possible to do so, the North has used the name of some object in nature, a stream, a mountain, a landing-place, a forest, etc. The South has shown a preference for artificial objects, a railway station, a city, town, etc. The one

speaks of Bull Run, (a brook;) the other of Manassas, (a railway station;) the former of Ball's Bluff; the latter of Leesburgh, (a village;) the former of Stone's River, the latter of Murfreesboro, (a town;) the former of Mill Creek, the latter of Somerset, (a town;) the former speak of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing; the latter call it the battle of Shiloh, (a church;) the former speak of the battle of South-Mountain, the latter, of Boonsboro, (a village;) the former, of the battle of Antietam, (a brook;) the latter, of Sharpsburgh, (a village;) the former, of the battle of the Chickahominy, (a stream;) the latter, of Cold Harbor, (a tavern;) the former, of the battle of Marye's Hill, the latter, of Fredericksburgh, etc., etc. Out of the 250 battles of the war, those of real importance have, as a general thing, been differently designated; and had the Confederacy been established, endless confusion would have been the result.

But the history of the conquerors will be received as *the* history of the war, and of course *their* names will most likely be transmitted to posterity. On the other hand, as the battle-fields have been generally on Southern soil, the tourist will naturally use the designation by which the battle-field is known with the people in the neighborhood. These opposite influences may keep up the confusion for a long time.

It is curious to notice that the difference alluded to is to be observed even in the names given to the respective armies.

The North employed the names of rivers and had the army of the Potomac, the army of the James, the army of the Ohio, the army of the Cumberland. The South used the artificial divisions of States, and had the army of Northern Virginia, the army of Tennessee, the army of Mississippi, etc. Now, it is simply absurd to say that the difference has been accidental. It points to a difference in the mode of thought. We have a theory on the subject, which is partially satisfactory to ourselves, but

before giving it, we would rather hear from some of our mental philosophers.

If inclined to be too partial to Irish humor, it must be excused on account of an Irish origin.

After the battle of Leesburgh, two Irish Federals were brought into the hospital of the kind-hearted Dr. Mott, who always was attentive and faithful to the wounded in his charge, whether friend or foe.

One of them was almost in an unconscious condition, having been shot through the breast, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. The other poor fellow had been struck about the eyes, and was hopelessly blind. The former we will call Tim Mahoney; the latter, Jack Flannegan.

After a few days, hopes were entertained of Tim, but as he never opened his lips in either murmur or request, the surgeon was much puzzled about him. Judge of his surprise, then, on being accosted in a distinct voice, by the half-dying man, "Docter, is there iver a ehap here by the name of Jack Flannegan?" "Yes, he is in the next ward." "Has he got a bit of a pipe we him?" "No, he has not got a pipe." To the amazement of the Doctor, the man got up, wrapped his sheet around him, and started off, saying, "Docter, I must see Jack." The Doctor helped him to the next ward.

Then began "the sweet Irish brogue," which so charmed General Scott, when a candidate for the Presidency. "How dō you fale, Jack, me boy?" "Is that you, Tim?" "Yes, when I last see you, Jaek, my boy, you were smoking yer pipe."

"What were you after that for, Jack?"

"Well, you see, Tim, I had niver been in a rale fight wid bullets, and I was kind o' wake about my stomaeh, and a bit of a smoke made me fale good under the ould flag wid the stars and stripes." "And where's yer pipe, Jack?" "It war knocked out of me mouth sure, when I got that

divil of a lick in me eye. I war looking at the ould flag, when all at wunst I see all the stars in the sky, and niver a bit of a stripe."

In the May number it was stated that General Lee, being apprised of McClellan's intention to make a forward movement from Harper's Ferry in the latter part of October, 1862, had broken up suddenly the right wing of his army under Longstreet, and thrown it forward to Culpeper C. H. to wait the arrival of the enemy. Jackson with the left wing remained behind to remove the sick, the wounded, and the stores from Winchester. As they had all to be transported on the pike, every ambulance and almost every wagon was pressed into service. A. P. Hill and Early were posted so as to guard the crossings of the Shenandoah and the approaches to Winchester. Stuart with his cavalry crossed the river, and planted himself before McClellan, to delay his march as much as possible.

Another of Jackson's infantry divisions crossed over also, but with strict orders not to hazard an engagement. It was directed to make a show of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge and to protect Stuart, should he be too closely pressed. Then commenced that series of movements so graphically described by Colonel Von Bocke, of Stuart's staff, in the January and February numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. The gallant Colonel has brought to his work vivid powers of description, but he has intended to give an honest, truthful picture. Nor do we think that his genuine admiration of his chief has betrayed him into an over-estimate of Stuart's courage, skill, and genial qualities. But we think that in this instance he has too highly colored the services rendered by the cavalry. That arm of the Confederate service had not yet learned to do close, earnest fighting, like the infantry. That lesson was learned subsequently under Stuart himself, and very effectually under Hampton. But the losses in the cavalry would at no time com-

pare with those in the artillery, still less in the infantry. Individual brigades and divisions suffered at times heavily. But take the whole Confederate cavalry and place its losses by the side of that of an equal body of infantry, we doubt whether it would be one fifth so great, perhaps not so much. In this particular case, poor Pelham, with his artillery and with the pieces loaned him from the infantry division, did most of the cavalry fighting. When his guns were silenced by the opposing artillery or by the pressing forward of the enemy's sharpshooters, he retired and the cavalry retired with him, or rather before him, he covering the retreat. In fact this is, in the main, Colonel Von Bocke's own history of this famous retreat. On the afternoon of the 3d November, Captain Hardaway, of Alabama, placed a single Whitworth on a hill near Paris, and with it routed a Federal brigade and a battery of artillery. Colonel Von Bocke mentions this fact, but forgets that this gun came from the infantry division.

'Twas the same officer and the same piece which drove the gunboats out of the Rappahannock at Port Royal. Other guns were employed, but this one did the work. Colonel Von Bocke is in error in attributing this to Pelham, who only fired upon the boats as they were escaping. At some other time we will notice this mistake, and show that the heroism of Pelham on this occasion was even greater than his friend the Colonel supposed.

After the fall of Upperville and Paris, it was thought necessary to withdraw the infantry from Ashby's Gap, as a road led to its rear by the way of the Trap, which was occupied by McClellan's force. The division was marched back to Berry's Ferry, at that time fordable, and was met there by General Jackson in person, who directed it to be marched up the river and occupy Manassas Gap, the next gap in the Blue Ridge south of Ashby's.

A small picket was placed on the Trap road, the division marched on,

General Jackson taking its commander with him, and a single courier, rode back to the top of the Blue Ridge to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's movements. There was not a single one of our soldiers between him and the enemy, and he might readily have been picked up by a scouting-party. But he was in the habit of doing things in that way. It was after sunset when they returned to Berry's Ferry and intensely cold with the ice rapidly forming in the river.

General Jackson crossed over to the left bank of the river, leaving the other officer to follow his division up the right bank. He was delayed some half-hour in removing his picket, and then, to his horror, beheld in the growing dusk a body of men approach the river on the opposite bank, and without a moment's hesitation plunge into the ford. His heart sunk within him, thinking that they were a body of the enemy who had pushed back A. P. Hill or Early, had crossed at the lower fords and most likely captured General Jackson himself, immediately after he reached the other bank. He soon saw, however, that they were not armed as they waded to the right bank, and he waited their arrival. "Who are you?" "We are from Alabama, going to join Rode's Brigade." "Are you conscripts?" "No, next thing to it though, we run from it, 'twas about to catch us." The speaker was engaged all the time in shaking the dripping water off his clothes, and then once more addressing his interrogator, he said, "I tell you, stranger, this water an't *biled*, it an't!"

Directing the shivering yet merry fellows how to find the brigade, the officer rode on with his courier. They had got six or eight miles when a sudden bend in the road revealed hundreds of bright fires glowing cheerily in the frosty night air. Just then two men carrying a bee-hive came into the road from a path coming down from the mountains. "Who are you? What regiment do you belong to?" "Is that you, General? the boys were getting very unea-

sy about you; thought that the Yanks had caught you. I am so glad to see you safe! I am John Simpson, Company A, 3d Alabama, Rode's Brigade; this is William Nicholls, same company and regiment. These mountaineers are too hard upon poor soldiers; made us pay five dollars Confed for this little bee-gum; wanted a dollar in gold; haven't seen a gold dollar in twelvemonths." Rattling on thus without stopping until the first dark strip of woods was reached, when suddenly John Simpson and William Nicholls and bee-hive disappeared. "'Twas well told, any how," muttered the officer riding on to his tent.

Just at sunrise next morning, a rough mountaineer stalked into camp, "General, two of your men took a bee-gum from me last night." "Oh! yes, John Simpson and William Nicholls, 3d Alabama, but they paid you five dollars for it?" "Nary a red; they said they were Smith and Jones of the 100th Georgia regiment, and that you wanted some honey, as old Stonewall was going to take supper with you." "Courier, tell Colonel F—— to send John Simpson and William Nicholls here." Courier returns. "Colonel F—— says that there are no such men in his regiment." "I suppose that the concern of John Simpson and William Nicholls for my safety was about on a par with their desire to give old Stonewall a good supper."

Manassas Gap was reached that morning by a portion of Rode's Brigade in time to prevent its occupation, and to permit some of our cavalry from the rear to pass through on their way to join Stuart, who himself had passed through there the night before. If our memory is not at fault, a portion and perhaps all of Hampton's fine brigade crossed the Blue Ridge here. The division encamped that day (Nov. 5th) at Front Royal, made famous by being the place where Jackson first struck the outposts of Banks. A courier brought in a note from Hampton about noon, referring to an impending fight at

Barber's Cross Roads, and requesting that all parties from the rear should be turned back to go through the next most southern gap. That night a citizen came in reporting that Hampton's Brigade had greatly distinguished itself, had suffered considerably, and that Stuart had continued his retreat. Feeling sure that McClellan's infantry was now sufficiently near to force Manassas Gap early the next morning, the officer for whose safety the bee-hunters had felt so much solicitude, started before day to see the withdrawal of the troops from it, before they should get seriously engaged. Just as he reached the main body of the out-posts, some pieces opened upon a body of the enemy advancing up the railroad. They were driven back. As the morning was bitterly cold, the officer dismounted and walked alone to the picket, some quarter of a mile in advance. Seeing that the officer was young and inexperienced, and that he had chosen a position completely commanded by a densely wooded knoll on the right, he began to ask some questions about the ground and the posting of the men. The lieutenant was from that part of

——, where the uneducated draw out their words and emphasize the last syllable as in regiment, contentment, reinforcement, etc. "Have you any men on the hill, Lieutenant?" "Oh! yes, sir, I have men there." "The enemy seems to be quiet in front." "Yes, sir." "I only see two regiments." "The rest of them are making a flank movement." "Are you sure of it?" "I counted four hundred crossing the railroad and going toward the woods on our right." "You have men there, you say?" "Oh! yes, sir, I have a corporal and three men, and the corporal says that he wants reinforcements."

"Very well, Lieutenant, delay them as long as you can without getting yourself into a scrape. I believe that I will go back." The officer started off at a brisker pace than he came; but he had gone but a few steps when a volley, a loud cheer, and the hurried tramping of feet announced that the gallant corporal, having failed to get his reinforcements, was making the best possible speed out of the woods.

The four hundred men were cheering over their brilliant feat of capturing the hill.

ENGLISH FARMERS.*

JOHN READE, a gardener, was the inventor of the cylindrical clay pipes, which have wrought the "third revolution" in England and Scotland, by draining. Mr. Parkes showed one of these pipes to Earl Spencer, saying: "My Lord, with this pipe I will drain all England." This was at the Derby show of the Royal Agricultural Society, and the council gave John Reade a silver medal for his idea. Draining enabled the owners of retentive soils to follow the system of sheep-folding and root-crops, and on these drained soils, now laid dry and

fiable, sheep-stock flourished where formerly a few dairy cows starved.

When the father of Mr. George Turner, of Barton, Devon, began to drill turnips, a well-to-do neighbor looked down from the dividing bank and said to his son: "I suppose your father will be sowing pepper out of a cruet next." Indeed, the whole history of the turnip cultivation shows the difference between the spirit of the past and the present. It took more than a century to establish the proper growth of the crop, notwithstanding that the wealth of meat and

* Continued from June number.

grain which proceeded was so strikingly manifest. The first difficulty was to get farmers to try it at all; the second was to get them to be at the expense of hoeing. Arthur Young said they listened with incredulity when he told them of the vast benefits derived in Norfolk from this indispensable process. The third difficulty was to induce them to substitute drilling for broadcast sowing, which appeared to them as ridiculous as peppering the land from a cruet.

Lord Bacon, who had a large collection of works upon agriculture, had them, one day, piled up in the court-yard, and set on fire; for, said he, "In all these books, I can find no *principles*; they can, therefore, be of no use to any man." This was just the deficiency with respect to drainage, and it could not, therefore, progress. Josiah Parkes expounded the *principles* of drainage, and made suggestions which led to the manufacture of the steel tools which were necessary for forming the deep cuttings, and the cheap pipes necessary for carrying the water from them when formed.

In 1833, when Mr. Parkes was engaged in draining a peat bog, in Lancashire, he had an opportunity of seeing the great effect produced by deep cuttings, and he was led to ponder on the advantages of relieving the soil of a certain number of inches of water, which is stagnant during the rainy season, and remains until removed by evaporation or a dry season. By experiments continued for several years, he found that a deep drain began to run after wet weather, not from the water above, but from the water rising from the subterranean accumulations below, and that, by drawing away the stagnant moisture from the three or four feet of earth next the surface, it was rendered friable, easier to work, more penetrable by the rain, which then carried down air and manure, and much warmer and more suitable for the nourishment of the roots of the crops. He came to the conclusion that shallow draining, recommended by Smith of

Deanston, was a vital error, and that *four feet*, which left a sufficient layer of dry, warm surface earth, after allowing for the rise of the moisture by capillary attraction above the water level of the drain, should be the minimum depth. The first field drained on the four-foot plan was on a farm near Bolton. This was the small beginning of the subterranean net-work of pipes which has more than doubled the value of retentive soils in England. And here is one of the *principles* which Bacon could not find.

Sir Robert Peel, whose management of his own estate made him thoroughly alive to the national importance of well-drained soils, passed the Act in 1846, by which four millions sterling were appropriated toward assisting land-owners with loans for draining their land, with leave to pay the advance by installments extending over twenty-two years. A second public loan of four millions was granted in 1856, and it has been estimated that sixteen millions had been invested by the nation and by private companies and individuals, in thorough drainage. All the branches of farming business felt the influence; for the improved stock originated by Bakewell, the artificial food raised to feed the improved stock, and improved implements of every kind, all met with an extended development in the retentive soils rendered kindly by the use of "Parkes's clay pipes." It will usually be found that an advance in one direction gives a corresponding impulse in every other.

We now copy from the Edinburgh Review:

"Lord Hatherton's estate at Teddesley, in Staffordshire, thirty years ago, was in a most neglected state; great part of it a worthless waste, without roads, undrained, open, and exposed. It is now a rich fertile domain, carrying luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, the pastures folded over with flocks of South-Down sheep, the extensive farm buildings filled with cattle, while the lower

slopes are covered by verdure produced by irrigation.

"Such authenticated statements as these demonstrated that the drain-pipe, the manure-cart, and the sheep's foot, exerted a fairy influence over the productive powers of the soil, doubling it in a period of ten or twenty years."

When this fact is brought to bear upon the exhausted soils of the Southern States, then there will be some hope for us as an agricultural people. To renovate our soil is of more importance to us than any other national interest. Mining and manufacturing, important as they may be, are far inferior to the great business of agriculture.

Of the three modes of renovating, we would call particular attention to what the writer denominates the "sheep's foot." In England, a farmer's thrift is judged of by the number of sheep he keeps in proportion to his amount of land. These sheep are folded on roots, clover and other fields, with portable fences, which are moved frequently. Thus, although the animals are closely confined, they are never confined to one spot, but are constantly changed. A new farmer will buy food for his sheep until they themselves enrich his land sufficiently to yield food for them and their owner, and a large surplus to be turned into cash. The average wages of a farm laborer in England are about ten dollars a month. The practical farmer pays this amount for his laborers, besides a high rent for his land, and yet makes money even when the market price of wheat is only 40s. a quarter, or a dollar and a quarter a bushel. Paying for their land and labor at these rates, and selling their produce at this profit, what Southern farmer need fear to follow their example?

Colonel Croome, of Greensboro, showed conclusively that "stock-farming" (which in England, is a synonym for "high farming") is not incompatible with cotton-growing. With the aid of clover, he raised immense quantities of beef, mutton,

and dairy products, without at all interfering with the profitable cotton crop.

England has three times the number of sheep per acre that France has. And moreover, the English sheep, when slaughtered, weigh eighty pounds of net meat per head, while those of France yield only forty pounds of net meat, so that England really produces six times the amount of mutton per acre that France does.

The difference between the practice of an English farmer, and that of a French *metayer*, or of a Belgian peasant proprietor, is equally striking. The main object of the latter is to feed his family and *avoid every possible payment in cash*. "As for laying out sixpence on manure, or cattle-food for making manure, no such notion ever crosses the minds of these industrious, hard-living peasants, and the decrease in the means of subsistence, in consequence, is almost past calculation. Among English farmers, on the contrary, the maxim is, "He who puts most into his land, gets most out of it." And the result is that the earth is ransacked to furnish fertilizers for the English market—guano from Peru and the Pacific isles, bones from the boundless prairies of Brazil, oil-cake from Russia and Germany, beans from Egypt, and locust-pods from Syria. His farm becomes like a manufactory. He puts so much capital in, and he expects and *realizes* so much return.

Another great step forward in British agriculture is the successful introduction of the steam-plow. There are now hundreds of these machines at work in England and Scotland. There are three forms of these plows, or machines—Fowler's, Howard's, and Smith's, and Mr. Algernon Clark's able report entitled *Five Years' Progress in Steam Culture*, shows that they will probably effect a "fourth revolution" in farming—at least upon clay soils. Mr. Clark says many steam-farmers, by their own showing, have augmented

their produce by four to eight bushels per acre; have grown roots where no roots before could be grown; have largely increased the bulk of their green crops; and at the same time cleared hundreds of pounds per annum by the mere difference between the expenses of steam and animal tillage. Under steam culture, unyielding soils become friable, and soon admit of turnip culture and sheep folding. The benefits of draining, too, become strikingly apparent when the subsoil has been disturbed by the steam-driven share. The farmer having no plow-horses to feed, can afford to spend freely in manures. And he finds that the deeper he stirs the soil, the more the earth will open, and impart to him her fertility.

The steam-plowing machine has not succeeded in the United States; but if we will but follow the example

of our British brothers in other respects, we can afford to dispense with it. Whoever lives within reach of a railway, can afford to fertilize his land with the *manure-cart*, (although its contents come from Peru or Brazil,) the *drain-pipe*, and the *sheep's foot*. The latter we particularly recommend. *Buy* the sheep, and *buy* their food, until your lands become rich. There are many forms of portable or hurdle fences, which any one interested may examine. They are cheap, easily constructed, and easily moved. We hope, ere long, agricultural fairs will again bring the farmers together; and this is one of the most efficient modes of improving agriculture—by improving agriculturists; who will make the land we love “even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar.”

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE fertile valley below Castle Inglis had once belonged to the wealthy and powerful lords of the castle. But they had lost acre by acre, generation after generation, until the rocky mountain-side with its terraced isle of verdure was all that remained of the once broad domain. Ellen's father had in fact become so impoverished, that for many years he resided upon the continent because he had not the means of supporting the state of his large establishment. Lady Inglis, however, had inherited an annuity which enabled her to live, not only in comfort, but to maintain the elegance and exercise the hospitality in some degree of ancient days. Respected and beloved by a large circle of the best and noblest in the land, it was seldom that Castle Inglis was without a guest. Adele used to say that

next to Lanstead Abbey, she loved Castle Inglis, and next to Castle Inglis, she loved Inglis manse.

But the happy summer soon came to a close. Sir Alfred's presence was needed in London by the first of October, on a matter of business, and Dr. Inglis was going thither to purchase his annual supply of books. Alfred would meet them there, and Mrs. Cecil had a sister living there, whom she was most anxious to visit.

Aunt Edith and Ellen promised to spend the coming Christmas at Lanstead, which reconciled Adele to parting with them, although a few tears *would* come when Aunt Edith's last kiss was pressed upon her brow.

Alfred was in London some weeks before his grandfather arrived. He was staying at the town house of his friend and college chum, Charlie Molyneux. One dreary foggy morn-

ing, the two young men were lounging over their breakfast, and making plans for the day.

"I can not go with you to Richmond to day," said Mowbray; "I am expecting my grandfather at one o'clock.

"Very dutiful grandson you are," said Molyneux, "and by an odd coincidence, I am expecting my grandmother on the morning train from Brighton, but I go to Richmond nevertheless."

"I am also expecting a dear little cousin, Adele St. Maur, and I am exceedingly anxious to see her."

"Ah!" said Molyneux. "I am expecting no cousin of mine, therefore I will console myself by expecting yours. *St. Maur!* Do you know I have been studying the St. Maurs ever since I was in the Crimea. I believe I know every St. Maur in the United Kingdom, and I have not yet found the object of my search. I saw such a lovely little girl named St. Maur, on board of a steamer; she was asleep and her face was so sweet, so angelic, that I took a sketch of her. And every time I try to picture to myself my future wife, the face of that child is before me. My grandmother, mother, and aunts are almost dying to see me married, but I can not find my beau-ideal, and I can not fall in love with any one who falls short of it."

Alfred's face was flushed, and he sat trying to balance his tea-spoon on the edge of his cup.

"I should like to see the drawing of your beau-ideal."

Molyneux produced a port-folio, and took therefrom a sketch of a sleeping child.

"Is that your cousin?" asked he laughing, yet eagerly anxious to know.

"It's very like her," said Alfred, trying to appear indifferent, yet evidently nervous and embarrassed.

"Then I shall not go to Richmond," said Molyneux; "but look here, man—perhaps the ground is preoccupied. I should be sorry to interfere with *your* plans."

"Pshaw!" said Mowbray, "my cousin is a mere child—she has just entered her teens—she will marry somebody ten years younger than either you or I."

"May be so," said Molyneux glancing at a mirror opposite; "I shall not be very old, however, ten years hence."

But the party did not come on that day's train, nor the next, nor the next.

They came at length, however, and took rooms at the A——. One evening, after returning from some excursion, Adele, in springing from the carriage, noticed a gentleman, almost beside the carriage-door, whom she took to be her cousin Alfred. She caught his arm and said: "O Alfred! how much you have missed. We have had such a charming day!"

Coloring, yet thrilling at the touch of those little gloved fingers, the gentleman replied: "Your cousin has gone out boating, but ought to be back by this time. Allow me—"

"Ah Mr. Molyneux! most happy to see you," said Sir Alfred; "my giddy little girl mistook you for Alfred. Pray come in, and tell me about yourself and mamma. I have not seen you since you left Oxford."

Adele ran up the steps with glowing cheeks, too much abashed to look at the stranger. She passed the drawing-room door and swept on up the stair-case, at the top of which she met Mrs. Cecil.

"Why, my child, what a brilliant color you have! What is the matter?"

"O Mrs. Cecil! I mistook a strange gentleman for Alfred, and caught hold of his arm to talk to him. What will he think of me?"

"He will only think you have made a mistake, darling. But it will be a lesson to you, to be more careful in future. Who was the gentleman?"

"Grandpapa called him Mr. Molyneux, and he was standing on the pavement, just as Alfred does when he is expecting us."

"So your grandpapa knew the gentleman?"

"Oh! yes, and seemed very glad to see him."

When the ladies went down to dinner, Mr. Molyneux was still engaged in animated conversation with Sir Alfred, and they found, had accepted Sir Alfred's invitation to dinner. He had started out to dine with his grandmother when he stopped to see the original of his treasured drawing, whom he recognized immediately.

Adele soon forgot her embarrassment, and when Alfred returned, was as gay as a butterfly. The petted darling of the whole household, she played, laughed, and sang, as children do in an atmosphere of love.

Sir Alfred almost idolized her; Mrs. Cecil said she was the greatest pleasure of her life, and Alfred loved her better even than his favorite horse Lancer, and that was saying a great deal.

Mr. Molyneux soon became rather inattentive to what Sir Alfred was saying, notwithstanding his great desire to appear interested, and his replies were sometimes so at random, that the old gentleman was annoyed and surprised.

Mrs. Cecil, with her ever ready tact, joined in the conversation, and soon restored its pleasant flow, allowing the young man to indulge in his own thoughts and observations.

Before Mr. Molyneux took his leave, he and Alfred planned a visit to the National Gallery, with Mrs. Cecil, Sir Alfred, and Adele, the next morning.

The morning was as bright and beautiful as mornings ever are in London, and the party had a very entertaining hour. In passing through a door-way, they met an elegant-looking party, and were quietly moving on, when Adele's attention was caught by the slender, girlish figure of a loiterer of the party, who was looking at a bust of Milton.

"Come, Adele," called Alfred.

"Wait, dear Mrs. Cecil, one mo-

ment—I *must* see who this lady is—I think it is—yes!" a cry of joy escapes her lips—"it is Sarah Benjamin."

When they parted on the street, Adele had exacted the promise that Sarah and Eva would come and spend the day with them.

Adele was delighted to hear Mrs. Cecil praise the beauty and elegant appearance of her young friends, but thought herself that Sarah looked strangely ill—pale and almost haggard.

When the girls came to see her, she took Sarah to her room, leaving Eva to be entertained by Mrs. Cecil. They talked of things that usually interest girls of their age; but Adele became more and more convinced that some great change had taken place in Sarah. That spiritual dullness which she before observed was all gone—no mystic veil enveloped the soul now, if the soul *could* be seen through the face.

But there was now almost too much feeling expressed in the dark restless eyes—for restless and unhappy she seemed.

Adele at last said: "I have been praying for you, Sarah, daily, since I left Venice, that you might become a Christian."

Sarah attempted to reply, but her lips quivered with agitation.

Adele continued, as she threw her arms around her friend's neck: "Sarah, I feel—I know that you believe in our Saviour, Christ."

With a convulsive effort, Sarah threw off Adele's arms, and commenced walking the room as she replied:

"I do believe—I do believe—that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, but this belief brings me no comfort. After you left Venice, I determined to study the Bible which you gave me at parting, but more from a feeling of curiosity than any real desire to know the truth. I was already familiar with the Old Testament—the Jewish scriptures—I had been well instructed in them, in the Hebrew language. And I gave my

whole mind to understand the New Testament. Merely as an interesting study I pursued my investigations, until the light broke upon me. I saw clearly that the incarnate God was the grand central point to which our law, our prophecies, our splendid temple service, with its typical paschal Lamb, all pointed, in which they all culminated. As the law engraven upon stones was enshrined in the ark, in the holy of holies—so the law enshrined in the heart of the God-man, was perfectly fulfilled, and he himself entered heaven, the true holy of holies, there to intercede for his sin-burdened brethren, for whom he had made the great sacrifice. O Adele!" she continued, "could I but believe that his mercy could extend to me!"

Pale, and with corrugated brow, she looked almost the image of despair. It was a mood terribly new to Adele; from her infancy she had been taught to put such implicit faith in the love and infinite goodness of the divine Redeemer, that she could scarcely understand this great dread of his wrath. She knew that Dr. Inglis was alone in the library below, and she said, "Come with me, dear Sarah, I think I can take you to one who can teach you how mistaken you are in this fear."

Sarah submitted to be led, but no hope gleamed in her troubled face. She drew back at the library door when she saw Dr. Inglis, but Adele would not relinquish her hand.

"Come, darling," she whispered, "he is so kind and sympathizing, you can easily talk to him."

Dr. Inglis came forward with his

usual grave, earnest, yet sweet expression, "Come in, my children, I am quite at your service."

"O sir!" said Adele, with a trembling voice, "Sarah needs instruction in Christian—no, I mean she believes that our Saviour is the true Messiah, but she can not believe that she has a personal interest—" She stopped, not knowing how to express herself.

But Dr. Inglis understood; and a smile of joy, so radiant, so heartfelt, illumined his face. He was experienced in these doubts and fears, and by a few gentle questions and remarks, he led the full soul of the young girl to unburden itself.

"My daughter, do you really desire to follow Christ?"

"Oh! above all other things," replied Sarah, with a burst of tears.

"Are you willing to renounce every thing this world contains for his sake?"

She thought for a moment, and replied, "Yes, every thing."

"Let us pray."

While kneeling, Sir Alfred and Mrs. Cecil entered the room and knelt also, with deep emotion. When the prayer was over Dr. Inglis quietly stepped to the table, and taking a pitcher of water from it, poured the crystal stream over the drooping head of the young girl, pronouncing the words of baptism. Sir Alfred and Mrs. Cecil looked surprised, but the sweet feeling of relief and happiness which overspread Sarah's face, as she raised her fine eyes toward heaven, showed that it was the true course to take with her. They again knelt in prayer, and Sarah was numbered with the Christians.

CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR has passed since the events narrated in the last chapter occurred, and we look into the long drawing-room at Lanstead Abbey. The airy figure of a lady sweeps with queen-like grace through the splendid yet quaint old room. It is our little Adele, grown almost to the estate of

womanhood. The grandfather, with the placid expression of aged content, sits in his accustomed easy-chair, with a pile of letters on a small table beside him, which he opens successively. "Here, my pet, is a letter for you," he says at length to Adele, "and a voluminous epistle, if I may

judge from its size." Adele takes the letter and breaks the seal. Let us read with her.

VENICE, Dec. 18, 18—.

MY DEAREST ADELE: Your cousin, the Rev. Paul Inglis, is preaching to my people. My poor father will not hear him, however—his distress at my becoming a Christian seems to have embittered his whole life. But I have a sincere faith in a prayer-answering God, and I have a sweet and confident hope that he will yet embrace the truth. Dear, dear old Leah has become the most trusting, child-like Christian; yet still most "zealous of the law." Oh! it is so beautiful to see the change wrought in this strong, rugged soul; how the exclusive, narrow sectarianism of a Christ-denying Judaism has given place to the gushing love which pities, loves, and embraces all human kind. But she is still a Karaite Jew, to the smallest letter of the law. "The law has become doubly dear to me, because my Saviour observed it—let me follow in his footsteps," she says. She still uses the Karaite prayer-book, and says she never really understood it before.* Mr. Inglis, so far from disapproving of Sarah's adherence to the minutiae of the law, encourages her in it. He says as long as we look to Christ alone for salvation, no observance of the law, moral or ceremonial, will hurt us; on the contrary, every tittle of it is holy, just, and good. This, our elders say, is so different from the teachings of Christian missionaries heretofore sent among us, and is really so gratifying to those upon whom long habit has had the effect of making our own national customs very dear, that it gives him an immense advantage.

He thinks our Saviour, so far from condemning the purifications, for instance, enjoined by the law, reproved the Pharisees for substituting the

washing of hands for the complete bath. For he said, "Thus have ye made the *command* of God of none effect by your *tradition*;" and in the same connection he refers to their exonerating children from their duty to their parents, on the plea that they are instead honoring God. (Matthew, chapter 15.)

He says it is only when this ceremonial law conflicts with the law of love and mercy, that it is set aside. "Aquiba carried it to a superstitious extent when in prison; and not having water enough to drink and also to bathe, preferred the latter, saying that it was better to die with thirst than transgress the tradition."

And we are not to withdraw ourselves from our fellow-beings, who do not agree with us on these subjects, but treat them with all love and kindness.

It is evident that Mr. Inglis has made a deep impression upon our elders. They allowed him to address us in the synagogue on last Sabbath. He did not preach from a single text, as is the custom in Christian churches, but expounded a portion of Scripture as our rabbins do. He took the first chapter of the gospel of St. John; and as you know that we Jews are constantly taught in our synagogues that the "Word of God" is the same as God; and that "by the Word all things were made"—the first five verses were a fine beginning to argue Jews into a belief of the truth. He then compared these truths with those of the Old Testament, and showed the connection between them. O Adele! I wish I could convey to you a faint idea of his thrilling eloquence and lucid exposition of the truth. He seems to have at his command every passage of the Old Testament, as well as the New; and he has a way of setting the Gospel before you so vividly that there is no way of avoiding conviction. When he had finished his ad-

* The Karaite prayer-book is composed entirely of the Scripture language of the Old Testament, mostly from the Psalms, and our sainted McCheyne was delighted with it.

dress, the whole congregation sat for a few moments in profound silence, and then one of our aged elders arose and said:

"We will again search the Scriptures to ascertain whether the things are so. To the law and to the testimony must a Jew always go. We sincerely thank the eloquent and learned young stranger for the interest he manifests in our race, and we invite him to remain amongst us."

I happened to leave my prayer-book in the synagogue, and returned a few days after to get it. There I found twelve of our rabbins engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. In-

glis, with the Scriptures before them. What a pleasant sight it was to me! Oh! the happiness of seeing a *Hebrew Christian* church! Will God ever grant me this great blessing?

The remainder of the letter was filled with personal matters, and Adele fell into a long reverie after reading it. Sir Alfred had fallen asleep in his easy-chair, with a newspaper across his knee; and the soft click of Mrs. Cecil's ivory needles, in a mass of zephyr-wool, of most delicately tinted colors, was the only sound which broke the stillness of the long drawing-room.

CHAPTER XIII.

So earnestly did Paul Inglis devote himself to his work that the twelve rabbins referred to by Sarah admitted the force of his arguments, and promised to give themselves to the careful study of the New Testament. But until they had examined the subject, and decided it for themselves, they begged him to refrain from endeavoring to influence them; and Paul seeing that they were really in earnest, gladly gave the required promise, for he felt that men who truly desired the truth would surely find it.

"Meet us here at the next Passover, and we will give you the result of our investigation," they said.

The trees were clad in the soft green of spring; the sweet early flowers were opening their perfumed hearts to the sun, and the fields of springing grain danced in the breeze; all nature heralded with her beauty and balmy breath the approach of the Passover. The sun has reached the vernal equinox, the moon has reached her fullest glory, and the earth has put on her most beautiful dress to celebrate the Passover.

At the hour of morning prayer, the congregation are assembled in the synagogue. The Jews forming this synagogue were all Russians, who had removed from that country

to Venice from time to time. It was the only Karaite synagogue in the west of Europe, if Venice may be called west. So zealous had Paul Inglis been in instructing this interesting people, that they were really, most of them, convinced of the truth of Christianity, but the rabbins had asked until the Passover to decide. Paul knew that God's blessing had attended his labors, and never, in his life, had he looked forward to any thing with so much interest as to this Passover.

At the usual hour they assemble. Quietly, but with deep earnestness in their faces, they enter. The rabbins take their accustomed places.

The hour for prayer, and the gray-haired Ben-Israel rises. With a trembling voice he begins: "O thou great Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we entreat thee to enlighten our sin-darkened souls."

A deep sob, which seems to arise from the whole congregation, is heard, and they cast themselves upon their faces, as the prayer continues. Lionel Benjamin alone stands erect, with pale face and clouded brow, yet listens intently to the prayer. His daughter Sarah and his faithful old friend Leah, are both engaged in fervent prayer for him. The prayer continues, and his lips begin to quiver,

and at last, quite overcome, and sobbing like a child, he too sinks upon his knees. This act, however, was not so much an acknowledgment of faith in Christ, as a prayer for light. Of them all, he was the only one that doubted.

It was touching now to see these venerable men, who had, for so long, been teachers themselves, consent humbly to take the place of disciples, and present themselves for baptism. It was a singular thing that the synagogue stood near the site of an ancient Christian church, the ruins of which had been removed to make way for other buildings, but the old baptistery with its octagonal walls, still remained, although the roof was gone, and the floating clouds were reflected in the limpid waters which had filled the old stone basin for centuries. More singular still, was the fact, that a few days previous to this time, an old bronze patera, of most antique pattern, had been dug up by some workmen, near the wall of the baptistery, which was supposed to be the vessel used for pouring the water upon the heads of the candidates for baptism; and as a curiosity, it was burnished, and hung by the handle upon the inner wall of the octagonal building, on an iron hook, which appeared to have been made for it. Thus it seemed as if the angels themselves ministered to these

chosen ones—and they descended, following their beautiful young leader, the stone steps, worn by the feet of ancient Christians, into the water, one by one, and upon their heads was poured the sparkling stream from the bronze patera.

"The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul," said the wisest of men, and could the world have looked into the heart of Paul Inglis, as he received these children of Abraham into the Church, they would have seen a radiant vision of joy, gratitude, and love, which nothing earthly could produce.

Only Lionel Benjamin stood aloof, and at his side was Sarah, who had already received the holy ordinance. His agitation was extreme, when his wife, twenty years younger than himself, pressed forward, looking back toward him, with eyes swimming with tears, and with little Joseph and Eva at her side. They were the last, for Mrs. Benjamin had lingered until the last moment, hoping her husband would join her. Sarah clung to his arm and whispered, "Dearest father, God will grant you light in his own good time;" for she saw his doubts and distress were very great. He turned his dark, troubled eyes upon her sweet, spirit-illumined face and said: "If this is truth, my darling, why am I alone left in darkness?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The next step necessary was to organize a church, composed of these new converts, but here he encountered a difficulty which he had not anticipated. The Jewish elders now gave themselves wholly to studying the Scriptures and the different creeds, articles of belief, and confessions of faith of the various Christian churches. They listened earnestly to his explanations, but their questions with regard to these matters were characterized by what M'Cheyne called "true Jewish acumen." They hesitated, they ques-

tioned, they objected to one thing in the Church of Scotland—another in the Church of England—as being not exactly sanctioned by Scripture.

The Karaite Jews, as is well known, receive all the books of the Old Testament, but reject the Talmud. They cling to the letter of the law, and this habit makes them very particular in examining any doctrine. (A most truthful and interesting account of them will be found in the Mission to the Jews by M'Cheyne and Bonar.)

The word Karaites or Karaim means Textualists, or in "barbarous

Latin," *Scripturarii*, and these converts now carried out their principles in clinging to the letter of the New Testament, as they had done to the Old.

"You must have patience with us," said they humbly to Inglis; "we can not decide these important points in a day. We will give ourselves wholly to the study of the word, and we hope by the feast of Pentecost, to have arrived at a decision. You must be present in our daily readings, for you have been God's instrument in bringing us to a knowledge of the truth, and now in the decision of these minor points, (still, however, of great importance,) we will look to you for much help." The congregation waited, with prayer and humility, to hear the decision of their elders—yet all studied diligently the New Testament.

The day of Pentecost at length arrived. The elders stated to the people that they had all at length agreed on the form of church government.

"The Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland expresses our belief except in a few important particulars. *Their* church office-bearers are pastors, elders and deacons. We can not see any authority for more than *two* orders of ministry—bishops, who are, under the new dispensation, what the priests were under the old, and deacons, who are, under the new dispensation, what the Levites were under the old. Our Lord himself took the place of the high-priest, and now intercedes for us.

"And as the priests and Levites bore a certain numerical proportion to their flocks, so the bishops and deacons must bear a certain proportion to their flocks, and, therefore, the bishops are to ordain the proper number and always observe the direction to select faithful men, who will be able to teach others also. The bishops are to *SELECT* the men they deem most suited for the holy office, and not wait for volunteers to present themselves. 'He who desireth the office of a bishop desireth a good thing,' and the wishes of all

such are to be carefully attended to; but bishops must still choose whoever seems best fitted for the office, and *no member of Christ's body must dare to refuse the high honor thus placed upon him.* If there is any calling on this earth that he loves more than the service of his God, he is not worthy of his divine Master. And the Hebrew Christians who have the brightest gifts, spiritual and mental, are the ones who are to be called to fill the high vocation. He who refuses it, unless he can give reasons satisfactory to the church, is to be regarded as unworthy the name of Christian.

"From the third section of the nineteenth chapter of the Confession of Faith, we also dissent. We do not believe that a single law of Moses is abrogated, excepting those relating to the sacrifices, which were typical, and therefore fulfilled in the Great Sacrifice. These laws relating to the sacrifices and the temple service were nailed to the cross; the meats and drinks, that is, meat-offerings and drink-offerings, as well as new moons, holy days and Sabbaths, were but shadows of good things to come.

"The first Christian council assembled at Jerusalem to decide a doubtful point, decided not to teach the law of Moses, BECAUSE "*Moses hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.*" And the external observance of the law, without the inward grace, was a yoke too heavy to be borne. But it was long after this that Paul declared the law holy, just, and good, and he says to Timothy, 'ALL scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

"This great mistake of the ancient Jews, we believe to have been, mistaking the laws which related to this life only, for laws relating to eternity. They believed that eating unclean food would corrupt their souls. Our Saviour taught that a man receives no *spiritual defilement* from his food; yet if he violates the law of Moses,

which, in these matters, is as unerring as the laws of Nature, he brings upon himself physical suffering.

"We will still keep the three great Hebrew festivals, because we see no more scriptural authority for their abrogation than for the abrogation of the Sabbath. We will keep the Passover, in commemoration of the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. We will keep the feast of Pentecost, because on that day the Holy Spirit was given. We will keep the feast of Tabernacles, because we believe it typical of the ending of our earthly pilgrimage and the entering upon our heavenly inheritance, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"We will keep the seventh day as a day of profound rest and meditation, because on that day our Creator rested from the work of creation, and *because on that day our Saviour rested from the work of Redemption*. And we will keep with joy and thanksgiving, the Lord's day, because on that day our Saviour arose from the dead. This day we will observe as a day of religious public worship, and as a busy day for God.

"With these exceptions we adopt the constitution, form of government, and confession of faith of the Church of Scotland, while our synagogue worship will remain the same in externals, but vitalized, we trust, by the spirit of Christ. Our daily morning and evening prayer we will observe at the same hours of the morning and evening sacrifices of the temple; and our bishops and deacons,

who are to be in proportion to the male members of the church, as one to twelve, must spend their whole time in study in the synagogue, (which is to be supplied with books for the purpose,) and in active parochial duties. No bishop or deacon is to have any secular employment. When Paul labored as a tent-maker, it was in Corinth, where there was no organized church, whose duty it was to minister to his necessities. Our Lord hath ordained that they who preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel, even as they who ministered in the temple, lived of the things of the temple.

"On the first day of the week let every Christian lay by him in store in *proportion* as the Lord has prospered him. This proportion should never be less than a tenth, and as much more as any man purposeth in his heart; not grudgingly, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

"To support her ministry is one of the lightest duties of the church; every man can give of the abundance which God has given him; but to resist the many wiles of Satan—to rule his own spirit—to suffer long and be kind—to envy not—to think no evil—to please not himself—in short, to prefer Christ to the world—this is what requires the whole armor of God."

They decided to call themselves the Hebrew Christians.

On the day of Pentecost, Mr. Benjamin was baptized, and received into the church.

CHAPTER XV.

A happy party are assembled upon the lawn of the "island in the sky." Sarah Benjamin, in all the glowing beauty of nineteen summers, stands, looking at Adele, who has just fitted an arrow to a bow, and is taking aim at a target fixed upon the face of the cliff. Three gentlemen stand near, Alfred Mowbray, Charles Molyneux, and Sir John Talbot. Miss Talbot

has just shot, and her arrow is quivering in the soft, gray stone, wide of the mark. But Adele's out-door education and Alfred's tuition have not been for nothing, and her arrow flew straight to the bull's eye. Alfred smiles with pride and pleasure, but raises his dark eyes to Sarah to participate in his triumph. Such eloquent glances are sometimes

dangerous when exchanged by a maiden of nineteen and a youth of twenty-three.

Alfred had been in great danger of falling in love with his cousin, but her open, confiding, sisterly fondness for him made him feel as he said to Molyneux, as if any love for her, except that of a brother, was wicked. What agency the fair face of the Hebrew girl may have had in producing this state of feeling, we can not say, but we suspect more than the young Saxon would have liked to admit.

And somehow lately Alfred always found himself cut off from Adele by the officiousness of Charlie Molyneux and Sir John Tallot. If they rode, it was Molyneux's fiery Arabian which kept pace with Adele's petted Brown Bess. If they walked, Talbot and Molyneux both watched for the coveted place at her side. Mrs. Cecil was courted by both the young gentlemen with an assiduity which amused and gratified the good lady at the same time. And Adele? The graceful sylph showed an utter indifference to both; and both might have despaired, had not Molyneux that singleness of purpose which never swerves from its object, and that belief in his destiny which impelled him to the conviction that this fair girl was part of his future life.

Of the two candidates for her favor, Talbot was much the cleverer, much more brilliant, and generally considered much the handsomer.

But Molyneux was more of an Englishman. Talbot's mother was a Spanish lady, and he inherited her Spanish face. But it was a splendid face—dark liquid eyes—olive complexion—faultless features, and a flowing jetty beard, of which an Arab would have been proud. And withal, one of those polished men of the world, whose every talent and advantage is at immediate command.

Molyneux's laughing blue eyes, and brown locks, and sinewy, athletic figure were entirely English. English, too, the unconscious dignity of

the thorough-bred gentleman. English, the rectitude of purpose—the nice sense of honor—the tenderness and purity of all his domestic ties.

And is it strange that for three years he has loved this petted, almost spoiled maiden, and never told his love—so constantly near her, that she expects him as regularly as her cousin Alfred? But it is a difficult thing to speak of love to a being like Adele. One dreads to disturb the placid surface of a limpid lake, which so peacefully reflects the sky, the clouds, the overhanging foliage, and the white water-lilies.

Molyneux lives in the light of the beautiful spirit, with the beautiful form, and hopes some kind providence will unite their destinies in good time. Adele has unconsciously learned to look and listen for him, and Mrs. Cecil sees that he is missed when he does not come.

Sir Alfred loves him like a son, for with more than the usual devotion of a son has the young man cultivated the good opinion of his aged friend. As for Mrs. Cecil, she has become so accustomed to see him at the side of her darling, that she never dreams that "it is to be" any body else. But no one ever speaks of it, and Sir John Talbot is doing his best to prevent it.

When the shooting was over, the little party scattered in groups. Adele has had a fatiguing day, having walked over the mountain to see a poor bed-ridden old woman, that morning, and she rests wearily upon a grassy bank. She is tired of even Sir John Talbot's sparkling talk, and is glad when his mother sends for him to look over some business letters which she has just received. Charlie Molyneux is pulling down the crimson berries of a vine which droops from the cliff, and hands them to her quietly. He does not attempt to talk, but stands looking afar over the distant valley. They are so much accustomed to being together, that they can afford to be silent.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN POETRY.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

BUT newly come from Arthur's court is he,
 Nor long has turned his back on Camelot,
 Where in the ways of gentle courtesies—
 Whose claims by noble knights are ne'er forgot,
 Since they have place in vows of chivalry,
 And must be kept, if knighthood shrink from spot—
 He won from Gawaine, the courtliest in the isle,
 His knightly love and kind, approving smile.

While, often in the listed tournament
 The manly strength of arm and skill of tilt
 That with his grace of horsemanship were blent,
 His lance's aim, his sturdy grasp of hilt,
 His weighty thrust, when blows in vain were spent,
 His haughty smile, when his own blood was spilt,
 Stirred like a trumpet's sound the heart of him
 Whose eyes to knightly deeds were never dim.

Great Arthur held in high esteem the youth,
 And so did all the knights of Table Round.
 Noble Sir Galahad, with heart of ruth,
 By whom in after time was sought and found,
 Through having spotless purity and truth,
 The Holy Bowl with brilliant halo crowned,
 Which Lancelot sought, and Tristrem sought, in vain,
 Because of deadly sin their souls had stain:

Sir Galahad, I say, was Tristrem's friend,
 And often in the gentle time of spring
 By smiling Tristrem's side his way would wend
 'Mid shady trees, while tuneful birds would sing:
 And with their happy songs were wont to blend
 The elder knight's sweet, 'calm tones, and the ring
 Of merry laughter from Sir Tristrem's lips:
 So sweet's the honey youth from friendship sips.

Sir Percival, who with Sir Bors gave aid
 To Galahad, as Merlin had foretold,
 Was also Tristrem's friend, and often prayed
 That he might prove as pure as he was bold;
 And by his side Sir Banier oft had strayed
 Through forest fresh and green and densest wold,
 Hunting the hart or boar with surest aim
 And by Sir Tristrem taught to break the game.

Beside these, of his friends at Arthur's court
 There were Sir Ferrand, Lanval and Sir Kaye,
 The Lord High Steward, who gave the knights much sport,
 Gay Dinadam with wit for night and day,

And other names that live in fame's report,
Sir Taulas, faitours ever fain to slay,
Sir Lionel and Helias the White,
Brunor and Rochemont foremost in the fight.

Long while he staid a guesst at Camelot,
A pleasing sight to Arthur's eye, and dear
To him, because there seemed in him no spot
Upon the honour which a knight should wear.
But unto man there is no changeless lot,
And calumny to worth is ever near :
There came a time, when Tristrem found no glance
But one of coldness meet his frank advance.

One morn at early dawning of the day
He rose before the birds began to sing,
As was with Arthur's knights the wonted way,
His true and loyal greeting to the king
Prompt in courteous mood as dues to pay,
For fashions such as these to courts must cling :
But only with averse and cold regard
The king gave token of his having heard.

And through that day, which seemed a day too long,
At feast, at council, and in hunting-field,
If few there were, or if there were a throng,
The Prince's face to merriment was steeled,
And frowned on him, as Arthur frowned on wrong :
Some wound in trust which needed to be healed
Was manifest in ev'ry look he sent,
Though few knew then what these suspicions meant.

But Tristrem, though it made him sad to see
Such mistrust in a man he loved so well,
Was of a princely line too proud and free
To woo a hand so ready to repel,
Or ask the cause of such discourtesy,
When from king's grace so suddenly he fell.
Ere darkness closed upon the face of day,
He sought his steed and grimly rode away.

Had he but deigned to seek to learn the cause
Of Arthur's coldness to a once-dear knight,
He might have made for Arthur's sake a pause,
And on some unseen wiles have shed a light,
Which would have saved the kingdom many flaws
By bringing falsehood to the monarch's sight :
Thus Pride for many men still shuts the gate
That might have opened to a better fate.

For the King's own sister, Morgaine La Faye,
Who with dark Mordred brought on him such woe
In after days, when sorrows had full play,
Hating Guinevere with hate's fiercest glow,
Detested with a hate that grew each day,
That never ebbd and never ceased to flow,

Sir Lancelot, that knight of charming face
And princely form, who had the Queen's fond grace.

That knight she hated, and because there was
To him no friend so dear as Tristrem, she
Gave hate, according to that passion's laws,
To Tristrem, too, though lack of courtesy
Was never shown by him, to give her cause,
Unless such lack it might construed be
That he had checked with tone severe and stern
Dark Mordred's malice, when it chanced to burn.

She, hating thus the knight of Leonesse,
Sowed slanders on him in the royal ear,
And, illusive forms, potent to impress
By magic art on all that men may wear,
She put such witness on Sir Tristrem's dress
As made imputed guilt a fact appear;
And Arthur, trusting to his eyes, demurred
Belief, no whit, in what his ears had heard.

So went he forth, without one weak farwell
To show the pain distrust had caused his heart;
Some unchecked tears for ancient comrades fell,
From whom his pride alone could make him part;
But, when the moon that rose o'er field and dell
Could not one view of Camelot impart,
His rapid steed he checked with closer rein,
And gave his thoughts to Tintagel again.

It is not in the scope my tale must keep
To tell what haps were his upon the way,
Through wild Welsh glens and over mountains steep;
How from midnight till dawning of the day
He sought refreshment in a quiet sleep,
But, when his matins he had ceased to pray,
How, wandering on, all his thoughts in maze,
He traveled for the space of many days:

How, ere his random course had reached the sea
Some miles the hither side of Tintagel,
While Cornishmen were plunged in misery,
He many strange adventures met, and fell
To setting captives from oppressors free,
And sending gross offenders straight to hell
By well-aimed tilting with his trusty lance,
Or by that blade so famous in romance.

With these brave deeds I nothing have to do,
Who sing but the fight in the Nameless Isle,
To tell of which the minstrels be but few,
And these all Romanesque in speech and style,
And I the first to give Sir Tristrem due
In English tongue, which men no more revile,
Since I, the Rymour, sweetness won and grace
For it in Fairyland, my mistress' place.

'Twas thus that Tristrem in a sudden heat,
 Resenting Arthur's coldness, left the place
 Where Chivalry held her worthiest seat
 And gave best homage unto woman's grace ;
 'Twas thus that Tristrem on his courser flicet
 Had hither come, his uncle to embrace ;
 But soon he found that a saddening spell
 Was on the boldest hearts at Tintagel.

Few words suffice to tell the tale, though Mark,
 Garrulous in sorrow, fills the air
 With lamentations for a fate so dark,
 And curses of a foe he does not dare
 To fight—for dogs who dare not bite will bark—
 And, ere the King what breath he has to spare
 Has half exhausted, eager Tristrem knows
 The cause of all these ear-distracting wocs.

Breaking in on Mark's tedious harangue,
 Cries Tristrem with a fierce disdain and rage :
 Where is this robber and his Irish gang ?
 Send him this gauntlet as my battle-gage ;
 Now, never more shall he inflict a pang
 On tender woman, childhood, or old age,
 For, by this right arm and my knightly vow,
 His haughty head beneath my blade shall bow !

So says the knight, and at his words a shout
 Rends the air, for the mob are at his heels,
 And hope is busy in each country lout
 And kindles ev'ry heart with her appeals ;
 E'en the counsellors put their panic out,
 So fast fair courage trouble soothes and heals,
 And not a heart in stately Tintagel
 But feels of hope and trust the joyful swell.

(*To be continued.*)

ELMSVILLE AND ITS HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER III.

"DOCTOR, I must die if I go much further. I am sinking fast, and this wound is bleeding so that I am perfectly exhausted. Do take me off at the next station."

This was said in a feeble voice, and by the wreck of a man who had once been handsome, manly and noble-looking.

"Just have a little patience, Major, and all will yet be well," Dr. Hartly answered, in a cheerful voice, to

the fretful murmurings of Major Barton. He, poor fellow, was returning home, accompanied by the surgeon of his regiment. Nine weeks ago he had passed over the same road *en route* for Virginia. Alas! how different then—and now! Buoyant hopes, high health, and elastic spirits were his once. To-day, a wreck of his former self, he is going home to die.

"Here we are at Elmsville, Major.

The ladies have a wayside hospital here, and you can stop until refreshed enough to travel again. I will of course remain with you."

As the train began to stop, he rose to go out upon the platform.

"Keep perfectly still, Major, while I go out and make inquiries about the hospital and its accommodations. Keep quiet now, Major; I'll be back in a few moments."

Stepping out on the platform, and addressing an old lady, who looked benevolent, he asked: "Can a soldier, too badly wounded to travel, be received into the wayside hospital? I understand, madam, that you have such an institution at this place."

"Certainly, sir. We are glad to be able to help our boys. Lula, do you know if any of the committee are present?"

She addressed a tall, fine-looking girl of about eighteen summers.

"Yes, ma'am! I am here to-day to represent mamma and Mrs. Lawton. Can I assist you in any thing?"

"Yes, my dear. This Doctor has a young soldier who is too sick to go on."

"Good-morning," said Lula, turning to him. "Can I give you any information that you need relative to the hospital and its arrangements? I am Lula Weston, and sent by mamma and a friend who could not come down to-day."

"Thank you, Miss Weston. My patient is Major Barton, of the 52d Georgia. He is too much exhausted to go on further, and desires to stop here."

"Very well, Doctor; I will make arrangements for your friend immediately."

Lula hurried to a small cottage that stood near by, and gave orders to Mrs. Welsh to have a bed ready, as a new case was to be taken into the hospital.

"And, Mrs. Welsh, let the bed be soft. Suppose you put two mattresses. The poor fellow is wounded."

Mrs. Welsh was the resident nurse. In fact, the house was owned by her, but rented by the committee as a

wayside hospital. She still occupied one room, and took the position of nurse. Faithfully she performed her task; and when Dr. Hartly carried the poor fainting soldier into the cool walls of the hospital, he said: "Miss Weston, the atmosphere alone will revive him. It is so cool and quiet here."

Lula did not answer him, but went to the door and called her mother's coachman. "Tom, go home and tell mother that I want her to come down to the hospital. No, stay a moment;" and going back into the house, she hurriedly wrote a note to Mrs. Lawton, begging her to come immediately: "I send Tom; come in the carriage." Going out again, she said:

"Take this note to Mrs. Lawton, Tom. If she does not come, go up home, and tell your mistress to come immediately. I fear this soldier will die. Stop and tell Dr. Ellis to call here some time to-day."

Lula gave minute directions to the servant, who cheerfully obeyed her many orders. Then, returning into the house, she waited anxiously for her friend, or her mother, if Mrs. Lawton should fail to come.

Lula was possessed of a great deal of tact, and had attended many cases of extreme illness in her own family. She was, therefore, a very good nurse, having had such ample experience.

She now called Dr. Hartly, and asked if the Major wished any nourishment. "Mrs. Welsh has just boiled some gruel, and I have some wine-whey here, if you wish it."

The Doctor thanked her, and took the wine-whey. Lula passed to and from the door. She scarcely knew whether to go home or remain at the hospital. Dr. Hartly came out again in a few moments and began conversing with Lula. He was pleased to meet with one so agreeable and pleasant. Dr. Hartly mentally vowed that Miss Weston was superior to most young ladies. Besides being intellectual, Lula was what most persons thought pretty. As she now

sat in the little room of the hospital, she certainly did look pretty. Dressed in deep mourning, which was exceedingly becoming to her, as her complexion was of pearly delicacy and her skin of silken smoothness, she wore her flowing tresses of brown hair in graceful disorder, falling lightly over her snowy neck. Warm-hearted, gentle, and loving, her sympathies were speedily aroused for the poor sufferer; and, as she listened to his moaning, she begged Dr. Hartly to see if he needed any thing.

The Doctor complied with her request, and soon came back to say:

"No, Miss Weston; he needs rest more than any thing else."

"Oh!" cried Lula at this moment, "here's Mrs. Lawton. I am glad to see you, Mrs. Lawton. I was afraid you couldn't leave home. This is Dr. Hartly, the gentleman who came on with your patient."

Mrs. Lawton was busily engaged in laying aside her hat, and putting on a long white apron, which declared her purpose. As Dr. Hartly was introduced, she bowed, and, smiling, said: "With your permission, Doctor, I will assist in nursing your friend to-day. And now, sir, can I see him? Before you go, Lu, let me see you again." Then she added: "I want you to prepare some delicacies for this poor soldier, Lula dear. Go home, please, and tell my cook to get every thing ready for me. I'll be home at three. I wish to call for your mother on my way."

This conversation was carried on in an undertone. Dr. Hartly, at the request of Frank, had left the door open that he might see the young lady who was so kind and whose pleasant voice sounded like sweet, gushing music. As he caught sight of sweet, bright-faced Lula, a strange sensation flitted through his heart. "Where have I seen her?" inquired he of his puzzled memory. "Those clear, gray eyes seem to haunt me with their pure, loving depth of feeling. Where have I seen her?"

Wearily closing his eyes, he thought of his dear mother, of her

waiting for his coming, and of her agony and suspense. "Oh, Father, in mercy spare her!" he cried. "Let the death of her youngest son fall as the peaceful visitation of Thy will upon her bereaved heart!"

Voicing his prayer in groans, he lay with closed eyes. Dr. Hartly walked softly around the room, and whispered to Mrs. Lawton:

"As he seems quiet and is probably sleeping, we had better leave him."

He lay for hours in this half-sleeping state. On awaking, he found himself, as he supposed, alone. Bitter sobs burst from his lips, as he called to mind the loved ones he was so soon to leave behind.

"I can not die, I can not die! Away from home—among strangers; no mother, no gentle sister to soothe the long, weary hours of pain and *ennui*!"

His repinings were interrupted by a gentle voice: "Poor boy! you are weary and heart-sick, and feel your desolation. Can I fill a small portion of a mother's place in your heart? I, too, have a darling son, far away in a distant hospital among strangers. My poor, poor Edward lies on just such a lonely bed as yours."

Mrs. Lawton had returned unexpectedly, to find Dr. Hartly, overcome by fatigue, quietly sleeping in the hall. Mrs. Welsh, who going to the door repeatedly still found her patient sleeping, had taken a nap in her large-arm. Then it was Major Barton awoke, and found himself, as he thought, quite alone.

"Thank you, dear lady, you remind me a little of my dear mother, far away in Georgia. I will gladly receive kindnesses at your hands, and imagine my own dear mother stands beside me."

Mrs. Lawton now heard a gentle tapping at the door, and went to see who had called.

"Sister Lula sent me in to tell you that if you are ready now she will take you home, ma'am."

"Where is Lula, Harry?" asked Mrs. Lawton of the little boy.

"Out in the carriage, ma'am."

"Mrs. Lawton," called Major Barton, "can I see Miss Lula? for as yet I do not know her other name."

"Harry, run and tell your sister I wish to see her," said Mrs. Lawton. Lula came in, and asked if she had been sent for.

"Major Barton wishes to see you, dear child; and I think it best that his wish should be gratified. So, come in Lu. Miss Lula Weston, Major Barton."

Frank put out his thin, emaciated hand, and Lula clasped it in her soft palm and said:

"How are you feeling now? Better, I hope, Elmsville is a good resting-place for an invalid; and I trust you may soon become strong enough to go on to Calhoun; Dr. Hartly told me to-day that your home was near Calhoun. Can I write for you, Major, or would you prefer Mrs. Lawton? Dr. Hartly has just gone out to take a ride. I told Harry to carry him home to tea with him, so, Mrs. Lawton, we will walk. The Doctor looked so weary: a little sniff of fresh air will benefit him. I hope, Major, you will soon be well enough to enjoy the same pleasure. But—do you wish a letter written?"

"Thank you, Miss Lula—I must beg that you will allow me that privilege—I am certain, I have met you somewhere. I wish you would call to-morrow."

"Well, I must really go home, or mamma will imagine that I am lost. Good-afternoon, Major Barton. Father will sit up with you to-night. Mrs. Lawton, are you coming?"

Lula passed into the hall; and Major Barton said to Mrs. Lawton: "Is that fair creature a friend of yours?"

"Yes, and a nobler or lovelier girl never lived. She is the eldest of a most interesting family. Lula is indeed a sweet and lovely girl. Elmsville would be lost without her. One need only see her to love her."

Wild with delirium, Major Barton raved for days. Consciousness left him; and reason was for some time

dethroned. Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. R—— were never weary of waiting on him; and sometimes, when maddened with pain, he imagined himself again confronting the foe, his clear, ringing voice gave command after command in quick succession. Now he sees Phil Bradford fall. A groan bursts from his pallid lips: "Poor little Lil," he cries. Again he is at home. The cool night breezes fan his fevered cheek; and his wild frenzy sinks into a quiet that almost resembles sleep. But, no, he is still delirious. His mood is placid, because he dreams of home. "Mother, why don't you cool my forehead? Oh! it is so hot—burning, burning!" Then, as he feels the cool hand of Mrs. Weston laid on his heated brow, he says: "Mother, Miss Lula is so pretty, I only saw her once. She went away. I have searched the whole of Floyd county and in Calhoun, and I can not find her. Where is she? Don't you know, mother? You sent her away." His voice assumed a pleading, gentle tone.

Thus he raved. Ten days he lay hovering between life and death. Lula came daily to see him; but he never recognized her. The young heart of our sweet Lu was saddened by these closing scenes of her patient's life. Pity is said to be near of kin to love; and, ere the gentle girl was aware, her heart became deeply interested in the fate of Frank Barton. Even death's presence can not prevent the growth of love.

The morning of the eleventh day has dawned. The lamp dimly lights the room. Frank slowly opens his eyes and says: "O! my mother, I am so tired."

"Go to sleep, my son, I know you are tired," and the gentle voice of Mrs. Weston falls soothingly upon his weary ear.

"Mamma," cries Lily in the Georgia home, to which the reader must now imagine himself transported, "I wonder who this note is from, postmarked Elmsville, S. C.? You don't know any one there, do you?"

"Open it, my daughter. I am prepared for any thing."

Breathing an inward prayer for strength, Mrs. Barton listened as Lily read :

"DEAR MADAM: Your son and my friend is now at this place, and is very ill. He is unconscious. Has many kind friends here and is well cared for. I am the surgeon of the regiment, and have been with him during his entire illness. Yours, respectfully,
B. F. HARTLY."

"O my son, my son!" burst in agony from the lips of the suffering mother, "my darling boy." Sob followed sob, and, almost fainting, Mrs. Barton went to her room, there to pray for her son.

Lily was wan and pale. The suffering of six weeks had wrought the impress of time on her young head.

And now return we to the suffering son and brother.

"I am a little better to-day, Doctor. I feel stronger, and I hope soon to go on home." Major Barton had indeed gained strength slowly, and was now able to talk nearly all day. Three weeks had nearly elapsed; and, although they were weeks of torture, the latter part had been cheered by the smiles of Lula Weston. From day to day, as he saw her lovely character more fully displayed, he loved her more fondly. The reply just given was made in answer to Dr. Hartly's question of daily recurrence.

"Here's Miss Lula and Mr. Dayton coming to see you."

A happy smile stole over his face, as Lu entered the room, accompanied by her pastor, who was no infrequent visitor at that sick couch.

"Mamma is coming down directly, Frank, (he had insisted on her believing that Major Barton was a myth and that his real name was Frank,) and says I must go back home."

"No, no, Lula; I want you here to-day, to write to Mother and Lil for me."

"Well, you must ask her to let me stay until twelve. Mrs. Ross is your

nurse to-day; and mamma is her great friend."

Lula took off her hat, and sat down beside his bed; and, after a fervent prayer offered by Mr. Dayton, they were left alone.

"Lula, look at me," said Frank, "I want to ask you a question." Lula did as he wished, and, turning her dark gray eyes on him, said:

"Now, Frank, does that suit you?"

"Lula, could you ever love? O! darling, I have never loved before I saw you. Your face haunts me. I have not forgotten it one moment. Can you ever love a poor cripple?"

Her only reply was to kiss his broad white brow, and say:

"You have a heart, Frank."

The time for Lula to go home at length arrived; and, stooping, she whispered:

"Tell mamma when she comes to-night."

"Tom, run home, and tell Miss Lu to come down, I want to see her. Don't tell her that the Major is worse." This was Mrs. Weston's hurried message.

Lula arrived, having set out as soon as she could arrange her toilet, for it was midnight when her mother sent for her. Frank had become suddenly much worse; and Dr. Hartly said that he could live only a few hours, and asked for Lula. When she came, her mother met her, and said: "My daughter, be firm. The hour has come for you to summon all your courage. Endeavor to be calm. Go in now and see Frank; but remember that the slightest noise will kill him."

Lula stood paralyzed. Soon, however, she gained strength to enter the room; and, standing at the bedside, she gazed at Frank. Oh! what a sight! A dark, blue circle had gathered under his eyes and around his mouth. The signs of death were stamped upon every feature. But now he moves and speaks: "O Lula! Mother! Lily!" and, opening his eyes, he saw the being dearest to him on earth standing beside him.

"Tell mother, Lu, that I am going home. I am prepared to die. Tell her to meet me in heaven. Tell Lily I am—am—"

A low gurgling sound, and all was silent. Frank Barton was dead—dead.

"We can not bury Major Barton to-day, Doctor," said old Mr. Weston; "we can not get the coffin ready."

"He must be buried soon," said the Doctor, "for he can not be kept very long."

"Well, I must do all I can to hurry it forward," said the old gentleman. As he left the room, his wife and daughter entered. Lula had forced herself to go down to the hospital to see Frank's remains. As she entered the room, a dull moan escaped her lips. "O Frank! Frank!" she murmured, as she placed a wreath and cross upon his breast. Mr. Dayton came and saw his young friend, Lula, weeping near the silent sleeper; and, passing his arm around her, he said: "Come away, dear child."

Lula returned home, and, throwing herself on the couch, wept long and bitterly. Time passed away; and twilight would soon descend.

"Lula, are you going to see Frank buried?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Get up, then, dear, and compose yourself, for we must be going directly. He is to be buried this evening, and we ought to go."

Lula pushed the heavy hair away from her face, and bathed her aching temples.

"Dr. Hartly is down-stairs, Lula. I brought him home with me. Poor fellow! he seemed so tired and heart-weary; and Frank is beyond all help."

Mrs. Weston loved her darling child with deep devotion, and knew that she loved Frank. She felt deeply for her, therefore, in this great sorrow. Soothing her by gentle words, she led her down-stairs. The carriage was ready, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Dr. Hartly and Lula got in,

and drove to the church, where the remains of poor Frank lay. Twilight had deepened, and heavy masses of clouds began to gather, portending a storm. A low, rumbling sound of distant thunder warned Mr. Dayton that the services must be short. As the bell tolled its ever-mournful peal, the villagers came silently in. Major Barton was known to every one, as his lingering illness had excited universal sympathy. The deep voice of Mr. Dayton slowly repeated those comforting words of John: "I am the resurrection and the life; and he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." A hushed silence fell upon the assembly. The last prayer was offered up, and the services were to be concluded at the grave. Lula was almost in a fainting condition, as she took Dr. Hartly's arm and moved toward the church-yard. But his strong arm supported her. The clouds had nearly overcast the heavens, and faint, struggling gleams of moonlight dimly lighted the churchyard. "We commit this body to the dust—dust to dust, ashes to ashes." A light handful of earth rattled on the coffin; and, as if to lend a more solemn aspect to the scene, the clouds parted, and one broad flash of moonlight fell across the grave and the few mourners who accompanied Mr. Dayton to Frank's last resting-place. As the low, hollow sound of earth, falling upon the coffin, told that soon all would be over, a wailing cry burst from an agonized heart: "O Frank!" and Lula's voice quivered in the stillness that pervaded the summer air. Dr. Hartly drew her away, and said: "Come, Miss Lula, we can do no more for Frank. The last tribute is paid. We can do no more. Let us go home."

The days passed on. Nothing was heard at Woodlands from Frank. Mrs. Barton's heart died within her. She felt instinctively that her boy was no more. A few days after the

last scene a letter was handed her from Elmsville. Many letters had come to her during the earlier period of Frank's sojourn there; and the gentle Lula's name was always associated with Frank's in the fond mother's thoughts. She knew that Lula was loved by Frank, and she loved her for her kindness to a stranger; and now, as the letter lay in her hand, she dared not open it. "I must, I will read it!" said she at last. It was from Lula.

"DEAR MRS. BARTON, I am the writer of a sad, sad letter. My heart fails within me. But the great Disposer of events alone can give me courage to proceed. We have written you daily of Frank's condition—and to-day, dear friend, I have a duty to perform almost too painful to discharge. Mrs. Barton, last Monday we laid your loved son to rest. The hand of affection soothed his last hours. I left him apparently doing well, but in a few hours was recalled to see him die. Only a few hours did he suffer. The cause was heart-disease. Suddenly as a dream has he passed away. He sleeps beside our dead; and he can be removed in the winter. Allow me to mingle my tears with yours, as I repeat to you his dying messages: 'Lu, tell mother,' said he, 'I am prepared; meet me above. Tell Lil—' The last words were never uttered; in a moment he was gone. Dear unknown friend, I weep with you. Your loss is mine. I loved your son, and would have died to save him. I will write to you again, when I can better com-

mand my feelings. Yours with love and respect,
LULA."

The days passed away, and the hearts of Mrs. Barton and Lily were bowed with grief. Lily had a double woe—Frank's death and the suspense in which she was kept about Phil.

Six months had gone by; when, one day, as she sat listening to the low wind of the dreary November season, she heard the sound of some one approaching. She looked—can she believe it? Is it Phil, or only an illusion? Soon all doubt was dispelled. It was indeed the absent one returned. Her idol restored to her!

"O Father! I thank thee!" The poor child wept long and passionately: the change was so great, the joy so unexpected. Phil had fallen, but not severely wounded, and now had come, a returned prisoner. Oh! what joy to the tender, loving heart of our sweet Lil!

A year has elapsed, and Lula is again at the station when the train comes. Sorrow has chastened the young heart, and now, like an angel of mercy, she is wherever a woman's gentle hand and pitying heart can administer comfort and relief to the sick, wounded, and dying. Her love for Frank threw an undying interest around his comrades in arms; and her grief for him prompted her to devote her life to the relief of the brave and good, who were suffering in what they believed a righteous cause.

CHAT AND CLIPPINGS.

GENERAL R. E. LEE BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

THE examination of General Lee before this distinguished Committee has elicited some curious and interesting facts, which ought to be preserved by every sincere friend of his country.

A synopsis of the report will do but imperfect justice to the great and important truths evolved, it has therefore been deemed best to give it *in extenso*.

Question. What is your name?

Answer. R. E. Lee.

Q. Was this name given you by your sponsors in baptism?

A. I don't know, but think that it was given me by my parents.

Q. What is your profession?

A. I presume that I am called a teacher.

Q. Are your boys taught the longitude of the Fejee Islands?

A. I presume they may be in the primary department.

Q. Are you sure of this?

A. I can not say positively.

Q. From what meridian do your subordinates estimate longitude? from Washington or Greenwich?

A. I presume that they follow the maps.

Q. Are you sure they would use the meridian of Washington?

A. I think that they would.

Q. What do your people think of the subjects of the King of Dahomey?

A. They think that they are *blacks*, but not *Republicans*.

Q. Would a lady of the first family in Virginia take a bridal tour in a balloon?

A. If she were *flightily* inclined, she would.

Q. What do your people think of the temples of freedom in the South?

A. I don't understand you.

In explanation. The buildings appropriated to the Freedmen's Bureau.

A. They think that the Freedmen make *incense* offerings in them to the Goddess of Liberty.

Q. What do you think yourself?

A. I have not investigated the subject.

Q. Did you know Jeff Davis?

A. I believe that I did.

Q. Did he have neuralgia in his eye?

A. I think that I saw such a statement during the war in a Northern paper.

Q. How did you get a Northern paper; through traitors? (Sensation.)

A. It was brought to me by a courier from the battle-field.

Q. How did he get it? (Much excitement.)

A. He got it from a Union soldier.

Q. Did the rebel rob him? (Intense emotion.)

A. The owner of the paper was dead.

Q. What killed him?

A. It was supposed to be a bullet.

Q. Who fired that bullet?

A. I think it was a soldier. (Great horror.)

Q. Did you believe the statement in the Northern paper?

A. I think that I believed; don't remember distinctly.

Q. What was the nature of the neuralgia in Jeff Davis's eye?

A. I suppose that it was some sort of pain; never studied physiology.

Q. What did you call Jeff Davis?

A. I called him Mr. Davis.

Q. What kind of currency did your soldiers use?

A. Paper money.

Q. Did they use greenbacks?

A. It is said that they did sometimes.

Q. Were these supplied by Northern copperheads? (Great emotion. Committee rise.)

A. I think not.

Q. How then?

A. It is said that the Stonewall Brigade made a *run* upon the Northern *Banks*.

Q. Are the ladies of Virginia still inclined to be rebellious?

A. Those who have bad husbands are said to be.

Q. Are you sure of this? (Much excitement.)

A. My information may be incorrect; have no personal knowledge on the subject.

Q. Would your churches allow the star-spangled banner to lie across their pulpits?

A. I don't know, but think that they would prefer the banner of the cross.

Q. Are you sure of this? (Much feeling.)

A. I may be mistaken.

Q. Would they permit "Hail Columbia, happy land," to be introduced into their hymn-books?

A. I think they would prefer poetry in praise of another land.

Committee rise in an excited manner. Some cry, "He means Dixie," others, "I thought the murder would out." After order has been restored, the President propounds the

Q. What other land? (All rise again.)

A. The heavenly land. (All resume their seats.)

Q. What do your people think of Senator Wilson?

A. They have heard that he fought bravely.

President of Committee, (looking perplexed.) He did raise a regiment, but after the brutal murder of Colonel Baker, at Ball's Bluff, he resigned.

HOW EASILY THE NEGRO DIES.

In statistics recently compiled and published, it is plainly shown that the negro is not equal to the burdens of freedom, and that when he puts on a uniform he has almost surely enshrouded himself for burial. Bullets do not kill him, but disease claims him for its own, and he perishes suddenly. Only two thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven died in action and of wounds, while twenty-six thousand three hundred and one fell victims to disease. Here is a huge disproportion. The deaths in action and by wounds stand to those by

Q. What do your people think of Senator Sumner?

A. The old Union man tries to brook him. The old secessionist brooks him in his heart.

Q. Whose heart? that of the rebel or Senator?

A. The heart of the rebel and the head of the Senator were in my mind.

Q. Did you ever call Jeff Davis Mr. President?

A. I believe that I did. (Great sensation.)

Q. When and where? Remember that you are under oath.

A. To the best of my recollection, it was during the war and at Richmond.

Q. What was the nature of your conversation?

A. If I remember rightly, I said, "How is your health to-day, Mr. President?" and he replied, "Pretty good, I thank you."

Q. What do your people think of the burning of Columbia?

A. They generally seem to believe that it was caused by fire.

Q. Who started the fire?

A. General Hampton says that it was General Sherman. General Sherman says that it was General Hampton.

It will be seen that such was the skill in propounding questions, that although the answers of the witness were very guarded, a very satisfactory exhibit is made of the present temper and condition of the States lately in rebellion.

disease in the ratio of one to eight. Among whites the ratio is only one to two. This shows that the negroes are not of that "perdurable stuff" of which freemen should be made. Not only in war does he show his vast incapacity to meet and endure the harassing responsibilities of life, but in peace he sinks beneath the ordinary trials of this uncertain and soul-trying world. As children need parents, so do negroes need masters. The world will recognize the fact one day, but "too late"—*Richmond Examiner*.

REVIEW NOTICES.

LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON. By Professor R. L. Dabney, D.D. New-York: Bleloek & Co., 19 Beekman street. 1866.

We have requested one of our most gifted writers to make an elaborate review of this book. For the present, it is sufficient to say that the book is from the pen of the Adjutant-General of the lamented hero, the man of all others he would have selected for such a task. The widow of the deceased gave the biographer free access to the military papers and even private letters of her husband. With abundance of materials possessed by no other writer, and with a mind thoroughly appreciative of the character of the great warrior, the author has produced a work of enduring fame, which should find a place in every good library.

BEECHENBROOK: A Rhyme of the War. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet, Publishers. 1866.

Mrs. Preston has long had an established reputation as Miss Margaret Jenkins, but this beautiful poem will add vastly to her fame. We have seen no American poetry for years superior to it, and but little that would approach it in purity of sentiment, loftiness of thought, and faultlessness of rhythm. Where all is so excellent, it is almost impossible to say that one chapter has more beauties than another. Still we must confess that we were more touched by Chapter VIII. than by any other. The letter of Alice to her husband describing the burning of their house by the enemy, is exquisitely womanly; every utterance is that of the tender, devoted wife, solicitous to spare the feelings of the husband "absent in the army," and to console him with the assurance that, however poor he was in worldly goods, he was still rich in the priceless affection of a pure-hearted woman. The minor pieces in this gem of a book are also of high merit.

We are glad to see that the publishers have done full justice to the authoress. The binding, typography, punctuation, and general finish of the book are all that could be desired. Southern writers, who would not have their works marred by carelessness and slovenliness in printing, would do well to notice the handsome manner in which this publishing house does its work.

BILL ARP, SO CALLED. New-York: Metropolitan Record Office. 1866.

William Arp, Esquire, is too well known as a humorist and satirist to require any notice or commendation from editors and reviewers. His pieces have been eagerly seized upon by our Southern papers, and happy was the editor who could get the start of his contemporaries in the scramble for them. His "so called" letter, however, has specially pleased our "so called" people. A venerable minister of the strictest sect of Calvinists, who would have regarded the reading of a secular paper on Sunday as a gross profanation of the day, told the editor of this magazine that he re-read this celebrated letter after church on a Sabbath afternoon. He said: "I discovered a deep tone of piety in it, which did me good." We too have felt good after reading this letter, but not exactly in the devotional way. We think, however, that there are some people at the South who would *not* feel good after reading the letters which begin on page 31, page 41, and page 46. Lest their feelings should be too much lacerated, we have kindly pointed out those which they had better skip over. We want every one to get a pleasant impression of the book. And so we commend the picture on page 122 to General Sherman, that he may "feel good" too.

The publishers have wisely put the book at such a price as will enable the impoverished people of the South to procure it.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV.

AUGUST, 1866.

VOL. I.

EDUCATION.*

THE same want of industry, want of perseverance, want of prompt attention to business, want of adaptation of right means to accomplish cherished ends were displayed everywhere and in every department. They brought misery, disaster, and ultimate ruin upon our cause. Nothing but the magnificent courage of our troops kept the Confederate flag so long afloat to battle and to breeze.

The world never before saw such a glorious array of gallant soldiers as those who rallied around Southern banners at the first call to arms. Deeds which would have immortalized a Roman or a Spartan scarce found a record in a local newspaper. The wildest stories of prowess in the pages of romance were surpassed by men, regardless then of distinction, and still unknown to fame. The most daring feats were scarcely commented upon outside of the regiment, and scarcely outside of the company to which the actors belonged.

Nothing could be proposed so hazardous as not to receive, instantly, more volunteers than were needed for its performance. At Yorktown, the Berdan sharp-shooters had been driven out of a house, but still used it as a cover, and controlled it by their fire. A general officer said to

the colonel of the 23d N.C. regiment, "Call for three volunteers to burn that house." "I will have to select the men, my whole regiment will volunteer," was the reply. Such was the spirit of the army. The duty of officers was to restrain and not to stimulate.

Nor was this an easy task. The most ordinary precautions were neglected. Recklessness was the established order of things; and the officer had to be more reckless of his person than the men, before his words of warning, for the preservation of life, would be heeded or even listened to with toleration.

While our enemies wisely covered their advances by frowning batteries and earthworks, our own men scornfully relied upon their ability to wrest these from them. It is not the design of this article to show that, in the first two years of the war, we fought too much and at too great disadvantage. Every one now understands this, and that the Fabian policy of Washington and of Johnston could alone have saved the country. But 'tis our design to show that the difficulties under which we struggled and under which we sank at last, were due to defects in our education—in which term is comprised domes-

* Continued from June number.

tic, social, and scholastic training. We will draw our illustrations chiefly from the incidents of the war, not for the purpose of pointing out remedies for deficiencies in case of another contest. We earnestly trust that no future war will desolate the land in our own generation, or in that of our children. We use them simply for the reason that war demonstrates as nothing else does the excellences or the defects of the educational system of a country. The child of the man of wealth and position has been poorly instructed, who has only learned those things which will adorn a position of ease and affluence. A sudden turn of fortune may throw him a helpless beggar upon the cold charities of a selfish world. When the skies are bright and lovely above, and the water placid and beautiful beneath, 'tis folly to venture out to sea in a pleasure-boat which has neither the strength nor the construction to resist the violence of a storm. The serene heavens may soon be shrouded by black, angry clouds; the smooth surface of the ocean may soon be broken into heaving, tossing, turbulent waves. If we pronounce him to be poorly educated who has learned nothing for the day of adversity, what shall be said of that national system of education which does not contemplate trial, sorrow, and poverty? If we wonder at the madness of the party in the pleasure-boat, what shall be said of that general plan of instruction which assumes that the vessel of state will ever glide over smooth waters, and be fanned by gentle breezes? The bloody struggle around Sebastopol demonstrated the immeasurable inferiority of the British to the French in the art of war.

Deficiencies in the food, clothing, and transportation departments converted their camps into hospitals; deficiencies in the medical appliances changed those hospitals into receptacles for the dead. Deficiencies in the engineering department had to be supplied by costly exhibitions of valor and wasteful expenditure of life.

The old British pluck was still there, but 'twas misdirected and misapplied in fruitless deeds of daring. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was the sarcastic comment of the Frenchman upon the charge at Balaclava.

There was a deeper sarcasm in the courteous toast of Pelissier, "Our brave allies, who have taught us how to die." Sadly they taught that lesson when freezing in tents, hospitals, and trenches, as well as in baring their bosoms gloriously but vainly to the storm of shot and shell.

Waterloo was nobly avenged when France furnished overcoats to the shivering British soldiery. Forty years of peace had caused the arts belonging to refined life to be cultivated in the British isles, almost to the exclusion of those belonging to war. Science was neglected. Oxford was thrust forward, and Cambridge pushed into the background. But the British are an eminently practicable people. Their wonderful ingenuity, which had been developed, and fostered by a wise national policy, and which had found exercise in railroads, tunnels, factories, machine-shops, etc., was now turned toward the production of the implements and appliances of war. Great Britain once more resumed her position as the first power in Europe. But she never could have regained her ancient prestige, had it not been for her immense superiority in mechanical skill and contrivance. Her example then affords a warning and not a precedent for other nations.

Any one of them may lose vantage-ground, she alone can retake it. The wise will profit by the lessons of history as well as those of experience. It is said that fools can be taught only in the school of suffering. We have had the teaching of bitter experience as well as the teaching of history, and we will be worse than idiots if we do not profit by both.

With unsurpassed ingenuity and eminently suggestive minds, the Southern people had never cultivated the mechanic arts. Their social in-

stitutions engaged mind and heart in agriculture, and they were the most successful producers on the globe of the three great staples, cotton, rice, and tobacco.

Their scholastic training, as well as their system of labor, turned their thoughts away from the study of science, and its application to discovery and invention. Hence they found themselves plunged into the most gigantic struggle of modern times, without the means of producing warlike implements, and without the appliances to give efficiency to a campaign. They had one or two foundries for casting siege-guns, none for making field-pieces. They were destitute of powder-mills, machinery for making percussion-caps, manufactories of small-arms, establishments for making cartridge-boxes, belts, caps, shoes, and clothing. They had to improvise arsenals for the manufacture of shot, shell, projectiles of every kind, swords, pistols, and bayonets. With a country rich beyond comparison in minerals, they had so neglected mining, that at the outset of the conflict, they wanted lead for their rifles, iron for their projectiles, and copper for their field-guns. Thousands died for want of medicines which grew upon their soil or were buried beneath it. In like manner, the South had to establish wagon-shops for the construction of gun-carriages, caissons, ambulances, and wagons.

Tanneries had to be made and rude hands set to work upon harness, saddles, and cavalry equipments. The very spurs which the horsemen wore, and the matches with which the infantry soldier lighted his pipe, were the creations of the necessities of war, and made by those all unskilled in such labor. No provision had been made for re-supplying railroads with iron and locomotives, worn out by use or destroyed by the casualties of war. The destruction of any of our lines of communication was almost as irreparable as the destruction of an army. In like manner, we were without the ability to construct engines for steam-

boats, and our magnificent rivers soon ceased almost entirely to be used.

So the great invention of Brooke, of the tortoise-shaped vessel, (so superior to the monitors of the North,) was nearly worthless, because we could not furnish with suitable engines the boats constructed upon the Brooke principle. So the ram that defied the whole Federal fleet in the Yazoo and around Vicksburgh had to be blown up at length by its own crew, because it had no motive power. The same deficiency rendered the gun-boats at Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, in the James and other rivers, mere floating batteries, formidable for defense, but useless for attack. But our neglect of the mechanic arts was perhaps most strikingly displayed in the scarcity of cotton factories. Having a larger amount of this great staple than any other people, and that too of a vastly superior quality—having, moreover, unequalled water-power, we had not erected establishments enough to supply the one tenth of our population; and the old-fashioned spinning-wheel and loom had to be revived all over the South. Inattention to science in our schools, and disregard of the useful arts depending upon it in practical life, have not been so painfully illustrated elsewhere in modern history as they have been in our own unfortunate country. Never before did a nation rush into war with such inadequate means for carrying it on successfully. The inevitable end had to come, though long deferred by the unsurpassed gallantry of our soldiers, and the unparalleled enthusiasm and energy of our noble women.

The courage of inferior numbers unaided by the appliances of war could not but yield at length to the soldiery and resources of the world. The industry at the knitting-needle and the foot-wheel could not contend with the skill and and tireless labor of spinning-jennies and power-looms.

We had not realized the helplessness of a purely agricultural people, with whom education was an accomplishment, or at most a preparation

for the legislative hall, and not for the development of our resources ; with whom mental training was whetting the sword for gladiatorial contest in the political arena, and not the sharpening of ax and plow for subduing the powers of nature. Accordingly, we find that State Conventions met for the purpose of separating from the old Union, in buildings planned by Northern architects, and erected by Northern mechanics out of Northern materials. The members took their seats upon Northern chairs, around a Northern table, and appended their signatures with Northern pens, and Northern ink, to the ordinance of secession, written upon Northern paper. If they looked at their feet, they saw a carpet from a Northern loom. If they looked above, Northern chandeliers supported Northern lamps or Northern candles, which shed an ominous light upon the document they had just signed. The frescoes and ornaments on the ceiling over the chandelier, grimly hinted at Northern quarries, Northern coasting-vessels, and Northern workmanship. If they looked around, they saw paintings executed by Northern artists, and placed in Northern frames, and hung by Northern cords from Northern knobs. The very fire that warmed them was made of Northern coal in Northern grates ; or if Southern wood, the andirons that supported that wood were of Northern manufacture, while Northern shovel and tongs rested in Northern hooks against a facing of Northern marble. The eyes of those grave dignitaries could not rest upon a single article in the hall, which was not calculated to remind them of their baby-like dependence upon the people whom they wished to abjure forever. They all sincerely desired a peaceful separation, and most of them believed such a thing to be practicable ; but in case of the last dread resort to arms, the weapons with which they hoped to win a separate nationality were all marked with the Northern brand.

And now when the solemn act of se-

cession has been accomplished, and the Governor has to notify his people of their changed relations, he draws up his proclamation in a room full of the same Northern associations as the Hall of the Convention.

He has numerous copies made upon Northern paper, places them in Northern envelopes, intrusts them in Northern mailbags, secured by Northern locks and chains, to be carried upon railroads made of Northern iron, by a train of cars, all built at the North, and pulled by Northern locomotives. Such was our preparation for the terrible conflict, and the subsequent conduct of the war was in all respects of the same character.

Having neglected to cultivate the mechanic arts, we had to trust to men whose sympathies were often with our enemies to run our railroads, to work our telegraph wires, to manufacture our ordnance stores, etc. Hence it happened from the beginning to the end of the war, that when troops had to be transported, there were delays, collisions of trains, running off the track and killing of soldiers. Hence it was that we heard so often of the disappearance of telegraph operators with their dispatches. Seldom, indeed, did our troops evacuate a town without leaving a telegraphic operator behind who had not been born at the South. Hence it was that our cannon often burst when most needed, and our shells were often more terrible to friend than to foe.

Hence it was, that every species of practical business being intrusted to alien or unskillful hands exhibited a marvelous ingenuity in bungling and blundering, which the most crafty contriver of Chinese puzzles could not have witnessed without astonishment. But we can do no justice to this subject. Even General Wise, with all his genius and wonderful command of language, fell far short of it in his celebrated address. No other need attempt it after his failure. Let it suffice to say that with the world in arms to aid us, instead of the world in arms against us, we must

have failed with such inherent radical defects in our organization.

There may be persons upon whose minds prestige and prescription have wrought such a prejudice that they can see no necessity for a change in our system of training, notwithstanding this painful, although brief exhibition of its deficiencies. But we believe that the majority of the Southern people will pronounce a verdict against that education which makes no provision for the hour of trial and of poverty.

We recognize a change in their views in the higher character of the periodicals since the war. Every newspaper which we see contains something really useful and valuable. The everlasting twaddle about politics is giving place to important facts in history, in the mechanic arts, in agriculture, in morals, in philosophy, etc. With pleasure we notice that the papers, edited by soldiers of the late Confederate army, are the most in earnest in imparting information calculated to improve our condition and elevate us from our depression. We recognize the change, in the establishment of scientific schools and the springing up of agricultural journals. No purely political paper could be sustained now at the South. No other kind before the war met with a wide circulation and a generous patronage. Slavery being abolished, the people are thoroughly aroused upon the subject of scientific farming, and labor-saving machines. Our gallant old North State, though often accused of Rip Van Winkleism, has not been slow to perceive the uselessness of political essays at a time when the Jacobins will construe the most cringing submission into cowardice, and the most powerful argu-

ments into insolence and disloyalty. Our conservative people show unmistakably, through the press, their opinion that a single practical hint to the farmer and mechanic is worth whole folios of politics. Numerous applications before all the legislatures of the South for the incorporation of industrial companies evince too a manly determination to develop our vast resources. Providence has not conferred upon us so munificently such precious gifts to be neglected or thrown away. The immense mineral riches hid in the bosom of the earth will be discovered, and made to contribute to human enjoyment.

Our harbors will be whitened with sails from all parts of the world. Our beautiful rivers, that have scarcely been ruffled hitherto by the flat-boat, will welcome to their bright waters the majestic steamer with its precious cargo. Our forests of live-oak will ring with thousands of axes, and our pine barrens will be all aglow with furnaces to supply the navies of the world. Our fisheries will supply the markets of both hemispheres. Our magnificent waterfalls, which have raised their lonely hymn in solitude to their Creator, since "the morning stars first sang together," will hear the roar of engines, the clangor of machinery, and the sound of human voices blended with their anthem of praise. It is for you to decide, O ye people of the land we love! whether by a wise adaptation of your educational training to the new order of things, all these mighty achievements will be performed by you and your children, or whether they will be committed to the hands of the alien, the stranger, and perhaps the enemy.

(To be continued.)

ACCEPTATION.

I.

WE do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for, undesired, our eyes
Welcome, through tears, the sweet release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease
For which we bless thee, holy Peace!

II.

We lift our foreheads from the dust;
And as we meet thy brow's clear calm,
There falls a freshening sense of balm
Upon our spirits. Fear—distrust—
The hopeless present on us thrust—
We'll meet them as we can, and *must*!

III.

War has not wholly wrecked us: still,
Strong hands, brave hearts, high souls are ours,
Proud consciousness of quenchless powers—
A Past, whose memory makes us thrill—
Futures uncharactered—to fill
With heroisms if we will.

IV.

Then courage, brothers! Though our breast
Feel oft the rankling thorn despair,
That failure plants so sharply there,
No pang, no pain shall be confessed:
We'll work and watch the brightening west,
And leave to God and heaven the rest!

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

LEXINGTON, VA.

The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

About almost any transaction that comes before us, we, and every body, as well as the people "down-east," like to ask some questions: such as, who was the author and the persons most interested and concerned in it? And as it is said very truly that "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," we want to look through both these at any matter of history; and we naturally ask *where* did an event occur, and *when* did it happen? and then, further, whether any important consequence followed it? and perhaps, too in the other direction, we inquire into the antecedent causes; for we like to trace effects back to causes.

The writer, John Greenleaf Whittier, as appears from an engraving prefixed to the volume, and from other sources, is a man about sixty years old; of a good personal appearance, one of nature's favorites, with a large, broad forehead, indicating great capacity of brain; though somewhat care-worn and weary—one you might know as the one,

"Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniior, atque os
Magna sonaturum—"

"who has genius, (native talent, *poeta nascitur*,) who has a soul of a diviner cast, and greatness of expression." He is of Quaker origin, "to the manor born," on the banks of the Merrimack, and inheriting from his ancestors if not the peculiar tenets of that sect so much persecuted by the early settlers of New-England, as their extreme dislike to the doctrines of their persecutors, "The Doctor's Mail of Calvin's Creed," "the acid sect;" and naturally he would feel so when his own sect, then so much spoken against, is styled by the great author of the Magnalia, "*devil-driven heretics*." It appears that the family continued to occupy the old mansion, where the scene of the

poem is laid, for several successive generations.

And any one much conversant with the old style of building farm-houses in the Bay State and the land of "steady habits," could easily imagine what kind of an edifice it was, independent of the frontispiece, or the miniature view of the scene of the "snow-bound" family. We can see the old building, with a bold two-story front, and sliding down behind with a long roof, making, not what we would denominate "*a shed-room*," but a "*lean-to*," the profile resembling a man who has a thick head of hair cut short on his forehead, and hanging long behind, like a lady's "waterfall." It is said that in very early times, when the mothers cut their children's hair, they cut in two a pumpkin, and fitting one half of it on the head, clipped the hair by the edge of that. This style of building is according to that pattern.

In the centre is the huge chimney, built of rock, probably filling more space than any room in the house. All the fireplaces are in this, and the rooms ranged around it. The front entrance before it, the parlor at one end, the dining and sitting-room, all in one, with a great buffet in one corner, not movable, but constructed with the house, for the display of china, delft, and plate, pewter porringers, plates, and platters, brightly scoured; and with wooden trenchers nicely ranged in rows. Behind the chimney is the kitchen, not only occupying its breadth, but extending beyond it on each side sufficiently for doors to enter the parlor on the one hand, and the dining-room on the other. On each end of the kitchen, occupying with it the back or one-story part of the house, is a sleeping-room, with an entrance both from the kitchen and the front apartment. The other sleeping-rooms being above-stairs. In the "so-called" kitchen is the great fireplace, wide enough to put back-logs and fore-sticks about as long as the wood is ordinarily *sledged* in winter from the forest, with a wide-throated chimney to

carry up the surging smoke; and the large oven, with its mouth in the back of this fireplace, extending its length into the interior of the huge pile of rock, was regularly heated twice a week as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace into which he cast the three young men. Here the huge loaves of brown bread, etc., were baked to supply the family half a hebdomade of days; except in some places, where on Saturdays they must have a dish of *baked beans*, to begin the Sabbath with on Saturday night at sunset. A man riding into the suburbs of a town one Sabbath morning came across Cuffee at a certain man's door chopping wood. He asked the negro if he did not know that he was breaking the Sabbath. "No," says he, "it can't be Sunday, for we did not have baked beans last night." In the back of the chimney too was suspended the trammel; and here was the *erane*, to turn back and forth to suspend the culinary utensils over the fire. The fire-place was almost large enough for a family to get around the cheerful, blazing fire in winter within and under the mantel-piece; and then by drawing up in front the high settle, a kind of a heavy seat or bench, with a back as high as a man's head, of solid boards, a family could bid defiance to frost at any degree below zero.

In such a house as this, when the storm of snow is raging without, we have a "good man," a venerable Quaker, and his better half, a Quakeress, somewhere and at some time, with an "ancient maiden" aunt without the "ancient maiden's gall," (on which side the auntship lies the author does not tell us,) but

"The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse denied a household mate."

An uncle too was there, who—

"innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks."

An elder and a younger sister too were then sojourners under that roof. The schoolmaster, too, as good fortune would have it, who, from "classic Dartmouth's college halls,"

"Could doff at ease his scholar's gown,
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in *boarding round*.
Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light
Unmarked by time, and yet not young;
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us at the best,
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.

A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petrucio's Kate,
The raptures of Siebna's saint.

Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry."

This mysterious character, with the author and his brother, fills up the number of the *dramatis personæ* in this play of five acts on as many days and nights.

Having seen *who* were "snow-bound," we would like to know *where* such an event occurred as to furnish a theme for apparently the last, and, of course, the best, poem from the pen of one who has filled the post of editor of a gazetteer, a weekly review; who has been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts; who published the *Legends of New-England*, *Mog Megone*, and *Moll Pitcher*; in some of which "he depicted with *honesty* the intolerant spirit and the superstitions of the early colonists." And who, last but not least, has been "elected *one* of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and many of whose best poems relate to slavery." Of which also we have notice in the poem before us, where in 1866, though slavery has been dead a year, and as cold as the snow by which he was bound, he would

"All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike,
and substitute
For slavery's lash the freeman's will."

We would, if we could, give the locality of the poem; from itself we learn that Salisbury was "nearer home," from which we infer that it was not very remote from a town of that name. But on recurring to the *Gazetteer*, we find a score of places in the United States and several in the New-England States of that name. But where we find one "in Essex county, Mass.," and this is on the map near the sea-coast; and we further read,

— "Nearer home our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread,
Mile wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept scythe on scythe their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea."

And we further remember that this is the natural and appropriate place for Salisbury, probably befitting this more than any other place of the same name in the land, for it is Salt-town, Salt-burgh.

It is said that among the Indians it is regarded as a mark of disrespect to any chief to inquire his name; it is to be presumed that when a man has performed exploits, taken scalps, and distinguished himself so much as to attain the office of *chief*, his reputation is world-wide; his fame must be heard of everywhere, and not pent up and confined by narrow limits; so that to inquire into any thing pertaining to his mighty deeds, as if he had not attained to "the first three," was an impeachment of his claims and a disparagement of him. So one who has stood before the public in New-England as an author since 1828, when he left the Latin school in Boston, and who has published so many poems on various subjects, and "has depicted the intolerant spirit of the early colonists," and has been promoted to be "one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society," and "many of whose best poems relate to slavery," and "whose productions are all distinguished for manly vigor of thought and language and breathe the true spirit of liberty," such an one must be known the world over; his fame is not confined by State lines or by national bounda-

ries; and hence not to know of course all his antecedents, and the *where* and the *when* of such a poem as the *Snow Bound*, without any information from the author, "argues us unknown."

A few years ago some one in Boston discovered that the western part of North-Carolina, where is the umbilicus of this part of the continent, and radiates its pure mountain streams in nearly or quite every direction, is the very centre of ignorance, the focus of darkness, the midnight of mental and moral culture, and we are in the penumbra of that total eclipse, and we expect a "hornet's nest" to be in the back-woods.

The author could not expect that a copy of the *Snow Bound*, fresh from the press of Tieknor and Fields, one of the "sixteenth thousand," as pure and clean as the new-fallen snow that bound him, should ever find its way into these benighted regions of "Old Rip Van Winkle;" or at any rate before it had been "sweated over," like Horace's rolls, and then sent to Illerda in Spain, or to Utica in Africa. He would need to enlighten us first by sending

"Freedom's young apostles,"
"Who, following in *war's bloody trail*,"
"Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison torture possible."

The growth of plants shows the quality of the soil from which they spring; and this is quite true. Carlyle says: "The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him." Men would benefit the Greeks in Greece, but neglect the Greeks at their own doors. They will get a telescope to discover objects of philanthropy and benevolence at a great distance, while those just as great at their feet are overlooked, or, when they "see them, they pass by on the other side."

We see and hear of these "apostles of liberty" in the developments made concerning the operations of

the Freedmen's Bureau in this and other States, and they are any thing but creditable to "freedom's young or old apostles."

But it is time to ask *when* did this famous Snow Bound occur which is thus immortalized by the pen and muse of the great New-England poet—to live until a greater heat than that of a summer solstice shall melt away all the ice from the Arctic and Antarctic circles and the Alpine glaciers?

A chronologer informs us that "the winter of 1638 was unusually severe;" but that of 1641 was of the severest kind. Boston Bay was a bridge of ice as far as the eye could see, and the Chesapeake also was frozen. The Indians said such a winter had not occurred in forty years. The fourteenth day of December, 1709, was supposed to be the coldest day then known in America. In February, 1717, fell the greatest snow ever known in this or perhaps in any country. It covered the lower doors of houses, so that some people were obliged to step out of their chamber-windows on snow-shoes. There was also a terrible tempest. There were very severe winters in 1738, 1740, and in that of 1779 all the rivers at the North, and even the Chesapeake Bay, were converted into bridges of ice. This was the most rigorous winter ever known in America. Long Island Sound was covered with ice, and the Chesapeake was passed with loaded carriages at Annapolis. Jan. 7, 1800, there was a great snow in Carolina and Georgia. From Dec. 20 to Feb. 1804-5, was a very severe winter.

But some may smile at the idea of a *poet's* following history—matter of fact—since, as the word means maker, "he is a curious maker known;" and with his weird wizard's wand, almost like him,

"Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;
Who calls for things that are not, and they
come!"

The poet can, at will, *make* a snow-storm even in summer, and send for his ice, in imagination, like morsels;

but yet he is *bound* by *probabilities* and actual facts, and in his beautiful, or horrid and shocking creations, must use material ready furnished to his hand. He can not get out of the shell that incloses our mundane sphere and crawl around on the back-side to see what is there, and how they think and feel that dwell there.

The terrible snow of 1717, when it *fell to the depth*, or rather *rose to the height*, of sixteen feet, to the tops of chamber-windows, burying all cattle, sheep, etc., that were unsheltered; covering all fences and small streams, and, excepting in forests, presenting a universal ocean of snow of glittering whiteness; and when a crust was formed upon the surface, men could pass anywhere on the top of it. This made, as we may well suppose, a deep impression upon the minds of the people; and though it occurred a century and a half ago, many traditions are prevalent about it. And this is apparently the model from divine art from which, like Moses copying the pattern God showed to him in the mount when about to build the tabernacle, the poet took his copy, and formed his idea of the Snow Bound, when,

"Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!"

And the inmates of the house were completely isolated from the external world; for,

"Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone."

This *maker* makes a harder *freeze* than Thomson in *his Winter*, where he makes

"A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to
shore,
The whole imprisoned river *grows* below."

The snow-storm began on a "brief December day," of the coming of which they had a portent in a pecu-

liarily chill state of the air—"a hard, dull, bitterness of cold:"

"The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air."

It continued all the succeeding night and day, and until the second morning shone; and, as before remarked, they were confined by the crystal walls of their prison for seven days, except that after the second morning they tunneled a way out to the barn to feed the brutes, in like manner shut up there.

During the progress of the storm, and until it clears away, the poet gives us no clue to the employments or amusements of the inmates of the house. He leaves us to suppose that they ate, and drank, and talked, and slept, and waked as Christians ought to do. But when the third night came, and

"The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full,"

they concluded to amuse themselves as well as they could in the circumstances; and in this respect the poem is properly characterized—that is, the different persons represented as being there are made to do and say what we might suppose they would in the time and circumstances:

"We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told."

The father tells of trapping and hunting and fishing and sailing; of life in the wild woods and Indian camps, in his early days.

The mother kept her wheel going, or "run the new-knit stocking at the heel," but still could talk and tell what, of course, had made a deep impression on her mind, when "the Indian hordes came down" and made their midnight attacks upon the early settlers in their defenseless condition. She "told the story of her early days," or told some tale from "ancient tome," "of faith fire-winged by martyrdom;" perhaps not equal quite to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

The uncle knew and could give information all about fields and brooks;

could read the clouds; was weather-wise; could tell the signs from beasts and birds; gave accounts of his exploits with rod and gun; recounted the habits of wood-chucks and muskrats and beavers and squirrels.

The maiden aunt was young again:

"Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails."

The sisters contribute nothing to the progress of the poem except to attend to domestic duties, though very tenderly spoken of, especially the latter, the younger, wasting away with disease.

But the almost beardless pedagogue made himself very interesting, by playing with the cat, at cross-pins on a hat, singing songs, telling of college scrapes, of skating by moonlight, of sleigh-rides, of blind-man's buff, of whirling plates, of playing the violin, of wrestling matches on the barn-floor, of holding the winding yarn for the good dames.

And at the hour of nine by "the bull's-eye watch," without the curfew-bell, in good old Puritan style, they cover the red brands with ashes and retire to rest. But we miss what would have been in the circumstances very appropriate—*family worship*. How beautiful it would have been, like the Cottar's Saturday Night, if, after being not only so well preserved in the intense cold, (the state of the thermometer is not given,) when many were suffering all the sad variety of woe, but they were in the enjoyment of such social converse as tends, next to communion with God, to promote our highest happiness, to see the aged patriarch, the head and priest of the family, take down the Bible and read Job ch. 37 and 38 or Ps. 147, as appropriate to show who was the Author of all atmospheric phenomena, as well as the Author and Finisher of our faith; and then, as a united family, acknowledge "our Father in heaven," praise him for his goodness, and pray for his pardon for daily sins!

The author possesses power of graphic description, so as to present pictures to the mind both in words and lines, like looking through a narrow crevice in a wall, where a wide landscape opens to view on the outside. When the storm was coming on—

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion-rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.
Before the fire, the mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row."

Speaking of the vanishing away of his family, in which alas! *we* can too readily sympathize with him, he says:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!"

When he describes the level marshes,

"Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept scythe on scythe, their swaths along."

We can almost see the mowers one after the other in a row, each close upon the heels of the preceding, swinging his scythe, shaving the grass from the greensward, (like as a man would shave his face smooth with a razor,) and rolling it up into a bandage. And like "the sharply clashing horn on horn" of oxen, "down the stanchion-rows," we can hear the noise of each scythe at each stroke of the mower; they are almost equal in descriptive and suggestive power to some of the famous lines of the older poets, both Greek, Latin, and English. Every one has heard Virgil's galloping steed in the line whose movement by the accents so exactly describes the sense, and conveys the idea independent of any meaning in the words:

"Quadrupèdante pu-trém soni-tù quatit-ùngula càm-pum."

And Pope's beat of the drum imitated in the same way:

"Gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder."

And the same poet when he carries a rock to the top of a hill, and it rolls

down again; we *feel* the difficulty in the former, and see the *ease*, and velocity in the latter.

"Up the high bill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone *resulting with a bound*,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along
the plain."

Any one who has even heard the farmer pounding out his grain on the barn-floor by reiterated blows, will recognize the sound in Thomson's line:

"Thump after thump, resounds the constant
fall."

We can see the snail moving when:

"Ten short words creep on in one dull line."

A certain writer says of Dana: "His description of natural objects may not pass before the mind with such sweet harmony, but they often present in a single line, a *whole picture* before the imagination, with a vividness and power of compression which are astonishing; for instance:

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently."

But none of these, to our view, and to the view of any one who has ever seen or *heard* the motion and peculiar sound made by a number of *hands* swinging their blades, "and the mowers whet their scythes," can exceed the description of our poet, when he says:

"Where Salisbury's level marshes spread,
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept scythe and scythe their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea."

Nor the German, "Ganz lose, leise, kling-ling-ling," which Marsh gives in his Lectures on the English Language; nor this:

"He cracked his whip; the locks, the bolts,
Cling-clang asunder flew."

So when, the next morning, the teamsters came along to break out the road, and open a connection again with the outer world,

"Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads upstost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost."

Before our door, the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain,
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
 From lip to lip ; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled ;
 Then toiled again the cavalcade

From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit,
 Where drawn by nature's subtlest law,
 Haply the watchful young men saw
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
 And curious eyes of merry girls,
 Lifting their hands in mock defense
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,
 And reading in each missive tost,
 The charm with Eden never lost.
 So days went on ; a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from last."

They read their little store of books
 and pamphlets ; one novel, the alma-

nae, and the hymn-book, (no Bible?)
 when,

" At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to the door,

We felt the stir of hall and street,
 The pulse of life that round us beat ;
 The chill embargo of the snow
 Was melted in the genial glow ;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more."

Taken on the whole, notwithstanding some sentiments that partake of the atmosphere of Boston on a certain dark subject, the *Idyll* is a gem of poetry and "a thing of beauty:" and printed and bound in the best style of one of the best houses of the "so-called" Athens of America.

THE WOOLLY HEAD ; OR, OUT IN THE COLD.

A HEROIC BALLAD OF THE WAR.

SAID the Senator bold
 To the Senator eold,
 The proud, impudent looks
 Of ye kinsmen of Brooks
 That oft frightened me sore
 Shall ne'er frighten me more.

*I'll bolt and bar you out,
 Ye wrangling rebel rout,
 Till your teeth ye will gnash
 While I "grind you to mash."
 (Goodness gracious, oh !
 Bully Brooks hurt me so !)*

In revenge and in spite
 O'er the door will I write
*Never more entrance here
 For those I hate and fear,*
 Till they humbly bow the knee,
 And no longer threaten me.

Said the Senator eold
 To the Senator bold,
 I never knew before,
 Though it puzzled me sore.
 'Twas the liek on the head,
 When you lay as if dead,

That made you wildly swear
 You'd eternally wear
 Wool of the kinkiest down
 On senatorial crown,

Lest some future bully,
Not liking souls woolly,

Should batter, bruise, and beat,
Reckless of whining bleat;
Lest some knotty cane
Should give an ugly pain
In head as well as back,
And make them both as black

As the dark heart within,
All steeped and dyed in sin.
In this the cunning lies,
And proves that you are wise,
To give the head the cover
That the soul has all over.

GENERAL CLEBURNE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION,
HILL'S CORPS, A. T.,
MISSIONARY RIDGE, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 18, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to report the operations of my division in the battle of Chickamauga, fought on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of September, 1863.

During the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th ultimo, I moved my division in a westerly direction across the Chickamauga river, at Tedford's Ford, and having received orders to report to Lieutenant-General Polk, commanding the right wing of the army, I did so, and was directed by him to form a second line in rear of the right of the line already in position. Accordingly, soon after sunset, my division was formed partly *en echelon*, and about three hundred yards in rear of the right of the first line. My right rested in front of a steam saw-mill, known as Jay's Mill, situated on a small stream, running between the Chickamauga and the road leading from Chattanooga to La Fayette. My line extended from the saw-mill almost due south for nearly a mile, fronting to the west.

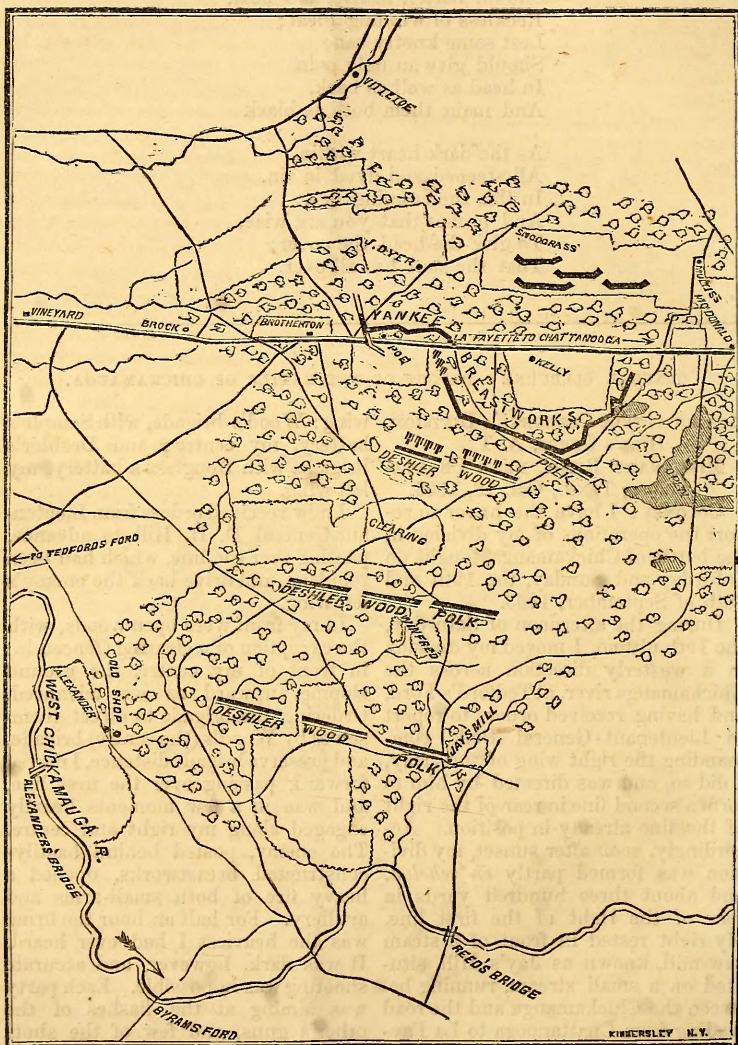
Polk's brigade, with Calvert's battery, (commanded by Lieutenant Thomas J. Key,) composed my right

wing; Wood's brigade, with Semple's battery, my centre; and Deshler's brigade, with Douglass's battery, my left wing.

I now received orders from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to advance, passing over the line, which had been repulsed, and drive back the enemy's left wing.

In my front were open woods, with the exception of a clearing (fenced in) in front of my centre, the ground sloping upward as we advanced. Ordering the brigade to direct themselves by Wood's (the centre) brigade, and preserve brigade distance, I moved forward, passing over the first line, and was in a few moments heavily engaged along my right and centre. The enemy, posted behind hastily-constructed breastworks, opened a heavy fire of both small-arms and artillery. For half an hour the firing was the heaviest I had ever heard. It was dark, however, and accurate shooting was impossible. Each party was aiming at the flashes of the other's guns, and few of the shots from either side took effect.

Major Hotchkiss (my Chief of Artillery) placed Polk's and Wood's artillery in position in the cleared field in front of my centre. Availing themselves of the noise and darkness,



Captain Semple and Lieutenant Key ran their batteries forward within sixty yards of the enemy's line, and opened a rapid fire; Polk pressed forward at the same moment on the right, when the enemy ceased firing, and quickly disappeared from my front.

There was some confusion at the time, necessarily inseparable, however, from a night attack. This, and the difficulty of moving my artillery through the woods in the dark, rendered a further advance inexpedient for the night. I consequently halted, and after readjusting my lines, threw out skirmishers a quarter of a mile in advance, and bivouacked.

In this conflict the enemy was driven back about a mile and a half. He left in my hands two or three pieces of artillery, several caissons, two or three hundred prisoners, and the colors of the Seventy-seventh Indiana, and those of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania.

At about ten o'clock next morning I received orders from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to advance, and dress on the line of General Breckinridge, who had been placed on my right. Accordingly, directing each brigade to dress upon the right and preserve its distance, I moved forward.

Breckinridge was already in motion. The effort to overtake and dress upon him caused hurry and some confusion in my line, which was necessarily a long one. Before the effect of this could be rectified, Polk's brigade and the right of Wood's encountered the heaviest artillery fire I have ever experienced. I was now within short canister-range of a line of log breast-works, and a hurricane of shot and shell swept the woods from the unseen enemy in my front.

This deadly fire was directed and came from that part of the enemy's breast-works opposite to my right and right-centre; the rest of my line stretching off to the left, received an oblique fire from the line of breast-works which, at a point opposite my

centre, formed a retiring angle, running off towards the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road behind.

The accompanying map, showing the shape of the enemy's line of works opposite my line, will explain our relative positions.

Upon reference to it, it will be seen that opposite to my right and right-centre, the enemy's works ran about a half a mile north and south, and nearly parallel to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road, which was about three hundred yards behind; that at a point opposite my centre his works formed, as before stated, a retiring angle, running in a westerly and somewhat oblique direction to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road; and that at a point nearly opposite my right, his works formed another retiring angle, running back also to the road.

My right and right-centre, consisting of Polk's brigade and Lowry's regiment of Wood's brigade, were checked within one hundred and seventy-five yards of the advance part of this position of the enemy's works, and the rest of the line were halted in compliance with the order previously given to dress upon the right.

Passing towards the left at this time, I found that the line of advance of my division, which was the left of the right wing of the army, converged with the line of advance of the left wing of the army, the flanks of the two wings had already come into collision—part of Wood's brigade had passed over Bates' brigade of Stewart's division, which was the right of the left wing; and Deshler's brigade, which formed my left, had been thrown out entirely, and was in rear of the left wing of the army. I ordered Wood to move forward the remainder of his brigade, opening at the same time in the direction of the enemy's fire with Semple's battery.

That part of Wood's brigade to the left of Lowry's regiment, and to the left of the southern angle of the breast-works, in its advance at this time entered an old field bordering

the road, (Chattanooga-La-Fayette,) and attempted to cross it in the face of a heavy fire from works in its front. It had almost reached the road, its left being at Poc's house, (known as the Burning House,) when it was driven back by a heavy oblique fire of small arms and artillery, which was opened upon both its flanks; the fire from the right coming from the south face of the breastworks, which was hid from view by the thick growth of scrub-oaks bordering the field. Five hundred men were killed and wounded by this fire in a few minutes. Upon this repulse—Lowry's regiment having also in the meantime been forced to retire—I ordered the brigade still further back to re-form; Semple's battery, which had no position, I also ordered back.

I now moved Deshler's brigade by the right flank, with the intention of connecting it with Polk's left, so filling the gap left in my centre by the withdrawal of Wood. This connection, however, I could not establish, as Polk's left had, in its turn, been also driven back. Finding it a useless sacrifice of life for Polk to retain his position, I ordered him to fall back with the rest of his line; and with his and Wood's brigade, I took up a strong defensive position some three or four hundred yards in rear of the point from which they had been repulsed. Deshler's brigade had moved forward towards the right of the enemy's advanced works, but could not go beyond the crest of a low ridge, from which Lowry had been repulsed. I therefore ordered him to cover himself behind the ridge, and hold his position as long as possible.

His brigade was now *en echelon* about four hundred yards in front of the left of the rest of the division, which here rested for some hours.

In effecting this last disposition of his command, General Deshler fell—a shell passing fairly through his chest. It was the first battle in which this gentleman had the honor of commanding as a general officer. He was a brave and efficient one.

He brought always to the discharge of his duty a warm zeal and a high conscientiousness. The army and the country will long remember him.

At about half-past three o'clock P.M. I received orders from Lieutenant-General Polk to move forward on a line with my left, (Deshler,) connecting my right with Jackson's brigade, and when I had formed my line to remain and hold the position. I accordingly advanced with my centre and right wing, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and found his line behind the works from which he had repulsed us in the morning. The left wing of the army had been driving the enemy; the right wing now attacked, Lieutenant-General Polk ordering me to advance my heavy batteries, and open on the enemy. Captain Semple, my acting chief of artillery, (Major Hotchkiss, my Chief of Artillery, being disabled by a wound received the day before,) selected positions in front of the line, and placed his own and Douglass' batteries within two hundred yards of the enemy's breast-works, and opened a rapid and most effective fire, silencing immediately a battery which had been playing upon my lines. About the same time Brigadier-General Polk charged, and soon carried, the north-western angle of the enemy's works, taking in succession three lines of breast-works. In this brilliant operation he was materially aided by Key's battery, and towards its close by Douglass' battery, which had again been moved by my orders to my extreme right, where it was run into position by hand.

A large number of prisoners (regulars) was here captured. The enemy abandoned his works, and retired precipitately. Brigadier-General Polk pursued to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road, where he captured another piece of artillery. I here received directions from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to halt my command until further orders.

I can not close this report without an acknowledgment of distinguished

services rendered by various officers and men, which would otherwise pass unnoticed.

I have already incidentally called attention to the gallant conduct of Brigadier-General Polk; but it is due to him and the country, which wishes to appreciate its faithful servants, to say, that to the intrepidity and stern determination of purpose of himself and men, I was principally indebted for the success of the charge on Sunday evening, which drove the enemy from his breast-works, and gave us the battle.

Colonel Mills also is entitled to be remembered. Leading his regiment through the battle until the fall of his brigadier—the lamented Deshler—he was called by seniority to command the brigade, which he did with gallantry and intelligence.

To my Staff-Major, Calhoun Benham, A. A. G., (who received a contusion on the right shoulder from a grape-shot or fragment of shell.)

Captain Irving A. Buck, A. A. G., (whose horse was shot under him;) Major Joseph K. Dixon, Assistant Inspector-General; Captain B. F. Phillips, Assistant Inspector-General; Lieutenant J. W. Jetton, Aid-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Major T. R. Hotchkiss, Chief of Artillery, (who received a wound from a Minnie ball in the foot on Saturday, which deprived me of his valuable services afterwards;) Captain Henry C. Semple, who replaced Major Hotchkiss as Chief of Artillery when disabled; Captain C. F. Vanderford, Chief of Ordnance; Lieutenant L. H. Mangum, Aid-de-Camp; and Lieutenant S. P. Hanly, Aid-de-Camp, (who received a contusion from a grape-shot,) I am indebted for the faithful and indefatigable manner in which they performed these vital, though perhaps not showy duties, throughout these operations.

Major T. R. Hotchkiss, Chief of Artillery; Captain Semple, with his battery; and Lieutenant Thomas J. Key, commanding Calvert's battery, rendered invaluable service, and exhibited the highest gallantry, on

Saturday night, in running their pieces up, as they did, within sixty yards of the enemy. In this they were ably sustained by Lieutenant Richard Goldthwaite, of Semple's battery. Here Major Hotchkiss received his wound.

Captain Semple also displayed skill and judgment as Acting Chief of Artillery, particularly in the selection of a position for his own and Douglass' batteries, on Sunday evening, which gave an oblique fire upon the enemy in his works, contributing to the success of the final charge by Polk's brigade.

Captain O. S. Palmer, A. A. G. of Wood's brigade, was conspicuous for his coolness and attention to duty on the field, and has my thanks.

I am much indebted also to Dr. D. A. Linthicum, Chief Surgeon of my division. The completeness of his arrangements, his careful supervision of subordinates, both on the field, under fire, and elsewhere, and in the hospitals, secured our gallant wounded prompt attention, and all the comforts and alleviation of pain attainable in the exigencies of battle.

Surgeon A. R. Erskine, then Acting (now actual) Medical Inspector of my division, rendered most efficient service.

Assistant-Surgeon Alfred B. DeLoach particularly distinguished himself by his unselfish devotion, going repeatedly far forward under fire, and amongst the skirmishers, to attend the wounded.

James P. Brady and Melvin L. Overstreet, privates in the Buckner Guards, (my escort, specially detailed to attend me throughout the battle,) went with me wherever my duty called me. Brady was wounded in the hand; Overstreet had his horse shot.

To Captain C. F. Vanderford, my Chief of Ordnance, my thanks are specially due. His trains were always in the best order and in the most acceptable position, and to his care in this respect I am indebted for a prompt supply of ammunition in every critical emergency which arose.

I carried into action on Saturday the 19th, five thousand one hundred and fifteen (5115) officers and men; four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five (4875) bayonets. On Sunday, the 20th, I carried in four thousand four hundred and thirty-seven (4437) bayonets.

In the two days my casualties were two hundred and four (204) killed,

fifteen hundred and thirty-nine (1539) wounded, six (6) missing—making in all one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine (1749.)

Respectfully,

P. R. CLEBURNE,
Major-General.

To Lieut.-Col. ARCHER ANDERSON,
A. A. Gen. D. H. HILL's Corps.

LINES DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

BY A SOUTHERN LADY.

How different are these seasons from the ones so lately past!
When with the summer's burning heat, and winter's "surly blast,"
Came thoughts, unbidden, to our minds, of those we loved so well,
On whom alike the chilling rain and scorching sunbeam fell;
When, sitting nightly at our work, our thoughts kept ling'ring round
"The soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the ground;"
Or, listening with sad heart-throbs, to the hoarse wind murmuring low,
We wept about "the soldier in his blanket on the snow;"
And still remembering in our prayers, their perils night and day,
We prayed for God's best blessing on the soldiers far away.
Those days are past so long away, that now their mem'ry seems
A strange, confused, unreal thing, like scenes we see in dreams,
And now though sad the thoughts may be from those past days that come,
We have *one* thing to thank God for—the soldier *safe at home*.
Ay, though we know that breaking hearts are mourning for their dead,
And weeping many bitter tears o'er days forever fled,
Yet many too, are giving thanks that some who long did roam,
Though scarred by many a wound and bruise, at last are safe at home.
From those they love, youth's merriment may be forever flown,
Their home it may be ruined—yet still it is *their own*.
Now, though the war is done at last, and hushed the cannon's roar,
We can't forget the soldiers for whose weal we prayed before;
In every grief and trial sore, perplexity and loss,
Oh! may they flee for shelter to the shadow of the Cross;
And when life's warfare's o'er at last, and death's discharge shall come,
Oh! may these soldiers be received into a *heavenly home*!

June, 1866.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.

THE reception-room where I awaited the ears was lonely, and I was glad to hear steps in the hall coming that way. Traveling arouses all the euri-osity in my nature; I lose myself in vague wanderings about this or that person; not idle prying, I trust, but an expanding interest in the joys and sorrows of my fellow-creatures. The footsteps were those of a woman, and I straightway fell to wondering what manner of creature would appear. Fantasias in verse and song to the unseen flocked to my busy brain, to fly like frightened birds before the presenee of the odd-looking little old woman, who stood in the entrance for a few seeonds with that hesitating air of untraveled persons, and quickly found for herself and bundles the most unobtrusive spot in the room. A thin, sallow boy followed with an idiotic air and odd maneuvers. I am a polite man by nature as well as training, so I stirred the fire, and invited her nearer it, as I marked an occasional shiver under a threadbare shawl. "Thank you, sir; come, Davy!" The tone was pleasant, the fire likewise, for her timid manner fled before its sparkle, and my companion proved rather agreeable than otherwise to look upon, with her restless eyes, under a white ruffled cap, surmounted by a well taken eare of, but exceedingly worse for the wear bonnet, and a clean echeeked, homespun dress, just meeting the tops of a pair of stout shoes. Even the threadbare shawl had an air of doing its best, however little that might be. Several remarks passed relative to the belated trains, dreadful state of the roads, etc. Traveling seemed a new thing; and from the brisk manner in which its disadvantages were set forth for my edification, a fear arose that I was going to be bored. Now, if there is one kind of bore who possesses superior qualifications to another in this partieu-lar, it is the ungrammatical bore;

the differencee is as marked as between a well-polished gimlet and a rusty auger. The tidy old lady was very intelligent by nature, but several errors had struek my sensitive ear, and brought conviction that the weather and cars might be enlarged upon disagreeably; thereon I grew communi-eative myself, and after a roundabout dissertation on these already exhaust-ed subjects, remarked that I was af-fected by an uncomfotable drowsi-ness, rose with a yawn, drew on my army overcoat, settled myself for the night, and advised her to do the same. The two left to themselves talked in a low tone; the boy was evidently her son, and I was touehed by her tenderness in many simple ways. She made him take off his jacket, turn it round and round be-fore the fire, took sewing materials from an emaciated pocket-book, darn-ed a plaee here and there holding it up with an air of satisfaction. It was one of the gray jackets we were all wearing then, like the one I had on, only his was worn almost white with faded blue trimmings, while mine was so much better I could not resist holding up an arm by way of eontrast, breathing a blessing on the mother who made it, and the sister who had so eheerfully given up her pretty opera-elook for the facings of brother's new uniform; but the eon-trast was painful unless I had owned another jacket to give the boy, so I pulled my cape over the bright red euff, and wished I had on my old one. Watchng the faees before me, hearing her suppressed tones and his silly chuckle, I dozed away and eould have slept had it not been for steps sounding again in the hall. The clerk of the house came in with such a flourish, eonfounded him! that Mor-phesus fled amazed from my eouch. I wanted to eollar and choke him, not for waking me up solely—that was an aggravating eireumstaneee, but

nation. I remembered the shabby old lady found her way in alone, while a fashionable, handsomely-attired young lady was ushered in with all that parade and needless ceremony so annoying to real gentility. I argued, the one is rich, the other poor — sometimes I hate wealth, it narrows so many hearts and cracks so many brains! Resentment against the younger, in behalf of the elder lady, filled my breast. I hated the former before I looked at her; indeed I would not vouchsafe a glance from under my old slouched hat to one who had suddenly grown rich, and fancied herself in position by possession of a few dollars. I knew she was one of that class by the rustle of her sweeping dress. Bah! the fool! I muttered in my chivalric defense of the silent representative of poverty, who, I fancied, was already enduring heroically the arrogance of a "parvenu." A ripple of a laugh fell among my thoughts, a pleasant sound of itself, and for another reason—in the solemn earnestness of warfare men and women laughed seldom, it was chiefly little children who could laugh as in the olden time. Before I was quite aware of my intentions, I raised the brim of my hat to look at that face, while the shine of a laugh lay on it. A glance was enough to remove all preconceived ideas of the lovely woman before me. I called myself a fool as heartily as I had called her one. "Parvenu," indeed! How refined in style, how delicate in manner! Had the other been wife and heir at law to Cræsus, she could not have found a more attentive listener. My aforesaid curiosity manifested itself in the most vehement manner—what if the train came before I divined whether that soul was as fair as the body! Were those eyes as honest as bright? Was that hair God's glorious crowning, or a "switch," held on with curious frettings of spikes and pins? Was it a dimple or shadow on that faultless chin? Were those roses on lip and cheek to the manor born, or parasites? At

this juncture I wondered if she was married or single; strangely enough, the conversation grew suddenly interesting and important. I found myself wide awake at the next remark, which, singularly too, replied to my speculations. "Yes, ma'am; my husband," said the red lips proudly. It was a sweet word, sweetly spoken; I never thought so before, nevertheless it ruffled my composure; this may have risen from a commendable fear that she may not have been happily married; however, a resolution was offered and adopted to hate her husband, modified only by a providing clause that the man could give satisfactory evidence of his fitness to stand in that relation. This was a cool, sensible proceeding, and I gave myself due credit for disinterestedness in my devotion to the sex; at the same time acknowledging my capacity for hating or loving, men or women, suddenly and fervently, on the slightest provocation. That I was just to the lady's husband was evident to any observer. Why was she traveling alone? He was doubtless an idle, drunken skulker from the army; or why that wistful sadness that flitted now and then from those lustrous eyes? Possibly she might think well of the scapegrace, or might not; in either event it was furthermore resolved, that if he intruded himself in our midst, and offered the slightest indignity, stranger as I was it should be resented. I might restrain my rage until I whirled him out of her presence, but it was doubtful, very doubtful indeed! Don Quixote could not have been by half so crestfallen in his famous retreat from the windmills, as I after this desperate onslaught against the missing husband. I discovered myself a fool beyond a shadow of disputation when I heard her say: "We have all suffered, but my husband still lives, thank God!" It occurred to me at that moment more might be said than either lady would desire me to hear; and, with all my interest in others, I wish to know nothing of

the penetrabilia of a human soul, which is not voluntarily given to my keeping.

I arose, and replenished the dying fire, for which I was repaid by looks of gratification from my companions; even the boy giggled in his sleep, and carried his hands to and from the fire to his mouth, as if the flames were food. Naturally, as it came to us all in those days, the war was our theme. Men and women could not sit silently together then, when all held hands in the game whose stake was life or death! The devotion of our women, especially, and their heroic sacrifices, I enlarged upon. "Still," I continued, "there are instances rare, I grant, where avarice has laid violent hands on the hearts of women as well as men." "There are dreadful necessities forced on us now," returned the young lady.

"Necessities? Would you call selling a draught of water to a thirsty man a necessity? Would you think water could be bartered and sold?" queried I.

"No, there's no excuse for that, none!" she added warmly. The old lady began to speak and checked herself, laying her wrinkled hand on Davy's restless fingers.

"It has been done, I bought it, and I grieve to say, a woman sold it," I repeated sorrowfully.

"What? Where?" ejaculated both voices simultaneously.

"Ten miles from Corinth, Miss., at a cabin-door." The old lady interrupted me with a deprecatory gesture and a flood of tears. "Pardon me, dear madam," said I eagerly.

"Forgive me, O forgive me!" she pleaded. "It was all along of poor Davy, all for poor, hungry Davy!"

The other lady joined me in entreaties that she would spare herself the recital of such unhappy memories, but she would speak, and this was the way she told her story.

"I must tell you why I sold the water, it does me good here," putting her hand to her throat. "I wanted to tell when the soldiers took it from my hand, but the words choked me

and would never come. I was afraid they'd judge me hard and am glad to tell. It is not very long, sir, in words, but some days would stretch themselves out into years, just like I've seen the little saplings throw long shadows across my yard when the sun was sinking down. My old man was dead, I was a widow when my Davy here was a bit of a shaver, toddling around alone. I lived in a nice little home, not fine as yours, ma'am, but you know the old saying, 'A rich man's castle's no dearer than the poor man's cot.' He was handy with his hammer and plane, and we knocked about it inside and out, until when fine folks passed that way, they'd say, 'What a snug little cottage!' And little it was to be sure, but then it was mine, and it's the best of all good feelings to know a thing is a body's own; then again, after my husband died, it was all the dearer for the sake of him that built it. We three lived there then, Matty, Davy and me. Well, after a while Matty grew up and married, left me and her brother until when the war came, she come back to us, saying, 'I've come back home, mother, it's so dark over at my house when John is gone.' Poor thing! It never got light again, for John never set foot in the door any more! Two widows lived and worked together, bearing the same hard pain. We didn't have time to sit down and cry in idleness, for if there was no more soldier clothes to make for John, there was plenty more, who had no mother, sister, nor wife to work for 'em, and we hadn't the heart to stand by and see 'em go off, without helping them on. Most of my work was spinning and knitting, on account of failing eyes; but Matty's tears fell day after day over as many a pretty web of cloth as you ever laid your eyes on; they was none the uglier for that. Davy stirred in the large chair, but lay back again docile as an infant under her touch, and her oft-repeated whisper of 'Hush, Davy dear!' I saw something was the matter with him, the great eyes across the hearth

exchanged glances with mine and rested on him pityingly. Well, we worked on, every body was working, rich and poor, and we wouldn't be outdone by nobody, if we did have heavy hearts; for that manner, every body's hung heavy, but it was all for duty, and you know there's no choice in that. My Matty was brave as any body. When John went off, he looked back and saw her smiling, and kissing her little brown hands at him; but when he was clear out of her sight, she fell down as still as the dead. Then she come home next day, light of tongue and hands and feet to hide the aching for my sake, like she hid it for his. Ah me! It's the first lesson and the last, and it comes easy to us all to hide the hardest aching from them we love, and laugh when they step on the hiding-place, to keep 'em from finding it.

"Old folks take no notice of how timeslips off. When I wasn't thinking of Davy as nothing but a stripling he comes to me one day and tells me the 'Time was come for him to go.' 'Where,' says I, 'my son?' 'To fight for you and Matty.' My old heart fell, for he was my baby, but I just said, 'Davy, you are too young.' 'But, mother,' he kept on, 'who learnt me we was never too young to do right, when we knew the right way?' He didn't look then like he does now, poor Davy! And I was so proud of my boy, he was a mighty child for learning, and found so many better ways of saying things than I did, that he worked me up to thinking his way; but it was pitiful to see him go, he was so young and tender. When he walked out of the door in his proud way of stepping, with his musket on his shoulder, I got old all of a sudden, and it come to my mind how Abraham laid his Isaac on the altar, and I prayed it might go well with me and my baby as it went with him and his; but with all the hoping and praying, I went weak and tottering the whole winter long. Then another aching come for Matty's sake. Her father died of a cough, and folks used to say she looked like

him; but I never thought so, until she took to coughing the same hollow way. I tried to make her careful of it, but she loved to work; since John was dead and Davy gone, she loved it more and more. She used to say, 'Young hands is fitter for work than old ones, mother, and it makes trouble lay lighter for them that's gone, to work for them that's here.' Then again she'd say, 'Let me work, it feels like I was standing guard in his place.' I knew what she meant, and she'd work with all her might, like she stood at the head of a regiment, leading our boys to glory! We got along very well, thank God, until the cavalry got to dashing round. The stock, gardens, fields, barns, and houses suffered where they went, people got to leaving their homes, for homes wasn't homes any more and women wasn't safe to stay at 'em. There was a running to and fro like the prophet said would come, but, eh Lord! I couldn't make my mind to leave my home until I was called to the Father's mansion in the skies. The way they did would make me mighty mad, but I never said much until they killed my cows, then I give 'em a piece of my mind. 'Matty, I'd say, 'that's what I call stealing.' 'Why, mother,' she'd say, 'it's capturing!' Sometimes when I couldn't laugh with her, she'd tell me, 'Never fret, mother dear, if Davy comes back safe they can't make us poor.' And then the tender-hearted thing would speak up for the raiders, saying, 'They must be hungry men, and may be they don't know it's widows they are taking from.' 'Hungry, indeed!' says I, 'do you reckon they'll eat that dress of yours, and my shawl, and the coffee-mill, and the saddle, and—' She'd put her hand over my mouth, and I'd quiet down and say, 'If they'd come and ask me, I'd give and welcome, according to the Scripture, and for Him that tells us to love our enemies.' 'But mother,' she'd keep on, 'we'll try to think kinder of 'em; there's men that's mad and blind rushing 'em on us, and it an't one half that knows

what for.' Not that she hadn't as much pluck as me, for when she saw a wrong done, her cheeks would turn like sun-red peaches, and her eyes flash sparks like my old man's anvil, but she'd grown so serious and forgiving in her ways. She'd often say, 'Ah! mother, it an't for long any how. I'll go to father and John, and Davy will come back a man to take care of you.' I'd try to keep dark, but my fears was great, there used to be stains under her eyes for two or three hours every day, and then they'd fade out white as lint, leaving my heart aching and aching, worse and worse for the day that was sure to come. I thought she worked too much, and took to doing all I could in her place, she'd cry, and say, 'It hurts me worse than weaving to see you work, mother.' One day I went off to look up work, and get her physic from the hospital, when I come back she was lying on the trundle-bed, so tired she didn't even know the sun was shining through the window on her shut-up eyes. My Matty was likely, and likelier than ever when she was sleeping. I laid my bundle down and sat watching her while I rested, we was growing closer and closer to each other in them sad days. I begun to feel gentle and watchful over her as though she was a little one at my breast. I knew she was going fast, and I felt like every minute away from her was wasting time, she'd so soon be gone. I crept close and kissed her soft, thinking not to wake her; but she started up scared and laughed at her weak trembly ways, and her sleeping like a grand lady in the daytime, until she coughed so hard, I made out I was too serious to hear her pretty voice, and talked myself to keep her quiet, in my anxious way, about the times being so hard, and every thing getting from bad to worse over the country. I was fearing we'd have to leave the old place after all, or suffer for our bread. I was low-hearted in my ways, and she was hoping in hers, like her father was. She put her arm round me and talked

on, while she smoothed my hair away under my cap with her little fingers, making me ashamed that an old woman like me, should be learning faith in God out of her own child's mouth, when it ought to have been me teaching and she learning. Long weeks went by in the same way of working and talking light for each other's sakes, when a day come that looked a little brighter than the rest, and we thanked God for the sun and the blue sky. Matty had got so she could not stand about much, and the old chair sat by the window every day, holding her in its ragged arms. She always had a pretty way of talking and she sat there with her eyes looking a long way off, as if she learnt all her sweet words from the sky. This time she said softly, 'Mother, I don't blame the boys for fighting for Dixie, it is such a beautiful land! I used to think it was prettier than heaven when John was here.' The sun was shining, and I thought when I followed her eyes out of the window, that if all the blood that was flowing was to flow in vain, the living would be slaves and only the dead men free! A shadow fell across the door and I knew it was Davy's. Matty sprang past me, and turned back. I stopped and looked, then we fell into each other's arms like two dead women! It was Davy, but not the Davy that went away, he was a boy, and this was an old man's face that laughed in ours, and threw his bony arms about, crying, 'I'm so hungry! so hungry!' We kissed each other, and then rose to kiss him, but he bit my face until I screamed and fell back shuddering with pain, and afraid to look that way again. Matty led him to the hearth; the old chair and the clock and my wheel seemed to stir his heart, for he wasn't so wild, and looked around laughing as if he knew it was home, but it was a foolish laughing that hurt our hearts, and we knew he never was to be right-minded any more. I needn't name the place where he had been, for Davy can hear it in his sleep, and then there's no calming my poor daft

boy, and when I see him in his worst ways, I think I lose myself and say too bitter things of them I'm trying hard to forgive. He's forever dreaming he's hungry, waking or sleeping, and never knows he's got enough. It's a hard thing for a mother to look on, and know it will never pass away! Matty and I couldn't smile any more, we'd look at each other with wet faces and still tongues, sometimes there wouldn't be a word spoke in that house all day long, but, 'I'm so hungry! so hungry!' We didn't look up often, it was so hard to see a skeleton sitting on the floor, laughing at the specks floating through his fingers to the light, or eating forever and ever, whether any thing lay before him or not; you think it's a sad sight now, but it was a sadder one then for I had nothing but bread some days to put in his hands. I was afraid he'd eat the flesh off mine or Matty's when we'd give it to him. I couldn't leave them by themselves to hunt for work, and it was only the little I had hid from the raiders that was left to live on. God knows how long it was, for we lost the count of weeks and months, and knew nothing but day and night until Davy's words seemed to eat our lives away! To pray and sleep was all the comfort we had, except loving each other more and more every day. One night I woke smelling fire, and Matty was coughing like she'd choke to death. O my God! I had a hard shaking ague with the hot flames leaping round me, and not a minute to save any thing but our lives, that was awful; but when I saw the black savages yelling outside, I'm an old woman and a strong one, but I fell against the wall with the horror on me! Matty led me and Davy out like children, the weak was strong in them days, and she knelt down with the flames flashing on her face and prayed to God to save us, and He did, for when they came near her, more than mortal strength was in her hands, and they shrunk off afraid she was so death-like and beautiful! We never asked black nor white for any

thing; we was too proud, and we walked away, glad to leave the horrible sights and sounds and to get Davy where he wouldn't laugh so wild in our ears. The weather had turned bitter cold and though the sun had shone on the snow the day before, it lay sharp and white under our bare feet. I can shut my eyes now and see Matty leading the way in her white gown like a spirit. We walked awhile and rested awhile all night and the next day, and the next night we huddled together by a fallen tree and slept. Next morning we come to the cabin you told of, sir, and felt safe when we found it was close to our own soldiers. I got something to eat and work to pay for it from them, many a one helped me along by a kind word when he'd nothing else to give, but my poor girl never got over that night's sleep in the snow. Her eyes sunk deeper and deeper, the blood stole up from her heart and down from her cheeks, and one night I heard it gurgling through her lips, and rose up to see my darling die. I held her close to the fire, and tried to warm her cold hands in my bosom. She smiled and raised 'em up slow and tried to smooth my hair down, in her old way, but they fell round my neck and I leaned my face down to hers, it hung so heavy with the aching. I couldn't wake Davy, he'd laughed, and I'd never heard her whispering, 'Mother! mother! There's no more hunger nor thirst, nor any more sorrow there!' It was 'mother! mother!' to the last, till I felt Death unlock her slender fingers from my neck and we fell back in the darkness. Davy woke me up in the morning, laughing and running his bony hands over his dead sister's face. I couldn't leave her there with him, I was afraid he'd bite her white cheeks, so I buried her without a coffin, and dug the grave myself. If her sweet lips could have spoke, I knew she'd say, 'Never mind, mother, it's only Matty's old dress you are laying by, she's got a new one up in heaven!' Thinking of the

things she used to say, I took comfort from her silent face, laid the earth on it soft as any kisses, and come away to live for Davy. I knew there was many a one willing to help, but I couldn't go to find 'em, and there was no passing in and out of Corinth until orders was given to leave. When the soldiers scattered from the main body, hunting for water, they found me in my door, weak and sick of starvation; there was a few handfulls of parched corn left, but I couldn't eat a grain, fearing my boy 'd go wild for the want of it, any more than I could beg the men for their bread. To them that had the money I sold water, and give it to the next that come for part of their rations. It was all I could do until we eat enough to get strength to come away. The well give out in a short time and then we staggered off and left Matty all alone by the roadside. It's there I'm going now, for we found friends to help us along, and God has dealt kindly with me and Davy, he an't so wild-like since he's got better to eat than bread. A heap of the old settlers has gone back

I hear, and if I can earn enough to build a cabin by the side of Matty's grave, I'll stay there until we're called to meet father and Matty and John."

I sat still in the dim light of morning, and saw a fair, smooth hand, and a wrinkled hard one clasped together in sisterhood of grief and tenderness. The boy gazed about vacantly, eating an imaginary meal with claw-like fingers, and muttering in painful childishness, "I'm so hungry! so hungry!" These were the only sounds, until we three bowed our heads and wept together. The trains came at last—the old lady was going westward, and as the cars moved slowly past under the shed, I saw another handkerchief beside mine wave a blessing. Something flew in my eyes just then, it may have been a cinder, for it passed away as I raised my hat in answer to a smile of recognition from the beautiful face that had been my "*vis-a-vis*" across the hearth in the wayside hotel. We all have our stories, she had hers, but you are tired, my friend.

Good night!

THE TENTH OF MAY.

Oh! shed not a tear o'er the hero who died
 When the flag of his country was flying;
 But scatter with lilies and roses the grave
 Where he slumbers in glory undying.
 He knew not the sorrow the conquered must feel,
 The grief of a fruitless endeavor,
 The heart-breaking pang when the struggle was o'er,
 And that banner was folded forever.
 Keep tears for the nation that conquered and ruined,
 Can lay o'er its heroes no tablets of stone;
 But writes every one on the true heart of woman,
 Whose soldiers though nameless are never unknown.

Oh! then let us make a fragrant oration,
 In honor of Jackson the tenth of each May,
 And with roses that bloomed when the hero lay dying,
 Scatter the graves of his comrades that day.
 Thus shall their memory like spring-time forever
 Be embalmed in the perfume of flowers;
 And their graves to the hearts of our children unborn
 Be as dear as they now are to ours.

With these as their tombstones the nameless shall lie,
 In the shadow of Jackson's great glory,
 While THE LAND THAT WE LOVE, our deeds shall record
 In the annals of song and of story.

MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE was a fine organ in the old chapel at Castle Inglis, and every morning almost at day-break, at least just at sun-rise, Adele was awakened by the distant pealing of the morning hymn, as the waves of sound vibrated upon the air. The morning prayer was always at sun-rise, in obedience to the will of an old lord of the castle, who had, more than five centuries ago, bequeathed a sum to be set apart, which his heirs could never touch, and the interest of which was to be devoted to the support of a chaplain, "on condition," so runs the quaint old codicil, "that the said chaplain do always celebrate the praise of the most High God at the rising of the sun, both in summer and winter; for I would not that any lazy, idle priest should officiate in the chapel which I have builded. But let him be about his work betimes, for he may follow the devil from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, and *never overtake him*."

We suppose the good old lord foresaw the degeneracy of the times, and also the impoverishment of his own family, and thus provided, that, come what would, a chaplain should not be wanting in his ancestral hall; and that he should rise betimes to his duty—and that his closing remark meant that, of all men, the clergy should be most alive to the great and pressing importance of the work they had to do.

Adele determined to get up in time for the morning service, for those distant, sacred notes which awakened her morning after morning seemed ever to reproach her with self-indulgence and indifference to the worship

of God. But she was obliged to dress herself, for nothing would have induced her maid, Martin, to rise at day-break. Yet it displeased Martin sorely to find her young lady had risen and dressed without her assistance—she felt that she was not doing her duty. "So much trouble for nothing," she muttered to herself, after going to Adele's room, and finding she had gone to the chapel, "and all along of that heathenish old Ronald, laird of Inglis, as they call him. I am sure if he had been a Christian, he never would have made such a heathenish will. People could say their prayers just as well at a more comfortable hour, I should think—but Scotch will be Scotch," and with this spiteful moral Martin proceeded to arrange the disordered wardrobe, which showed plainly how much trouble the young lady had had in finding her own things and making her own toilette.

Adele was surprised to find her cousin Alfred and Mr. Molyneux both in the chapel. She wondered if they came every morning; but noticing that Alfred's recently awakened eyes were directed with a peculiar expression toward the organ loft, she looked up; it was Sarah Benjamin, whose delicate fingers drew forth the swelling harmony which rolled through the darkened oaken arches of Ronald's chapel, and uniting with the morning matins of the birds without, trembled through all the dewy air, and seemed to diffuse a sacred fragrance around the precincts for the rest of the day. A lame minstrel, named Nigel M'Clester, was usually the organist. The servants, not a very nu-

merous band, were all assembled in the chapel, and Adele thought of the olden time, when the armed retainers of the feudal lord filled the now vacant seats. Andrew loved to dwell upon the glory of that ancient time, when, with clanging arms, brave men knelt here :

"Men who were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel."

Adele had frequently been in the chapel, but in this pure, cool morning light, it looked like some new locality. The architecture was very beautiful :

"The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small ;
The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quartre-feuille ;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim
With base and with capital flourished around—
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had
bound.

The sun on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

And Molyneux thought that the golden-haired, blue-eyed Adele was a fit personation of the fairy builder, and surrounded as she was with this beauty of form and richly-toned color, looked like a well-set and priceless gem.

As the last tones of the organ are dying away, a soft, yet firm and quick footstep is heard, and Paul Inglis kneels with the little band of worshippers. Adele has learned to love him so dearly that tears of gratitude mingled with her thanksgiving prayer, and when the service was over, she flew toward him with eager joy. His radiant smile showed what happiness it was to him to see her. Molyneux grew pale as he watched these two beautiful young beings, as they showed such joy in each other's presence ; but his earthly mind knew not how entirely the love of God absorbed the human passions of the young bishop's heart. Paul's work appeared to him so great, so momentous, and so *delightful*, that every thing else was infinitely subordinate to it. He re-

joiced in the gift of being, he rejoiced in the power which God had given him of imparting good to his fellow-beings—life was to him a beautiful harmony. And his love for Adele gave him pleasure, just in proportion as he saw her growth in grace—just in proportion as he saw her tender young heart grow in likeness to that of his adored Saviour. Ah Charles Molyneux ! you think your happiness would be complete were the love of this beautiful maiden yours ; but your bliss would even then be far below the daily life-happiness of Paul Inglis. His mind was of the most comprehensive grasp—study was to him an intense pleasure, and every fresh branch of knowledge was a new armory of weapons to be employed in the service of his God. Like Solomon, his first desire was to have wisdom to instruct the peoples of the earth, and draw them into the paths of righteousness, and God had not only given him this wisdom, but he had given him fame—a fame which was to him like the fabled Aladdin's lamp, for he had but to say to the rich, "It is necessary to have funds for this or that object," and their treasures were freely opened to him. He had physical beauty—he had perfect health : what good thing of all the earth had been withholden from him ? And he laid his gifts all at Jesus' feet with an extatic joy. No half-way service was his, like that of the engaging young ruler ; but true to his work, and to his divine Master, he pursued his allotted task on earth. And all who came into contact with him seemed instinctively to recognize the nobility, purity, sincerity and dignity of a soul devoted unreservedly to God. It was curious to note the respect, amounting to reverence, with which men of the world, like Sir John Talbot, involuntarily treated his sacred character.

Lady Inglis one day spoke to Dr. Inglis of the possibility of Paul's marrying. Dr. Inglis smiled, a sweet, peculiar smile. "My son's heart is preoccupied—he will never marry, unless love overtakes him at some unwary moment, when he is resting on

his oars. His whole care now is for the 'things of the Lord,' and God grant that it be always so."

"But do you not think he would be happier?"

"By no means," said Dr. Inglis. "The care of a family, however sweet to most men, would draw away the undivided attention of my son to his great work. I do not mean that married clergy can not serve God well, but the unmarried serve him better."

"But the apostle says the bishop should be the husband of one wife."

"I believe, as a general thing, they should be; but not such single-eyed, whole-souled men as Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, or Paul Inglis. The apostle also says 'seek not a wife.' To the majority of men, there is no

greater earthly blessing than a good wife—she is indeed a gift from the Lord. But such men as Paul are to wait for the gift and *not seek it*, and God will bestow it or not, as his own goodness and wisdom dictates. As for happiness, God is his portion, and he finds his happiness in joyous submission to his will."

"Then you are willing," said Lady Inglis sadly, "that your family should become extinct;" for Paul was the only male descendant of the house of Inglis.

"I regard the work of the Church as so much more important than our own, that although it is a sad thought that our name will vanish from the earth, yet I can do and say nothing to prevent it."

CHAP. XVII.

Adele had walked some miles to visit a sick child. She was attended by a servant, but after reaching the cottage had dismissed him with a message to Miss Inglis to send some medicine which was needed immediately. She remained a half hour or so to do what she could for the little sufferer, and then set out to return to the castle. The path by which she came was rather obscure, and she took the wrong turning at one point and wandered on for some time before she became aware of having lost the direction. She now paused in much perplexity, for the surroundings were entirely new to her. She thought she was familiar with all the roads, lanes and paths in the vicinity of the castle, but she now felt certain that she had never seen this spot before. On noticing the position of the almost setting sun, she found, to her dismay, that she had been going from the castle instead of toward it. Endeavoring to retrace her steps she became still more confused, and her agitation increasing with the growing darkness she lost all idea of the points of the compass. The sky was cloudy and no stars were visible, or that would have enabled her to tell

something of her course. She was of a timid disposition, and her fright was extreme. Nervousness and fatigue together made her pant for breath, so that she was obliged to stop and rest. In a few moments the perfect stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps. More alarmed than ever, she crouched amid the shrubbery, whence she saw a dark figure approaching which stopped near her and seemed irresolute. Presently a voice rang through the woods "Miss St. Maur"—it was Charlie Molyneux, searching for her! Oh! the intense relief!—but she tried to control her trembling voice as she answered. Mr. Molyneux sprang toward her with a fervent "Thank God," and quickly asking "Are you safe? are you tired? where have you been? I have been terribly alarmed about you." Adele's self-control, in spite of every effort, gave way, and she burst into tears. But they were very happy tears.

No one but the servants knew that she had not returned from her walk, and fearing to alarm her grandfather and Mr. Alfred Mowbray being absent, they had told Mr. Molyneux, who had immediately set out in search

of her. His care for Adele had come to be so much a thing of course that it was a sort of understood thing by every body but Sir John Talbot, and a little lingering jealousy on the part of Alfred Mowbray.

This little episode seemed to show Adele her dependence upon her strong friend very clearly, but the more she felt this dependence for happiness and well-being upon another the more timid she became. The appealing shyness of her glances long before this time would have been enough to have almost crazed the enamored youth, even if he had not been half so much in love as he was. Their path soon reached the foot of the cliff which towered on the north of the castle, and winding along the wall of granite they came within sight of the gleaming lights from the windows. Adele laughed as she said

"That would have been a delightful vision to me half an hour ago—I was never so frightened in my life.

Molyneux has never spoken to her of love, but now her little hand was imprisoned in a soft warm clasp, and a low trembling yet manly voice said,

"Miss St. Maur, I would be the happiest man on earth if you would give me the right to take care of you *always*."

The light from one of the castle windows shone full upon the sweet face—was it mischief which sparkled in the blue eyes as she raised them, followed by two tears only, and laying the disengaged hand upon the strong one which clasped the other, she said simply:

"I will be very happy, Mr. Molyneux, to have you take care of me."

CHAP. XVIII.

Sir John Talbot enters his mother's dressing-room. His manner is indifferent, careless, but his face is very pale. "I am going to England, and have come to say adieu." He seats himself on an ottoman at her feet.

"My dear son, this is a sudden decision; what"—but the mother's intuition divines it all from the haggard eye and trembling lip, and she silently runs her fingers through the silky raven curls.

"No hope for me, mother—Molyneux is accepted," and with heaving chest he hastily gives his parting embrace and leaves the room.

Lady Talbot takes a hearty cry over her son's bitter disappointment and her own, for this had been a dream which she had indulged in for years. People say the course of true love never did run smooth, but in this case there was not a ripple to disturb its blissful flow. No opposition—nothing but congratulations and blessings. Sweet morning readings in the library—delightful walks—happy proximity to each other at din-

ner, and evenings made up of joyous laughter, music, and talk. Not even a jealous rival to cast an evil eye over the scene, for poor Sir John was soon wandering in the south of Italy, and Alfred had very happy schemes on hand, which occupied him fully.

Adele and her grandfather, accompanied by Mrs. Cecil, Mrs. Benjamin, and Sarah, returned to Lanstead Abbey. Alfred had preceded them by a few days. The fires sparkled in all the rooms, exotic flowers breathed perfume from the vases, the butler is busy superintending his wine-coolers, and the French cook is bending all his energies to accomplishing the nicest processes of his art; and Adele floated into the happy English home, sweeter, purer than any fairy palace; and, surrounded as she was by friends, and greeted with subdued welcome by devoted servants, who would say this world was a dreary place!

But Sarah Benjamin looks as if some days might be dark and dreary. The only drawback to Adele's happiness is the cloud upon Sarah's brow.

Her mother also looks at her with solicitude, but neither asks questions, for they see that the sore spirit shrinks from the touch.

Alfred Mowbray has asked her to become his wife, and she has refused. They leave to-morrow for their distant home, and Sarah goes out for a solitary walk in the terraced garden. Alfred Mowbray is soon at her side—some little hope yet remains, and he is determined to make a last appeal. She listens with an expression of patient suffering.

"You would not be happy with me, Mr. Mowbray. I am a Jewess."

Alfred started with horror; it is as if some old time beauty had announced herself a witch.

"You do not understand me," said Sarah, shocked in her turn. "I am a Christian Jewess, but still a Jewess in lineage and in all my habits. You know our habits of life are all different from yours; my mother says we could never be happy together, and that you would be more unhappy than I would."

"But I thought you considered our differences in religion as altogether immaterial," said Alfred with a terrible suspicion that her profession of Christianity was not sincere.

"They are altogether immaterial, except so far as this life is concerned; the observance of the Mosaic law, which influences us in all our modes of living, we consider necessary to health and purity. Filial obedience is as strongly insisted upon in the New Testament as the Old, and my parents would never consent to my marriage with a Gentile Christian, and I can not marry without their consent—that is impossible."

Alfred looked sorely perplexed; he loved the beautiful Jewess passionately, but the idea of marrying an infidel his soul shrank from. And he could not but believe that this clinging to the Jewish law was want of faith in Christianity.

He sought an explanation from Mrs. Benjamin. The tears filled her eyes. "We consider your happiness as well as Sarah's, when we refuse

our consent to this marriage. You know we Jews are regulated in all our domestic habits, food, clothing, every thing by the directions of Moses. We see that we are thereby exempt from many temporary evils which the rest of the world suffer from. Not only that, but long habit—you will say prejudice—has wedded us to these customs, and as we find nothing in the New Testament condemnatory of them, and as we do not expect to be saved by them, we can see no harm in clinging to the customs of our forefathers, and we are not willing that our children should neglect one jot or tittle of our ancient faith."

"But," said Alfred, "are you not adding a useless burden to the religious duties of your children?"

"We think not. We are obliged to be influenced by some rules in all these things. For instance, a mother must decide what her children's food must be. One mother decides by the rules laid down by her physician, another by the dictates of fashion. I decide by the laws of Moses, because I think them as unerring as the laws of Nature."

"Yet," said Alfred, still afraid that his passion might betray him into some sacrifice of Christian principle, "you can not be Christians unless you believe the whole of the New Testament, and St. Paul says, 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving.'"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Benjamin, "every creature of God is good for the purpose for which it was created"—here she smiled as Alfred brushed a caterpillar from his coat sleeve with an involuntary expression of disgust—"that caterpillar is a creature of God, and very good for the purpose for which it was created, but I would not select it as material for a ragout."

Alfred was obliged to laugh. "My dear madam, you may be right in these views, but I think when you attach so much importance to them as to refuse your consent to a mar-

riage, which you do me the honor to say would be otherwise unobjectionable, I must believe that your Jewish faith is stronger than your Christian."

Again Mrs. Benjamin's eyes filled with tears, as she said, "We trust in the atonement of Christ alone to secure our salvation. But he observed the minutiae of the law, and we follow in his footsteps. Our rabbins discussed all these points with Mr. Inglis, and he made no serious objection to their views."

"Then," said Alfred with an expression of indescribable relief, "I am willing to conform to all your modes of living. Is your objection removed?"

"As far as my daughter is concerned, yes. But reflect before you decide. You will expose yourself to the constant ridicule of your friends; and this may seem a small trial at first, but you know 'little burdens long borne become heavy.' And then you may find our habits very annoying in some respects. We kindle no fires throughout our habitations on

the Sabbath day. This day has become doubly sacred to us, for in it we now celebrate our Saviour's resting in the tomb. The Lord's day we observe as you do, as a day of holy joy and religious duty. We believe the Christian Church has brought much suffering upon herself by departing too far from the ancient form in her organization. Were her bishops and deacons chosen by the church, as St. Paul directs, and were they as numerous and as wholly given to her service as the priests and Levites, whose successors they were, their work would be carried on with an efficiency which is not known at present."

Alfred smiled, and said, "I leave you to discuss these points with the rector. Now give me your blessing, dear madam, for I claim your consent to confirm my happiness."

When Sarah entered the drawing-room two hours later, exquisitely dressed for dinner, the cloud had disappeared from her Madonna-like face, and Alfred Mowbray looked as though his day now had no night.

AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, an inquiry was instituted by the French Government with a view to ascertain the state of education—elementary of course—among the peasantry of the country. In the report of the officer having this duty in charge to the Minister of Public Instruction, the following fact was disclosed: That among the twenty-one millions composing the class in question not one instance had been found in which the mother of a family was able to read; that the children of a suitable age had not, also, been taught, or were not then learning; but that many, very many, instances had been found in which the father being able to read, and the mother not able, the education of the children had been entirely neglected.

This discovery will surprise no

one; for, on the one hand, it is difficult to conceive how a mother, with all her maternal instincts and her many opportunities for it, can deny herself the gratification of imparting to her children an accomplishment she finds so valuable to herself; and, on the other, it is easy to see how a father, with his feeble paternal affections, may be so occupied with his out-door labors, and so oppressed with the burden of providing subsistence for the household, as not to be able to command either the leisure, strength, or patience for the drudgery of teaching the little ones an art so slow and hard to be acquired as, in his hands, this must prove.

The practical lesson from the fact is the simple one that, if we would, in the speediest manner possible, diffuse among our people universally

the blessings of education, and remove from this "Land we love"—and love all the more tenderly and profoundly because of wrongs which it has suffered—the disgrace of having members of its churches who can not read their Bibles, and citizens who can not write their names, teach these useful arts to our girls, even although

our boys should be denied all knowledge of them; teach them to all our girls, and they will teach them to all their future children, both boys and girls, so that in the next generation there will not be found one of either sex, of our native population, who shall be untaught in these fundamental branches of education.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

SOME writer has attempted to classify the character developed by war, giving personal illustrations to each class. It is very certain that the excitements incident to war bring into action traits of character which the calmness of peace would never disclose. Of all games war is the deepest. The passion it feeds, and which grows into ruling power, especially the glory with which it dazzles, plead most powerfully with the soul, tempting the ardent spirit with experiment and adventure—fascinations to him not known in peace.

There is a man who has boldness and dash, an ample brain, and an inborn love of glory—an imaginative, visionary love of the chivalrous, not practical, and in peace profitless. With warm affections, he pants for knightly renown, and sleeps away, in indulgent ease, those shining qualities which the opportunity given by war would make illustrious in all time. Such a man was Ashby of the Black Horse Cavalry.

There is another man, whose very being is suspended, save it be rocked by commotion, and can revel in that fearful danger which has but two results, death and destruction, or success and immortal name. In peace he is unheard of, in war he is a giant. Such a man was Mosby. With continued war, he would have rivaled his great prototype—Marshal Junot. There is still another man, with a rock-fast devotion, possessing power, but a dormant power in quiet times. Aroused only to action by the din of terrible conflict, he is

moved to the exhibition of his stern qualities by the fires of revolution. In peace, a dalliant with beauty, fashion, ease, and a courtier of chivalry. In war, ambitious of thrones, sporting with death, defying and deriding it. This man is illustrated by Duroc, Ney, or Murat.

There is still another example. A man of iron will, a mental and physical energy corresponding; a constitutional force never slumbering, ever alert, ambitious, unwavering, whose goal is achievement, whose ensign is Excelsior. It matters not where this man is engaged. If in the domain of letters, he will urge that brain in ceaseless labor, ever trimming the midnight lamp, seeing beyond the sure reward to unbending effort. If in the busy mart of trade, the same all-conquering faith insures him his dividend. Wherever peace invites to pursuit, that all-pervading purpose lends him the means for every material and honorable progress. Who that has the true idea of Napoleon Bonaparte, but that readily perceives an inherent greatness, inevitably bounding into being, whether leading embattled hosts, and guiding the intricate machinery of extended empire, a leader of parliaments, or an occupant of the woolsack? In peace or war, making laws or mastering the exact sciences, governing millions or marshaling armies—it matters not, brain and vigor would have conceded him surpassing excellence.

In this class we would place General Forrest—a man who would be successful in any pursuit. Had early

years, and his own tide of fortune favored, he would have made a distinguished name in any of the learned professions. As a jurist, he would have had that energy, physical and mental, without which success is unattainable—with it, as inevitably certain as the laws of gravitation. As a statesman or political leader, he possesses that acuteness of perception, that comprehensive grasp of mind, that command and knowledge of men, that oneness of purpose—all concomitants of the deserving aspirant. He would have managed the affairs of an Erie or Illinois Central Railroad with thrift and wisdom. He was a model planter and trader, and would have made the prince of landlords—a Paran Stevens—the leader in all such enterprise. As it was, beginning life with the least amount of education, no advantages whatever, poor as poverty, but with an individual purpose to make himself and his family of brothers independently rich, and build themselves into honorable positions, he succeeded most handsomely. In war, these herculean energies moved upon a different and a higher plane; but the same propelling powers gave him his remarkable success and name. We know of no man in the army who deserves more credit for the degree of cavalry fame he so completely accomplished. With the genius of Bonaparte schooling him, and with those opportunities he would have given to his earnestness, who can say that any name among the marshals would have pointed to greater achievement? Without a herald and few of the advantages of the military aspirant, he worked his own way up the rugged steep, carving his way ineradicably as he rose, from height to height, until he reached the very summit, and grasped the commission of a lieutenant-general of cavalry.

"From the lowest place where virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great titles swell, and virtue none,
It is a drossied honor."

Like the Confederacy, he fought

against all odds, having no capital but that unquailing self-reliance which gave to each its wondrous historic fullness. Can any one fail to see it in both? The South, planting herself on cherished principle, animated only by a high resolve to sustain it, feared nothing but her own irresolution, perhaps, losing her that good she might win by daring to attempt. She contended against the strongest power on earth. Strong in numbers, strong in resources, strong in Yankee perseverance, the strongest on earth; strong in the courts of other nations, and in all the appointments of established government. She contended against blockaded ports, shut out from all intercourse with mankind; she contended against hired enlistments from all foreign powers; she contended against a patriotic pride, enshrined in a disowned and desecrated flag; she contended against the darling prejudices and fanaticism of nearly the whole civilized world. She had no army, no navy, no treasury, no government. She was neither a manufacturing nor a producing people, in any essential, economical view. She had her army, navy, treasury, her whole machinery of government to manufacture and put in motion. Her whole power, with every hope or prospect of success, was herself and her home energies. Well and gloriously did she settle in her own mind the terms of the struggle. Failing by the fate of war, contributed to most largely by policies she could not expect or control, she has yet left a record of skill and achievement which will ever stand "a beacon and a light unto eternity."

From nations to men, from the resplendent South to the scarcely less resplendent Forrest, the same striking parallel holds. He too was poor, in all but his own strong purpose; he too fell struggling like a giant, his name radiant and fragrant with glory.

As a cavalry officer, we are not prepared to name his defect. What are the elements of such an officer?

Is it dash, mingled with chivalric recklessness; is it sleepless vigilance, united with that furious plunge, vivid as lightning and unexpected as the thunder's crash; is it intimate knowledge of himself, the extent of his resources, or the tension of his command; is it swiftness in the chase, skillfulness in pursuit, or terror in the charge; is it a majestic leadership, nerving every beholder with his own fearless faith; is it a greater solicitude to avoid fatal mistakes than to heroize in brilliant deeds; is it the perception of opportunity, and its advantages taken; is it undivided attention to his men and his cause, intensely forgetful of all else beside? If so, he combined them all. No general in the army—not the great administrator himself, Joseph E. Johnston—was more known to every department of his command. He knew hour by hour the state of his army, the ability of his commissary, his quartermaster, ordnance, and medical bureaux. His scouts were the most active and daring—he forced them to be so; he himself was the best scout living. His eye was everywhere, his labor unceasing, and he kindled a like degree of watchfulness in every subordinate. He knew no favorites but those made so by merit. He loved labor, he patronized ability, he worshiped courage. Steadiness, onset, fearlessness, he never saw but his heart yearned for its possessor; and if without opportunity for its continued exercise, he found him a time and place for its use. Rough he undoubtedly was. This roughness we do not admire—do not defend. It was inexcusable, and much to be deplored. With a patriot band of volunteers, it was not the quality to be commended in the management of a trained force of Sepoys, or Mexicans, or an army of regulars. Neither had he the culture and finish of a Stuart or Hampton, but was *sui generis*, rough, direct, and coarsely rude, the result of early life and pursuit. Frequently filled with passion, and knowing no control, but quick as powder, he saw his

error, and the *amende honorable* came as buoyantly as the smile of success. Truly a diamond of the first water—rough, unpolished, just from its native quarry. His character as a whole was a union of that of Lannes and Suchet. With the impetuosity of the first he united the cautious calculation of the second. He well weighed the probabilities and counted the cost of every plan. When the time for action came, he was as terrible as a thunder-bolt. With the qualities of these marshals in the respects named, he united the fixedness of purpose, the tenacity of Massena. His doggedness of resolution was proverbial. It was like the grasp of death. An undertaking was never abandoned unless forced by orders—a battle never over until it was won. The doubts, even the panic of others, had no effect to tame this obstinacy of purpose; but, falling back upon his own iron self-reliance, he was every inch a man in the darkest hour of the storm. It was then, in the midnight darkness of trial, that his genius, like stars in the night, shone most brightly. He was accustomed to look upon nothing as impossible. Bad roads and the waste of waters could be overcome by "*It shall be so.*" Small numbers, with rapid marches and concentrated efforts, could destroy indolent superiority. He was passionately fond of artillery, and would stand behind a working battery, enjoying its exercise with all the glee of a delighted child. Not unfrequently has he been known to direct a section or a battery in person, superintending the minutest details. Personal daring in a leader, the army never doubting the fortune and game of its possessor, he felt was the strongest point he had to gain. With it he appeared to wear a magic girdle. Not like Atrides—

"Beyond the missile javelins' sounding flight
 Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."

Hence, in this respect, he is without a peer in the annals of the revolu-

tion. Leading a charge in person was his favorite pastime. The glory of single combat he too often courted—oftener than wisdom justified. Riding like a young Bedouin, an excellent pistol-shot and skillful swordsman, with a frame of great muscular power, he has, with his own right hand, won more success than any officer of the war. In hand-to-hand fight, with pistol and sabre, he can name twenty-nine trophies to his personal prowess.

This portrait may appear to many to be painted in high colors and on the order of the sensational. Well-known facts and quotations justify it. He *was* a sensation man; for his name always carried an excited interest into every circle, whether within the Federal lines or among the friends of his own cause. If any general possessed a quasi-ubiquity, he did—his whereabouts always the subject of inquiry, and none knowing where he would appear next. But he was not a sensationist from simple desire of notoriety, or from any of the weaker principles of vanity; being actuated by the public good, the discomfiture of the enemy, and a hereditary conviction of the justice of his cause. That he was most ambitious, none will deny. Genius, valor, and devotion were not most lavishly bestowed on him without the desire to assert their value. Some minds can not conceive a rush of greatness on an unlearned man in the brief period in which he obtained it; they forget the splendid opportunities of the moment when such qualities are developed—a French Revolution, or the struggles of a Poland or a Hungary, with its mushroom men of eternal purpose. Yet he was the offspring of a far greater era of achievement than either of them. The poet is born, not made; so with the general. Occasion only calls him out.

As such, none appreciated his merits more highly than the ablest lieutenants in the Confederate army—men whose names are a synonym with soldierly acquirement. With Lieut.-General Polk he was a great

favorite. Lieut.-General S. D. Lee, when the victory of Tishomingo Creek was announced to him, thought it the exaggerated report of a telegraph operator. Lieut.-General Hardee told President Davis, when he visited the army of Tennessee in 1864, "That he ought to make him a lieutenant-general." Mr. Davis replied, "He had no department for him." Hardee said: "Then make one; he is equal to any thing you can give him." It is well understood that when the reduced forces of the army of Tennessee were combating the accumulated and accumulating masses of Sherman's mammoth host, and the destinies of the Confederacy were hanging upon its endurance, that General Johnston felt his need as chief of cavalry, and most earnestly and repeatedly plead with the Government to have him placed in that most important of all fields. Who can estimate the value to the Confederacy of so untiring a leader in Sherman's rear? for there a work was to be done without which his front could not be checked. Any thing worth doing at all is worth doing well. This principle governed him at all times and everywhere. He never had a doubtful purpose. Strategy was his constant resort. At bluff he had no superior. Remember Athens, and the capture of Colonel Streight. The enemy themselves being judges, well said, "When they agreed to surrender, they found him without force; when they fought him, he was a host."

As an officer, he was admired and confided in; as a man, he was neither loved nor popular, his directness and imperturbable obstinacy in decision and intercourse, with hot bursts of temper, however that decision was demanded by the interests of service and discipline, leaving in most cases the durable impress of tyrannical coarseness. Yet he was easy of access, sociable, kind, and generous. But with the country at large, who viewed him only as a public actor, his popularity was unbounded.

Forrest embarked in the Southern

cause with a conviction kindred to that which saturated the whole being of the single-hearted Prince of Orange. Never was patriot more sincere—never was energy more completely locked in the embrace of principle. Even his ambitious soul had not pierced the vista of coming fame; yet fiery and tempest-tossed as it was, he clearly saw but two alternatives—combat or submission.

He raised a regiment—at once he became a hero. Generalship soon followed, and his great cavalry achievements were the talk of the country. We can not pause to examine his Tennessee laurels—his numberless dashes, surprises, captures, from his escape with a regiment intact from Fort Donelson to Chickamauga. So far as he was responsible, it was an unbroken chain of victory. The wonderful pursuit of Colonel Streight into Rome, Georgia, and its complete success, made him a major-general. Dissatisfaction with officers in his own branch of the service, and the increasing importance of Mississippi and West-Tennessee as a department, succeeded in transferring him to this field. To it he at once repaired with a command of about 2500 men. Sherman undertook to penetrate Central Mississippi and Alabama with a large and well-appointed force, his supposed object being to capture Selma and Mobile, and ravage that productive region, from which the granaries of a large section of the Confederacy were supplied. Generals Smith and Grierson were bowers in this great game, and were assigned to the duty of diversion (coming out from Memphis) and the kindred one of spoliation in the country through which they were to pass, before effecting the proposed junction. To use his own words: "With a large cooperating cavalry force, thoroughly armed and equipped, they were to descend through North-Mississippi, carrying fire and sword with them. On they came like a blighting sirocco. At West-Point you met them. There you threw yourselves across the rich

prairies, a living bulwark to stay the desolating tide. Compared with the enemy, you were few in numbers, but every man became a hero, for all seemed impressed with the importance of the moment. The result is well known to the world. You drove him howling back in shame, broken and demoralized. Sherman's campaign was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Mississippi and Alabama were saved."

After a short rest, finding nothing needing attention in his own department, he selected the best portion of his command, and moved to West-Tennessee and Kentucky. By long and rapid marches, he soon found himself by the blue waters of the beautiful Ohio, sweeping the enemy before him wherever he met them, capturing many prisoners, and valuable and needed stores for every bureau of his command, beside earning for his little army a character for endurance and valor which well might excite the envy of the most famous legions of history. At Fort Pillow, against six pieces of artillery and two gunboats, he stormed the works, and killed and captured nearly the entire garrison. Much opprobrium has been cast upon his name by reason of this "so-called" massacre. Never was charge more truly unjust. Surrender was demanded, when resistance was madness. With his own guns bearing upon the fort, the enemy was surrounded, his own men sheltered from fire, while he could enfilade them. Surrender was refused, he was forced to charge. The fort was taken in twenty minutes; the enemy, some fighting inside the works, some fleeing to the river, their flag still floating in proud defiance from their ramparts. Boxes of untouched ammunition in great numbers, opened and ready for distribution to the men as they passed, were placed along the bank of the river, and from which they were to replenish their cartridge-boxes, and from which they did replenish them. They expected their gunboats to protect them at the river. In this they were disappointed. But

continuing to fire and run when halted and surrender demanded, it was answered by the piercing hiss of the minie, and a further and more rapid retreat. The result was inevitable; nothing else could be expected; it could not be avoided. All usage justifies its lamentable necessity. That there were individual instances of cruelty, and even murder, is no more than can be said of every captured fort, after storm by a maddened victor. But that Forrest is responsible for willful blood at Fort Pillow, or premeditated or allowed massacre, can only be sustained by *ex-parte* testimony. No fair-minded Federal officer will say that the brave army under Forrest was universally dishonest—men who could or would shield Confederate action, however base or bloodthirsty. Such was not, and is not, the character of General James R. Chalmers, Colonel Robert McCulloch, Captain George B. Harper, and hundreds of others equally as virtuous, and ambitious of unstained name as either of them. Yet we venture the assertion, *that no officer or soldier of that entire force* can be found to hang a charge of murdering a prostrate or surrendered foe to Forrest's skirts. In the first outbursts of a heated partisan indignation, testimony purely *ex parte* was taken. Forrest prepared a full history of the whole siege and capture, and sent it to General C. C. Washburne at Memphis; but so far as we are advised, not only was it not published, but he was never given the benefit of a brave soldier's disclaimer. We would therefore earnestly ask a generous people not to condemn, unheard, a gallant man against so foul a charge.

But the capstone to this grand column of victories has yet to be laid. The memories of West-Point and Okalona, Paducah, and Union City, and Fort Pillow, sat like an incubus on the Federal authorities. A handful of men to accomplish so much, against such serried power, was galling: they must be exterminated, and their leader with them. Great preparations were made. A splendid

force of 12,000 men, with nearly 300 wagons, laden with every needed store and tempting luxury, 24 pieces of artillery, and all the pomp of a victorious host attending it, was set on foot, and started for Memphis, commanded by Generals Grierson and Sturges. They came with threats of vengeance, "Remember Fort Pillow;" "No quarter to Forrest or his men." Like Xerxes and his gorgeously appareled host, they melted like frost-work in the sun before this Spartan band. It was a period of great moment. The Department-General S. D. Lee knew it; Forrest knew it; the army felt it. Scouts had been deceived, or were laggard. Forrest, with his small force, was at Boonville, nearly exhausted by weary marches. Lee was present, and in council, for a day a night, (the 9th June, 1864.) The enemy were at last found. Lee retired to Okalona, and further south, to rally every available man to add to the forlorn 3600. On the morning of the 10th, before the fight, he moved to Baldwin, sixteen miles off. The enemy were known to be not five miles distant. It was his object to harass them, and lead them on further into the heart of the country, where with Lee and his aiding column they could be more successfully resisted. But with the eye of a captain he saw the hour had come. The country aided his paucity of numbers, and by a furious and persistent onset with his whole force he saw he could ruin them. The command was dismounted; six hundred were detailed to hold horses, and the rest entire put into the fight. From ten in the morning until seven that evening, that desperate column held its ground, swaying to and fro like a surging but unbroken wave. His determination was onward, onward; and pressing them from every quarter, his single mind pervaded that host. We well remember when, after ordering the advance of the artillery by hand, and urging General Buford in person to press them, how, Murat-like, with drawn sabre and fiery steed, he dashed far to the front of the foremost,

cheering and commanding the army at his heels ;

"When twice ten thousand shake the laboring field,
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound"—

that, like a ehiding wave, the mad-dened mass rushed on. The battle was won—the rout began—and loud shouts of joy mingled with the ean-non's roar. Such a rout has not been witnessed during this eentury. With 3000 muskets and 8 guns, he killed 3000 of the enemy, captured as many more, near 250 wagons, vast stores, 3000 stand of small-arms, and 23 of their 24 pieees of artillery. The seat-tered remains of this once proud host wandered days and days together in the woods and swamps, at last reach-ing Memphis—

"And chiefs renowned,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved
around
Of rolling dust, their wingèd wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy."

Like the renowned Lamoral of Eg-mont, after the events of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, "he beame the idol of the army, the familiar hero of bal-lad and story, the mirror of ehivalry, and the god of popular worship."

Yet some have said he was no general—merely a brave, suecessful raider. He had large numbers often in his command, and he the first officer in the field. His battles were not skir-mishes either in numbers or results. Let Parker's Cross-Roads, West-Point and Okalona, Tishomingo Creek, Tu-pelo, Oxford, and his grand *coup de main*—Memphis—be the witnesses, and it is conelusive. If no general, why did Hood, after the terrible day at Nashville, plaee him in command of the rear of his army? There, like the undaunted Ney in that awful retreat from Moseow, he stood, a wall of impenetrable valor between a vie-torious pursuer and a defeated army. He was mainly instrumental in saving the 21,000 of that grand 29,000 which safely reached Corinth.

The war was not a contest by an isolated few, swelling with diseontent and treason, but the warmly embraced

alternative of six millions of freemen—a raee of people, for genius, worth, and manly virtue, second to none God ever ereated.

With pure motives, and standing upon the deep-seated convictions of his section, General Forrest fought for a separate nationality. He was the representative of a great power contending with a great power. He always urged a warfare which could be suecessfully defended in all civil-ized courts—opposed to marauding, rapine, and the guerrilla. He once offered a reward for the apprehension of a step-brother, because of his re-ported unauthorized depredations as a guerrilla. Unless he could establish his government by honorable and manly warfare, he was for abandon-ing the struggle. So long as there was reasonable hope, he favored active hostility; when that hope faded, he urged submission. Henee, on the receipt of the news of Lee's surrender, with the pereption of conviction, he said, "The Union is restored, and further resistance is madness and folly." He yielded to inexorable ne-cessity; but did it with graee, dig-nity and faith. Why, then, is it not the province of wisdom to reeeive all sueh with open arms and restored rights? The law of kindness is one of the most all-pervading laws known to both nations and men. As love is the loftiest, so it is the strongest principle of all true and acceptable obedience. Would the prodigal son have felt so allied to the interests of the paternal roof had his return not been followed by sueh fatherly fond-ness? Instead of an outeast and foreigner, he became an inmate and fellow-worker—no longer an orphan to a lost generation, but a dutiful son to a prosperous parent.

The well-being and progress of the North is entwined with that of the South. The South *can not* prosper without the aid of her stalwart sons of labor and promise—a very healing to the nation. With them the politi-eal philanthropist ean stand on the mount of propheety, and, like the Moses of God, see the promised land

flowing with milk and honey. It is superlative nonsense to say the Lees, the Longstreets and Forrests can not be trusted. Were they faithful to the South, and will they not remember her in the hour of affliction? They are the only trustworthy representatives of a trustworthy people! They are men who can not lie. Had we a prayer to offer for our country, after her tremendous scourging, it would be to bury the asperities of the past, and to rally *now* as one man to perfect restoration.

The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master."

W. H. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This article is from the pen of one whose opportunities were ample for knowing the character and exploits of General Forrest. The Editor only knew the General during the campaign ending in the battle of Chickamauga. The very exalted estimate formed in regard to him as a soldier previous to that time was more than surpassed, and, in addition, a very high opinion was formed of him as a man. Being on the battle-field with him a good portion of the day, we responded heartily to the sentiment of our own Chief of Staff, "Did you ever see such an eye? He is a born general."

"No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
SHREVEPORT, LA., June 2, 1865.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I have thought it my duty to address you a few words in parting from you forever. My administration as Governor of Louisiana closes this day; the war is over, the contest is ended, the soldiers are disbanded and have gone to their homes; and now there is in Louisiana no opposition whatever to the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

Until order shall be established and society with all its safeguards fully restored, I would advise that you form yourselves into companies and squads for the purpose of protecting your families from outrage and insult, and your property from spoliation. A few bad men can do much mischief and destroy much property. Within a short while the United States authorities will no doubt send you an armed force to any part of the State, where you may require it for your protection.

My countrymen, we have for four

long years waged a war which we deemed to be just in the sight of high heaven. We have not been the best, the wisest, nor the bravest people in the world, but we have suffered more and borne our sufferings with greater fortitude than any people on the face of God's green earth. Now let us show to the world that as we fought like men, like men we can make peace. Let there be no acts of violence, no heart-burnings, no intemperate language, but with manly dignity submit to the inevitable course of events. Neither let there be any repinings after lost property. Let there be no crimination or recrimination—no murmurs. It will do no good, but may do much harm. You who like myself, have lost all (and oh! how many there are) must begin life anew. Let us not talk of despair, nor whine about our misfortunes, but with strong arms and stout hearts adapt ourselves to the circumstances that surround us. It now rests with the United States authorities to make you once more a contented, prosper-

ous, and happy people. They can within five years restore Louisiana to its original wealth and prosperity, and heal the terrible wounds that have been inflicted upon her. So great are our recuperative energies—so rich is our soil—so great are the resources of the State! Our rulers have it in their power to dry the mourner's tears, to make glad the hearts of the poor widow and orphan, to cause the past in a great measure to be forgotten, and to make your devastated lands "to blossom like the rose." If my voice could be heard and be heeded at Washington, I would say, "Spare this distracted land, oh! spare this afflicted people. In the name of bleeding humanity, they have suffered enough!" But, my countrymen, this can not be; I am one of the proscribed; I must go into exile. I have stood by you, fought for you, and staid with you up to the very last moment, and now leave you with heavy heart. The high trust with which you have honored me is this day returned. I leave the office of Governor with clean hands and with the conscious pride of having done my duty.

All the officers of state and all employed in its various departments have rendered their final accounts and made full and complete settlements. I thank them for their uniform kindness to me and their patriotic devotion to the several duties assigned them. These accounts are in the hands of Colonel John M. Sandidge. I invite the closest scrutiny, not only to these papers, but to all my acts as Governor of Louisiana. My state stores and dispensaries and manufactories have all been conducted in the most successful manner. None can tell the vast amount of good they have done, not only to you, but to the people of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri.

Fellow-Citizens! in this the darkest hour of my life, I do not come before you as an old man broken down by the storms of state, nor do I come to plead for mercy, at the

hands of those whom I have fought for four long years; no, no. I come in the pride and vigor of manhood, unconquered, unsubdued. I have nothing to regret. I look back with mournful pleasure at my public career, now about to close. As a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, I have done my duty.

The soldier's family, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the wounded, the poor and needy, have all had my especial care, while the soldier himself and the citizen have not been forgotten. I have protected the people from the encroachments of military power, and have never permitted a bale of cotton in the State to be seized or impressed. It is partly in remembrance of these acts, that you have always given me your entire confidence. But few in authority have ever had so many evidences of affection and regard as you have so often shown to me.

Refugees! return to your homes. Repair, improve, and plant. Go to work with a hearty good will, and let your actions show that you are able and willing to adapt yourselves to the order of things. We want no Venice here, where the denizens of an unhappy state shall ever meditate with moody brow, and plot the overthrow of the government, and where all shall be dark and dreary, cold and suspicious. But rather let confidence be restored. If required, let each and every one go forward cheerfully and take the oath of allegiance to that country in which they expect in future to live, and there to pursue their respective avocations with redoubled energy as good, true, and substantial citizens. I go into exile, not as did the ancient Roman, to lead back foreign armies against my native land, but rather to avoid persecution, the crown of martyrdom. I go to seek repose for my shattered limbs. It is my prayer to God that this country may be blessed with permanent peace, and that real prosperity, general happiness, and lasting contentment may unite all who have elected to live under the flag of

a common country. If possible, forget the past. Look forward to the future. Act with candor and discretion, and you will live to bless him who in parting gives you this last advice.

And now what shall I say in parting to my fair country-women? Ladies of Louisiana! I bow to you with tears of grateful affection. You have responded always most promptly and cheerfully to the calls of patriotism and of duty. You have clothed the soldiers, nursed the sick and wounded, cheered up the faint-hearted, and smoothed the dying pillow of the warrior patriot. God bless you! God bless you! I can never forget you. In the land of

the exile I shall remember you with feelings of gratitude too deep for utterance.

My countrymen! I bid you adieu. Farewell! Sometimes think of him who has sacrificed all for you. Perhaps in better days when the storm of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, we may meet again. I may then be permitted to return, to mingle with my friends, to take them by the hand, and "forget my own griefs to be happy with you." If this should be denied me, I humbly trust we may all meet in heaven at last, to part no more.

(Signed) HENRY WATKINS ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE have read with profound grief and amazement the account appended below of the treatment of this unfortunate man in Fortress Monroe. That those unread in military science may understand fully the severity to which he has been exposed, it will be necessary to inform them what a fort is. This term has been so often applied during the war to hastily constructed earthworks, that it may be well to explain that Fortress Monroe is a *permanent* fortification, constructed of masonry upon the most elaborate and costly plan, and that earth is merely used as a covering to the masonry. The main body of the work is surrounded with a ditch (or moat) some sixty feet wide and from six to twelve feet deep, filled with water, and the sides of this ditch, technically called the scarp and counterscarp, are of solid masonry. The ditch is crossed by a draw-bridge to the sallyport, where the main body of the guard of the garrison is placed. Were this draw-bridge raised, a prisoner inside without sentinels or supervision of any kind would be perfectly secure, being utterly unable to escape. But lest this half-blind, half-dead, feeble, nervous old man should manage to

get away, guards were placed at the sallyport, guards upon the parapets, guards upon the terre-plein, guards upon the beach, guards before his cell, and two sentinels inside, with orders to watch him but not to speak with him. All this was done, after every vestige of the rebellion had disappeared, after the last rebel soldier had thrown down his arms, and there was as little probability of an attempt at rescuing Mr. Davis by the Southern people as of an attempt to rescue Head-Centre Stephens. Moreover, numerous gunboats and vessels of war controlled by their fire every inch of ground leading to and from the fort. These precautions, one would have supposed, were abundant to secure the safety of the prisoner of state. They were enough for security, but not enough for vengeance, not enough for degradation. Accordingly, on the 23d May, 1865, handcuffs were placed upon the wrists and shackles upon the ankles of him but lately the ruler of six millions of as pure, noble and brave a people as the sun ever shone upon. In the jargon of the Jacobins "treason was to be made odious for all time to come by treating the head traitor as a common

felon." To this idea, we have no response to make beyond this—we have never heard that the felon's death of Jesus of Nazareth made Christianity odious. Or to come to a case to them more in point, a New-England orator predicted that "the day would arrive when the gallows of John Brown would be more glorious than the cross of Jesus Christ." Did the felon's death of John Brown make abolitionism odious in the eyes of its devotees? The persecutors of Mr. Davis, the authors of the sentiment that treason must be made odious through his degradation, have been the uniform indorsers of the pious speech of the New-England orator. We leave them to reconcile their inconsistency in any way they can, and pass on to the point we wish to make. One of the reasons assigned for the rigorous treatment of Mr. Davis was his alleged complicity with the atrocities at Andersonville, with the assassination plot, with the yellow-fever plot, with the plot for blowing up ships, burning hotels, etc., etc. Now the editor of this magazine has never been numbered among the personal friends of Mr. Davis. He was at no time an admirer of his executive ability. He is influenced then in what he will say by no feeling of private friendship for the man and by no admiration of him as a ruler. In addition, he received at the hands of Mr. Davis an unexplained and perhaps unexplainable wrong. But base must be the heart and brutal the instincts of that man who, on account of a personal grievance, could harbor resentment against the scapegoat of our Confederacy, the vicarious sufferer for our whole people. In the following statement the first person will be used since 'tis more graphic, more natural, and more emphatic, in a narrative of personal matters.

I have had numerous interviews with Mr. Davis upon official subjects, often of the most important character and prolonged to great length. He always spoke fully and freely, as one who had no reserve and no wish to conceal his views and opinions. If

he was not candid in his utterances, he had the art to hide his want of candor when nothing was to be gained by that concealment. Now I do most solemnly aver that I never heard him utter one word of bitterness or even unkindness toward the enemies of his country or toward his own. I have heard him speak of Butler, Turchin, and others of that character, with feeling, but never with harshness. At the time the cartel for the exchange of prisoners was under negotiation between General Dix and myself, I was most desirous to insist upon the article forbidding citizens to be arrested by either belligerent for political offenses. General Dix had refused to agree to this article, had referred the matter to Washington, and had been instructed to persist in his refusal. General Lee, as a Virginian, whose State was the chief sufferer by these political arrests, wished very naturally to save his people from the horrors of prison, and therefore wanted to insist upon the preservation of the article. I have still by me a letter from the General on that subject. With reference to this momentous question, I had a long conversation with Mr. Davis. He spoke with sadness in his tones and emotion in his countenance of numerous arrests of his people, some of them his warm personal friends; but *even at this time*, not a single unkind speech escaped from his lips. He was goaded by the taunts and sarcasms of certain newspapers to make empty proclamations in regard to retaliation and reprisals; but he carried out none of his threats, and he was taunted by the same papers for want of nerve in their execution. It is well known that he impaired and almost destroyed discipline in the army by remitting sentences and reprieving or pardoning the most notorious offenders. But it is not so well known that he himself reviewed the proceedings of courts-martial in case of the death penalty, and often spent the night after the exhausting duties of the day, till the small hours of the morn-

ing, in the tedious task of reading over the evidence. While I was in command of the Department of North-Carolina, a desperate and hardened criminal was in confinement at Greenville for crimes of a high civil as well as military character. He had been condemned to death by a court-martial, and the time of execution was left with me.

His brigade commander came to me and said that the carrying out of this sentence was essential to discipline in his command, and urged that an early day be appointed for the dread penalties of the law. I consented; but before the execution could take place, it was arrested by telegraph from Richmond, till Mr. Davis could make a more thorough investigation. I never knew the final result, as I left the State soon after, but presume that the man escaped, as this was generally the end of all such delays. It was said of Mr. Davis that he could see no good in his enemies and no evil in his friends. I know of one instance at least of incorrectness of the former statement. I was present when a discussion took place in regard to the suppression of a newspaper because of the disloyal character of its articles, which were producing desertion in the army and disaffection among the people at home. The editor had been converted to unionism by the battle of Gettysburgh and fall of Vicksburgh, and like all new-born proselytes was fiery in his zeal. A cabinet officer present said: "This man is not more disloyal than ——" (naming a well-known editor whose assaults upon Mr. Davis at this time were very virulent;) "I don't see how one paper can be suppressed without suppressing the other." To this a gentleman replied: "You are unjust: Mr. ——, though an enemy of the President, yet shows by his abuse of the Yankees that he has no love for them. The other editor betrays hatred of the President and of his own people." Mr. Davis immediately assented to this, saying, "You have exactly described the difference between the two men." The fact is,

that Mr. Davis erred not so much in undervaluing those hostile to himself, as in overestimating those he regarded as his personal friends. His ardent nature caused him to feel so blind an attachment toward those who made professions of love for himself that he could see neither their mental deficiencies nor moral obliquities. Hence, the tenacity with which he clung to incompetent men, though their incompetency was known even to the little children of the country. Hence, too, he became the dupe of designing men, who gained his confidence by seeming devotion to his person and interests. All these false friends were of course seekers for position, where they could rob and plunder the people. So it happened by a singular fortune that while he himself was as pure as the falling snow, and his bitterest assailants never whispered a word against his integrity, many of the government officials were enormously corrupt. This state of things is always incident to war, which has been aptly compared to a boiling caldron. The filth and scum will then be brought to the surface. Napoleon, in one of his letters to his brother Joseph, warns him that he must always expect to find a thief in an army contractor.

The Northern newspapers show that the opposite party in the late tremendous conflict had its "shoddy contractors," and its "pilfering government employees." Our people, however, were not prepared for such developments of fraud and speculation, and soon wearied of a contest in which they had hoped to see only patriotism and a self-sacrificing devotion to principle. The disgust attendant upon such bitter disappointment in their expectations had more to do with breaking down the rebellion than the armies of Grant and Sherman.

This, too, seems to be the view of A. H. Stephens, Esq., as expressed before the Reconstruction Committee.

It is true, then, that Mr. Davis could see no faults in his friends. He gave them no half-way confidence, but trusted them fully and perfectly.

He invested them with his own purity of character and honesty of purpose. But it *is not* true that he could see no good in his enemies, and that he pursued them with rancorous hate. I do not doubt that in the comparison with his supposed friends, they were in his estimation both intellectually weak and morally perverse. But apart from this, he could be just and appreciative of their merits. I saw him several times during the session of a Confederate Congress in which he had been harshly assailed. Once he alluded incidentally to his troubles, but without the least resentment in language or manner. I think that there was no instance of the suppression of a newspaper, though several editors were notoriously disloyal to the Confederate cause, and still more of them intensely hostile to the Confederate President. Like Washington, Mr. Davis held "error to be the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character to be the prerogative of a freeman."

It would be an anomaly in human nature, if a man so ardent in his attachment to his friends, so tender of the lives of his soldiers, so full of compassion toward his suffering countrymen, so free from bitterness in his language toward enemies in private and enemies in the field, so tolerant of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, should have instigated, been cognizant of, or connived at enormous wickedness and unparalleled atrocities. Those who charge him with such crimes are either ignorant of his character or are influenced by passion and prejudice. There is not a word of truth in the allegations.

(From *The Norfolk Virginian*.)

There has just been published in New-York a curious and interesting work, entitled *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*: embracing details and incidents in his captivity, particulars concerning his health and habits, together with many conversations on topics of great public interest — by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel

John J. Craven, M.D., late surgeon United States volunteers, and physician of the prisoner during his confinement in Fortress Monroe, from May twenty-fifth, 1865, up to December twenty-fifth, 1865. The book is filled with memoranda which can not but excite attention far and wide; and though, doubtless, clap-trap and malevolent remark will be resorted to, in a partisan spirit, to break the force of many of the facts, yet it will be difficult to overcome the impression which they must make upon the instinct of a common humanity and ordinary sense of justice.

The procession from the United States steamer *Clyde* into the fort, on the morning of the twenty-first of May, is described, with Major-General Halleek, Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, and Colonel Pritchard, of the Michigan cavalry, (who had made the capture of Mr. Davis's party,) with Colonel Miles holding the arm of Mr. Davis, always thin and now haggard, dressed in a suit of gray, Mr. C. C. Clay following, amidst the guard of soldiers, and through files of other soldiers, all the way into the casemate.

When Mr. Davis was first placed in his cell, he very naturally asked which way the window of the embrasure faced. But both of the soldiers pacing up and down his cell were silent; and repeating the question, the continued silence indicated their strict prohibition of all interchange of words with the prisoner. Left thus, with a Bible and Prayer-Book, and the ordinary rations of beef and bread, of which the sick man partook not, the first day and night were passed. Says Dr. Craven:

On the morning of the twenty-third of May a yet bitterer trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who had enjoyed such eminence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled. It was while all the swarming camps of the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee, and Georgia—over two hundred thousand bronzed and laureled veterans—were preparing for the grand review of the next morning, in which, passing in endless succession before the President, the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fortress Monroe.

Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania artillery, entered the cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hand the rattling shackles. Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near to him the previous day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside. "Well?" said Mr. Davis, slightly raising his head.

"I have an important duty to perform, sir," said Captain Titlow, and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance grew livid and rigid as death. He gasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height, now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror. As he glanced from the Captain's face to the shackles he said slowly, with a laboring chest:

"My God! you can not have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocked the padlock, and prepared the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight.

"This is too monstrous," groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly around the room, as if for some weapon or means of self-destruction. "I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded, and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; "his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; "there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for a jailer—for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered. I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! kill me!" he cried passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflict on me, and on my people through me, this insult worse than death."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an attempt to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised; but, as if with the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant, and hurled him half-way across the room.

On this Captain Titlow turned, and seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness, and that orders must be enforced at any cost. "Why compel me," he said, "to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely retorted Davis; "I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and file of soldiers from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket, and attempted to wrench it from his grasp.

Of course such a scene could have but one issue. There was a short, passionate scuffle. In a moment Davis was

flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants removed their hands from him, the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key in the padlock on the left.

This done, Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in a stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning round, he dropped his shackled feet to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seems first to have recalled him to his situation, and dropping his face into his hands, he burst into a passionate flood of sobbing, rocking to and fro, and muttering at brief intervals: "O the shame! the shame!"

It may here be stated, though out of its due order—that we may get rid in haste of an unpleasant subject—that Mr. Davis, some two months later, when fre-

quent visits had made him more free of converse, gave me a curious explanation of the last feature in this incident.

He had been speaking of suicide and denouncing it as the worst form of cowardice and folly. "Life is not like a commission, that we can resign when disgusted with the service. Taking it by your own hand is a confession of judgment to all that your worst enemies can allege. It has often flashed across me as a tempting remedy for neuralgic torture; but, thank God, I never sought my own death but once, and then when completely frenzied and not master of my actions. When they came to iron me that day, as a last resource of desperation, I seized a soldier's musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp, hoping that in the scuffle and surprise, some one of his comrades would shoot or bayonet me."

SOCIAL REMINISCENCES OF THE HON. GEORGE E. BADGER.

WHILE so many pens, well worthy the task, are deploring the loss North-Carolina has sustained in the death of one of her most brilliant statesmen and profound lawyers, and portraying in glowing colors the ability and genius of the Hon. George E. Badger, it is with fear and trembling that we venture to speak of the social loss which his large circle of friends and admirers have experienced by the total extinction of that bright star, which has vanished forever from their horizon. We speak but the simple truth when we say that we approach our subject with fear and trembling; for no pen could do justice to the brilliant conversational powers of the gifted and cultivated gentleman who has just left a social throne vacant in our midst; though he some time ago laid down a sceptre, which alas! there has as yet none arisen to wield with the graceful force which characterized his sway.

Conversation, as an art, is neither generally understood nor appreciated in American society; as a gift it is admired and envied; but few ever think of it as a possible acquisition,

much less turn their attention to its cultivation. Our social kings and queens are emphatically "nature's noblemen;" they possess the gift, but it is rare indeed that one is found, who, like Mr. Badger, studies conversation as an art in which "*Artis est celare artem.*" The duties of society are too little practiced amongst us; we think most of our individual pleasure in it, and meet together to receive more than to give it. Consequently, it too frequently happens that the men and women, whose minds are the most richly stored with material for conversation, either withdraw from society altogether, or think they do it no wrong in being listeners instead of speakers, and make no attempt, when they have it not by nature, to cultivate the art of expressing their thoughts and sentiments, forcibly or gracefully, as the occasion or subject may demand. They leave conversation to their inferiors in intellect and information, who, simply because they have "the gift o' the gab," which, like the sails of a vessel, wafts them along—are enabled with just ballast enough to keep them steady to glide smooth-

ly over its deep waters, as well as its ripples of small talk; while argosies, freighted with cargoes more precious than silver or gold, lie at anchor, with the sails of conversation close furled, eagerly gathering up all that floats on the waves of society, worthy to be garnered, whether for its intrinsic value, its graceful beauty, or its grotesque oddity; but seldom giving out of the abundance of their riches. And this, not because they are unwilling to part with the treasures of their mind, but simply because they have not studied the art of doing so easily and gracefully.

Possessing the gift of conversation in an eminent degree, Mr. Badger yet studied it as an art; bringing his vast stores of information, his fund of anecdote, his inimitable humor, and the pathos with which it is almost always combined, all into play, to render himself one of the most brilliant conversationalists this country has ever produced. He frequently regretted that more attention was not paid to the development of conversational powers in young persons, and we once heard him say to a young lady just entering society: "Study always to say the right thing to the right person, at the right time, my dear, and it will render you more agreeable than any other accomplishment you can possibly acquire." But he did not converse on this principle himself; he felt that it was the prerogative of his genius to *make* not to *follow* precedent, and freely expressed the thought or fancy of the moment, heeding the rules of etiquette, when they trammelled, as little in conversation as in society. He liked at times to ride rough-shod over them, not because he despised them, but simply to show that he intended they should be subservient to him, not he to them. "He should be well mounted who attempts to leap the hedges of etiquette." Mr. Badger felt this was the case with himself, and secure in his seat and horsemanship, leaped them at pleasure. "Don't drink that wine with your soup," said a *bon vivant* to him one

day at the table of one of his most intimate friends, where a rare wine had been produced as a curiosity.

"Why not? Our host seems to enjoy it mightily."

"Oh! he's a Goth," was the joking reply, "and knows nothing of the etiquette of wine-drinking."

"Well, if he's a Goth, I'm a Vandal, and will drink my wine as it comes, and not according to etiquette."

So did he converse, pouring out the wine of his intellect as the caprice of fancy dictated, and not according to any rule, giving now the sparkling Champagne of wit, or the cool Moselle of wisdom, and then the strong Port of argument, or the bitter Hock of sarcasm; while ever and anon would bubble up the lighter wine of Shiraz in glowing words of sentiment or touching accents of pathos.

But with all his despotism, he never degenerated into the lecturer; conversation was with him what the word literally signifies, a talking *with*, not an address, or talking *to*; he made his superiority in it agreeable, not oppressive, and spoke at length, because he felt conscious he was listened to with pleasure. Nor was it in North-Carolina alone that he reigned a social king, he wielded his sceptre quite as majestically in Washington, at a time when some of the most brilliant conversationalists of this country were assembled there. He was also well known to the frequenters of the Virginia Springs, and once astonished the assembled guests of the White Sulphur by calling, in an authoritative tone, a waiter, and ordering him, to "Take that ice-cream to the kitchen, and have it warmed, and bring it back fit for sensible people to eat." Then turning to a delicate little girl beside him, who was just on the point of breaking into tears because her mother feared to give her the ice, he said, "We'll have ours warmed, then it won't hurt us, and let these people who don't know any better eat theirs cold." When the saucers were brought back filled

with innoxious boiled custard, instead of the dangerous ice-cream, he sipped his share as complacently as little missie herself, who was satisfied that her ice-cream was decidedly improved by being warmed.

He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and enjoyed a good story on himself as much as on another person. He used to describe with great zest the horror of Judge Cameron, President of the North-Carolina State Bank, on finding, when he called on him one day on his way to the bank, that he had not been to breakfast at half-past nine o'clock.

The Judge, who was very methodical in his habits, and all his life a remarkably early riser, read him such a lecture on the injury he was doing himself by keeping late hours, that when he left, Mr. Badger declared he would visit with his dire displeasure any person, be it wife, child, or servant, who ever again called him to breakfast in the presence of Judge Cameron. But as he did not reform, it was not very long before the judge again dropped in on him before breakfast had been announced.

Mindful of his order, the servant forebore to inform him when it was ready, and one by one the members of the family slipped out of the library into the dining-room, leaving him alone with his guest, who, all unconscious that his host had not broken his fast that day, sat placidly talking for an hour or two, and finally rose to go, saying as he did so, "Remembering your late hours, I did not call as I went down to the bank, and now I declare I have sat with you until it is nearly my dinner-time." None but those who have heard him tell it can fully realize the humorous way in which Mr. Badger used to relate this story. He would describe his sensations when he would catch a faint rattle of knives and forks, tell how he sat wondering what there was for breakfast that morning, and how spiteful he felt toward Mrs. Badger when, fresh from her cup of coffee and hot roll, she came smiling into the room, and, so

he declared, took a malicious pleasure in charming the judge into lengthening his visit.

Shortly after this he was traveling in Nash county, and on being asked by the old lady at whose house he stopped for the night, whether he would like an early breakfast next morning, replied: "That depends, madam, on what you call early. What is late to some people is tolerably early to others, and I must confess I am not one of your early birds."

"Lord bless you, neither am I," replied the old lady. "I never could see the sense of getting up so powerful early as some folks do. I'll stand it, that after I get at it, I can do as good a day's work by getting up at a reasonable hour as any of the early ones."

"I have not a doubt of it, madam; but what do you call a reasonable hour?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. You see I an't no ways particular; and if I can get breakfast, and have the things washed up, and the chairs set back, and the floor swept, *by sunrise or a little after*, I'm satisfied."

"Madam," replied Mr. Badger solemnly, "I'll take an early dinner with you to-morrow before I start, and won't trouble you to have me called to breakfast. *I never eat any.*"

His mother, who was a Methodist, once said to him that she did not believe that written prayers were as pleasing to God as extempore ones. "They tell me," she added, "that you Episcopalians have been using the same prayers for over two hundred years. Is that so?"

"Oh! yes, madam; some for a much longer period. We have one in the Prayer-Book that was written eighteen hundred years ago."

"Eighteen hundred years ago? It must be used up by this time. Which is it?"

"The Lord's Prayer," was the quiet answer.

He possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of suiting his conversation to his company without the

least appearance of "talking down to them."

He was always popular with the intelligent youth of both sexes, and it was pleasant to see how, in his last days, they still sought his society. That his old tried friends should cluster around him in his affliction, is not to be wondered at; but up to the day of his death his house was the resort of all those who had loved to gather there before his tongue was so painfully tied by that Providence which mercifully left his intellect unclouded.

When in health he entertained freely and handsomely, in which he was admirably assisted by Mrs. Badger, whose cordial and graceful manners heightened the charm which was thrown over the visitor.

Reminiscences of Mr. Badger must ever recall to those who knew him in his home the memory of one of his oldest and most devoted friends, who preceded him to the grave by only a few months. We allude to Patrick H. Winston, Esq., the grandson of the great Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who for more than thirty years was closely united by the ties of friendship to Mr. Badger, and well worthy to be the chosen companion of that brilliant genius. To the most childish simplicity of character Mr. Winston joined the most profound legal knowledge and a vast amount of general information. Mr. Badger used to call him "the walking encyclopedia," and would often say, when in doubt on any subject, "I'll venture Winston can tell us something about it."

Until he lost his hearing, Mr. Winston was a pleasant companion to any intelligent person; but during the last years of his life he conversed very little, and was never, to the young people of the present day, what he was to those of fifteen or twenty years ago. To children he never grew old, and was, among them, to the last, a very child himself. To buy pounds of candy, raisins, and almonds, and dozens of oranges, cakes, and apples, and take

a party of children into the woods to eat them, gather wild-flowers, and "wade in the branch," was to him quite as great a pleasure as to them. He was devotedly attached to Mr. Badger, and his affection was fully reciprocated. The contrast between them was in some things very striking. Nature seemed to obviate the extremes in each, and seek to restore endangered equilibrium by leading them to love one another. Mr. Badger felt he was a social king, and enjoyed being so. He had all the graces of conversation, which are as numerous and effective as those of oratory. He, so to speak, impregnated the information which he acquired, and reproduced it with the indelible stamp of his genius upon it. The play of his features, his gesticulations, and the intonation of his voice, all served to impress what he said on the minds of his hearers; and the fact or information which he imparted came ready for immediate use. Mr. Winston, with an equal share of information, seemed to converse simply for the purpose of imparting it. He had not a single grace either of expression or gesture. Hearing him talk was like reading an interesting book of tales, travels, or history; listening to Mr. Badger was hearing the actors themselves relate their adventures or history. One was like reading Shakespeare; the other, hearing it read by Fanny Kemble or Kean.

On one occasion, in conversation with the scientific Dr. Adrien Gould, of the Dudley Observatory—who was in Raleigh when engaged on the coast survey, and had traveled extensively in the East—Mr. Winston displayed such accurate knowledge of the habits and customs of the Arabs, and such an intimate acquaintance with the topography and vegetation of Arabia, that the learned doctor, after listening to him for some time, and occasionally comparing what he said with his own experience, asked, in all sincerity, with a glance at his gray hairs, "How long is it, sir, since you were in the East?" His astonishment was unbounded when he heard

that Mr. Winston had never been out of Virginia and North-Carolina.

During the last years of his life, Mr. Winston, being reporter of the Supreme Court, resided almost altogether in Raleigh, only leaving it for fishing and hunting excursions, of which he was passionately fond. Scarcely a day passed when he was in town that he did not visit Mr. Badger, and it was a touching sight to those who could remember them both in their prime, and recall the time when the brilliant conversational powers of one and the varied information of the other rendered them such agreeable companions, to see them still clinging to each other, both debarred by physical infirmity from the enjoyment of the conversation of well-read gentlemen, which does as much toward forming the minds of the young as reading itself.

Sadly do we look into each other's faces when men like these depart from our midst, and ask, "Whom have they left behind them to fill their places?" Is it a sign that old age is creeping on us when we reply, "No one!"

Are there really no men in our State who can discuss a political question and take a statesman's view of our present situation as Mr. Badger could, or argue a law question at the bar of our Supreme Court with the legal research and knowledge of Mr. Winston, or address an audience with the chaste and forcible eloquence of Mr. Miller?

If there are, God grant that now, in the time of their country's humiliation and need, they may speedily show themselves, and come to her rescue as these men would have done in their prime!

SCRAPS.

IS THE SOUTH SUNK IN BARBARISM?

WHAT is civilization? Is it to set millions of spindles in motion, and weave more beautiful fabrics than those of Flanders and of France? Is it to achieve wonders in agriculture almost amounting to miracles, like those of the Chinese and Japanese? Is it to fill galleries of painting and sculpture, like those of Italy? Is it to improve in architecture until we surpass in strength and durability the Egyptian pyramids, and in beauty the Greek temples? Is it to fill libraries with hundreds of thousands of rare and costly books, like those of the Vatican and the

Bibliothèque Impériale? Yes, but if so, the Southern States of America are not civilized. But if to produce the greatest number of great and good men, and good and gentle women, in proportion to her *white* population, of any Christian nation on earth, is civilization, then, if our reading of history is not at fault, the South stands first amongst the nations of the earth. (The white population! We love the word *white*—it is a sweet, beautiful word, made doubly dear by the efforts of the negro-philists to blacken it.)

ON HEALTH.—GOOD TEETH, A SOUND BRAIN, AND SOUND LUNGS.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Hall will succeed in teaching his countrymen to take care of their health. He says that we habitually deprive our bread

of the very portion which gives *soundness to the teeth and strength to the brain*—the outer covering of the grain. "Five hundred lbs. flour

give to the body *thirty* lbs. of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one *hundred and twenty-five* lbs." A bushel of wheat usually weighs sixty lbs., from which is extracted forty lbs. of fine flour, leaving a residue of twenty lbs., and this last twenty lbs. is far richer in bone-producing matter than the more highly prized forty lbs. of fine flour. "This phosphate of lime is an indispensable element of health to the whole human body, and for the want of it multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders has little or no effect. The articles containing these phosphates must pass through nature's laboratory—must be subject to her manipulations in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame. In plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain." A few years ago, Dr. J. F. Churchill was attracting a great deal of attention by lecturing on the subject of curing consumption, scrofula and kindred diseases, (which soften the bones, and deprave the whole physical organization,) by giving hypophosphites of lime and soda. The lectures were delivered in Paris, and the manufacture of these pow-

ders attained there a considerable degree of importance. He claimed that the cure of consumption could be obtained in all cases by this treatment, except when the existing lesion of the lungs was of itself sufficient to produce death. Dr. Hall's theory is more in accordance with the laws of nature; it would be advisable for patients to take their powders in the shape of *good household bread*. In England, among all classes, there are three kinds of bread: 1st, *white bread*—made of the finest flour; 2d, *wheaten bread*—made of flour and a mixture of the finest bran; 3d, *household bread*—made of the whole substance of the grain. And it is this last which Dr. Hall recommends. It is the kind used most generally by the people of England. Miss Murray, the court lady, who traveled through our republican country some years since, said there was nothing that she missed so much here as good household bread. As it is much harder to judge of the quality of unbolted than bolted flour, it is better to buy a good article of wheat and have it ground. Miss Acton has written a book on bread-making, and as it was deemed of sufficient importance to be reviewed in the London Quarterly, it would be advisable for housekeepers who are beginning to make the health of their families a study to buy it. It is called the English Bread Book, by Eliza Acton.

ANointing WITH OIL.

"Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, acting upon a hint thrown out in Chambers's Journal, has been working wonders with consumptive patients by having them well rubbed with warm olive oil." This reminds one of the directions given by the apostle James, to anoint the sick with oil. It is erroneously supposed that the anointing with oil among the ancients was simply pouring oil upon the head, as Samuel anointed David.

But the true meaning of the word *anoint* is to rub, to smear with oil. In the Apostolical Constitutions, we are told that one of the offices of the deaconess was to finish the anointing of the female converts, after the deacons had touched their foreheads with the oil.

In consumption, and all other diseases involving a general decline, the skin becomes extremely dry and torpid. The natural oil which keeps it

soft, elastic and open, disappears, and it seems reasonable to suppose that nothing would have a happier effect than gentle friction with a soft flannel or sponge dipped in oil. It would open the pores, render the skin soft and elastic, prevent chilliness, and probably act in many other beneficial ways, which we do not understand. I have an abiding faith that in the Bible we may find every thing necessary for our physical as well as moral and spiritual well-being. Oil,

water and wine are the remedial agents spoken of by inspired men, and if water *can* effect what is claimed for it by modern hydropathists, is it not to the body what the influence of the Spirit is to the soul? And is not the same idea conveyed in the holy sacrament of baptism? Pure, unadulterated wine is the most healthful and efficient tonic known. "The new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."

THE HAVERSACK.

In the last number our redoubtable corporal with his three men, upon failing to get his expected reinforcements, had, beat a hasty retreat from his mountain-top before his four hundred assailants and had retired to the valley below. His regiment followed his example, then his brigade, and still later his division. Poor fellow! we have often thought of him upon that lofty eminence as the representative of his own unfortunate country, looking wistfully across the wide expanse for help while the foe was steadily pressing on. A little only was asked for; the succor never came, but the enemy *did*, and the Pisgah of her hopes, from which she fancied she saw the bright waters and green fields of the promised land, was seized by hostile hands, and naught remained to her save this vale of weeping and of humiliation.

For some days the division was engaged in the delightful task of destroying the Manassas Gap railroad, from Front Royal to Strasburgh. We say delightful task, for we have often noticed how much more eagerly men engage in destruction than in building up. On a bitterly cold night the division went within three miles of Harper's Ferry, then the headquarters of McClellan, and began destroying the Winchester Railroad in rifle-shot of the enemy's pickets. Every thing had to be done in silence and

in darkness, since no fires could be kindled and the cross-ties could not be burned until we were leaving. Had the men been put upon duty on such a night and under such circumstances, in repairing the road for their own use, they would have grumbled no little. But as it was a work of destruction to spite the enemy, they toiled away with hearty good will till daylight without flagging and without murmuring. Were we disposed to philosophize we would show how this principle of human nature explains the waste and desolation of our beloved land. Staying behind next morning to see whether the road had been effectually destroyed, we encountered an "intelligent contraband," whose language and manners were more like those of the negroes of the cotton plantations than we had ever before observed in Virginia. His designation of the railroad as "de old lady" was entirely characteristic of the Southern negro. Coming up from the direction of Harper's Ferry we had no difficulty in passing off as one of the blue-coats, a thing often done. "Are there any rebels about?" "Dey all gone, sah, 'speck dey tink you folks arter dem." "How many of them were there?" "Heap on 'em, five tousand, most a mill-yun." "Who tore up the railroad?" "De rebel, for sartin, marser. Ky, he make de old lady shine," bursting

into a hearty negro guffaw and seeming to enjoy hugely the sight of the twisted iron and burning cross-ties.

But to return to the Manassas Gap railroad; we were just finishing the tearing of it up to the neighborhood of Strasburgh, when the distant booming of cannon toward Winchester announced that the enemy had left his stronghold at Harper's Ferry and was feeling A. P. Hill's position.

A note was received that night from General Jackson directing the division to make a forced march to join A. P. Hill, (who was falling back to coax Geary on,) and ending with the hope that "the Lord would grant us a signal victory." The Fourth North-Carolina regiment had waded the north fork of the Shenandoah twice that day in its labor of love in destroying the railroad, and the prospect of a third cold bath was quite alarming to some of the brave boys of that noble regiment. As we passed them at daylight the next morning in the keen frosty air, we overheard them discussing their probable destination. "Are they hunting another river for us to wade?" growled a poor fellow with vivid recollections of the unwelcome baptism of the day before. "No," answered another, "we are on the pike to Winchester, and there is no river between here and there. It is a fight this time, and not a wade." "I'll be bound," replied the grumbler, "that they will find another river somewhere." But Geary took the hint, and wisely returned to his fortifications. The net had been spread in vain, and the bird had not been snared. We went no further than Middletown, and then filed into camp. The pike was firm, but the fields were ankle-deep in mud. A boy in a cart, in attempting to pass the Fourth North-Carolina regiment, was thrown out and seated as gracefully upon the ground as though he had voluntarily taken that position. As he attempted to scramble to his feet a stalwart soldier marching by him politely remarked, "Keep your seat, my son, I don't want to sit down."

A long good rest, and then came the order for the hurried march to Gordonsville. The rear now became the front, and the division at Middletown led off. Early, some eight or ten miles distant, followed next, and A. P. Hill covered the rear. The march of the leading division was rapid, but by the second night the camp-fires of Early were so near as to intimate his intention to get ahead the next day. Rodes came to the division headquarters that night, and said that if Early passed us on a march to meet the enemy we would never hear the last of it. Besides, he had the best trained forage-masters in the army, and there would scarcely be a rick of hay or bundle of fodder left after their scouting. Major R., the division quartermaster, was accordingly sent for, and directed to have the pike blocked up before daylight with wagons, ambulances, beef cattle, broken-down horses, etc., etc. "I will make the connection, sir," was his reply, according to his usual stereotyped formula, when he meant to signify in the most emphatic manner that the thing should be done. Early's train reached us sure enough by dawn the next morning, but the narrow gorge leading into the Massanutten range was too solidly blocked to permit it to pass, doubtless much to the chagrin of the hero of scores of battles. The division had still to cross the north fork of the Shenandoah, and as the bridge had been burned in some of Jackson's campaigns, he most probably expected to see it balked there. But that he might have no cause for triumph, the engineers and their parties had been hurried off before day in empty wagons to put up a temporary foot-bridge before the arrival of the troops. Fortunately, an abundance of materials was on hand, and the men worked with hearty good will and had finished the job, with the exception of laying down the planks, when the division came in sight. Arms were stacked, and soon the mountain sides were all aglow with hundreds of fires gleam-

ing through the clouds of fog hanging over the river. The division commander, who had been for some hours at the bridge, was in the highest spirits at the success of the work and the thought that his poor fellows would get over dry-shod. Added to this comforting reflection may have been satisfaction at the disappointment the leader of the next division would feel at seeing the last hope cut off of beating in the race for Gordonsville. Just as the last planks were laid down, General Early rode up, much to the surprise of every one, and his countenance betrayed most unmistakably that he did not participate in the joy of his brother officers.

The latter, however, approached and addressed him: "Good morning, General; glad to see you. My division has made a fine march, and the Engineers deserve great credit for the rapid manner in which they have constructed the bridge."

"Yes," grumbled he, surlily looking back at the fires blazing on the mountain slopes, "and you have got the d—est men to burn mountains I ever saw." The next mountain gorges through which we passed *did* witness fires, sure enough. Every thing that would burn had a match applied to it, and never was poor rabbit worse smoked in a hollow tree by mischievous boys, than were Early's men on that unfortunate march in the rear of the mountain-burners. But whether there was any connection between the General's cutting speech, and the multitudinous fires on that day, we leave to the penetration of those familiar with the freaks and follies of the rebel soldiers.

On the last day's march, we struck across some fields and came to a ditch, the little bridge over which had been broken down. The men had been so long engaged in the work of destruction, by General Jackson's order, that they naturally attributed every thing of the kind to him.

We heard one say to another, "Hallo, Tom! I didn't know that old Jaek had ever marched this way be-

fore, but there's his sign," pointing to the bridge. "I wonder where he has not been," replied the other. The men had no difficulty, as a general thing, in leaping the deep but narrow ditch. One awkward fellow, however, failed to "make the connection," as Major R. would have said, and fell crashing through the ice flat on his back to the bottom. The old rebel cry had never a more provoking application than when some remorseless fellow, standing on the edge of the ditch, shouted to the man floundering below, "Get out of that water; we know that you are thar; see your toes workin'." By the by, General Hoke related a singular instance of the use of this phrase as a battle-cry, at the first Fredericksburgh fight:

The enemy penetrated an interval in A. P. Hill's line, turned upon his men to the right and left, gave them a flank fire and drove them back for some distance. Hay's Louisiana Brigade and Lawton's Georgia, commanded by Col. Harrison, (we think,) soon restored order and checked the advance.

While the blue-coats were in disorder, Hoke, commanding Early's old brigade, was thrown in. The staunch veterans raised the old slogan, "Get out of them overcoats; we know you are thar; see your toes workin'." Now, as many of the United States soldiers believed that the rebels fought so desperately merely to get warm clothing, the order was promptly obeyed, and the ground literally covered with the overcoats thrown away by the fugitives from Hoke's charge.

Lieutenant M., of Jackson's staff, related to the General a conversation which occurred the next day between a "tar-heel" (as the North-Carolina soldiers were called) and one of the enemy, probably a runaway of the day before. A brigade commander had asked for a flag of truce to bury his dead. This was refused by General Jackson as informal. After a long delay, the application came up as from General Franklin, by the authority of General Burnside, and this

was granted. No sooner were the white flags displayed along the enemy's line, than friend and foe were mingled together and chating freely. Our "tar-heel" was taunted with fighting for overcoats and oil-cloth coverings, while his censor fought for the "old flag" and "the glorious Union." "Yes," drawled the "tar-heel," as slowly as possible, "we *do* lick you for your overcoats and your Injun-rubber fixins, and our coats are getting mighty ragged, and when they are wode (worn) out, we'll skin you for your'n." We never learned how much comfort was imparted by the frank confession.

But to return to our narrative. While we were marching up the Valley, the second day from Middletown, there occurred an incident, as told by an officer of the Fourth North-Carolina Regiment, showing the antipathy of the soldiers to young men not in the army. As the regiment was passing through the village of —, a big, fat, lazy fellow stood leaning against a house, when a conversation began in his hearing and for his edification. "Boys, that's an apothecary's shop," cried out one. "How do you know?" asked a comrade. "Don't you see," replied the wag, pointing to the fat citizen, "that big dose of ipecac set up against the wall as a sign-board? It makes me sick at the stomach just to look at the thing." The sign-board was not kept hanging out long after that.

The division reached the neighborhood of Gordonsville on the fifth day. There were 3000 bare-footed men when we started, and though nearly all the ambulances and spare wagons had been taken to remove the wounded and stores from Winchester, and though the pike was full of sharp stones, and a snow storm added to the sufferings on the march, yet only 105 men failed to answer to roll-call on the night of our arrival.

Such punctuality was never before known in the rebel ranks. It would be unfair to attribute this to the eagerness of the men to meet the foe. It was due to the combined causes of

arresting officers every night who had stragglers in their command, and to the enthusiasm inspired among the troops by having their faces turned homeward. Early, who had marched too far the first day in order to get ahead, was about a day and a half behind at the close of the journey.

Another rest occurred for a few days, all wondering why the enemy did not advance.

We, who had been in the rear, and were ignorant of the removal of McClellan, were amazed that he had allowed Jackson to come within supporting distance of Longstreet, without an attempt having been made to crush the latter. "I recollect no instance," said Rodes, "in the history of war of such an opportunity being thrown away. McClellan can not be a general. I look upon the Confederacy as a fixed fact." News reached us at last that Lee, with Longstreet, had marched to Fredericksburgh to meet Burnside, and we were ordered to follow. The march was devoid of interest, but one incident is still vividly remembered. At a point on the route, not now recollected, a note was received from General Jackson stating that he had learned that another road would be better for artillery and wagon trains. This *other road of which he had just heard was the identical one by which he afterward made his flank march around Hooker's army at Chancellorsville.* A gentleman had met him and communicated this information without being aware of the future importance of it, in securing the most brilliant of all the Confederate victories of the four years' war.

In our next number we propose to give some incidents connected with the march of the same division. We must now give a hearing to others. From a Georgia source, we get an anecdote similar to the one in regard to the apothecary shop.

The rebel soldiers omitted no occasion of teasing and annoying young men, whom they thought would be better employed in the army than in leading lives of ease and comfort at

home. Woe to the unfortunate speculator, who came near their camps. Great as might be his dread of Yankee artillery, he had better been exposed to the full blaze of a battery than to run the gauntlet of rebel jeers and sarcasms. They were pitiless to him in any case; but if he happened to be well-dressed, the sans-culottes of the ranks were as remorseless as the Red Republicans of France, or as some other Republicans of whom we have read.

A portly gentleman on the cars between Charleston and Branchville, dressed in a style that Count D'Orsay or Beau Brummell might have envied, was standing up in all the pride of his magnificent outfit, wholly unconscious that two rebel wags were looking at him with mischief gleaming in their eyes. Jim A. and John B. were never known to spare one of the class to which our fat beau belonged, and a whispered conversation sprang up between them relative to the hero of the rich wardrobe.

Jim A. "The puppy has on a *biled* shirt as I am a sinner."

John B. "And a white vest!"

Jim A. "Kid gloves and blackened boots!"

John B. "A ring on his fat finger!"

Jim A. "Smells like a baby after drinking catnip tea!"

John B. "It's Cologne the monkey has been putting on his handkerchief!"

Jim A. "Can't be as bad as that!"

John B. "'Tis nothing *shorter*, Let us put him through. You charge him and I'll bring up the rear with the wagon train."

Jim A. "Agreed, help me out of tight places!"

Jim saunters up to the fat gentleman, assumes a rustic manner, an innocent look and the drawling tones of the pine-wood settlements. "Mister, mout I be so bold as to ax you in what ere battle you got wounded?"

Portly gentleman. "Me, what do you mean, sir?"

John B. "Axin' your pardon, Jim

wants to know whar you gut wounded."

Portly gentleman, (sharply.) "I have not been wounded at all. What makes you think that I have been?"

Jim A. (drawling slowly,) "Well, you see, mister, I didn't know but as how a bomb mout a bust in yer stomach and kinder swelled you up so."

John B. "And you smell like the rigimental surgun had been givin' on you kloreform or assefedidee to sorter fix you a bit."

The gallant Colonel R. of S. C., of whom General Hagood said that he was the man to lead a night attack, gives us three anecdotes, which prompt the wish to hear from him again.

Hugh Mc——, a son of the Emerald Isle, who had volunteered from Fairfield district, S. C., in the 6th Regiment of infantry, was stationed on the beach of Sullivan's Island, with strict orders to walk between two points and to let no one pass him without the countersign and that to be communicated only in a whisper. Two hours afterward the corporal, with the relief, discovered, by the moonlight, Hugh, up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he had been posted.

"Who goes there?" "Relief." "Halt, relief; advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

Corporal. "I am not going in there to be drowned, come out here and let me relieve you."

Hugh. "Divil a bit of it, the Lieutenant tould me not to lave me post."

Corporal. "Well then, I'll leave you in the water all night," (going away as he spoke.)

Hugh. "Halt. I'll put a hole in ye, if ye pass without the countersign. Them's me orders from the Lieutenant," (cocking and leveling his gun.)

Corporal. "Confound you, every body will hear it, if I bawl out to you."

Hugh. "Yes, me darlin, and the Lieutenant said it must be given in a *whisper*. In with ye, me finger's on

the trigger and me gun may go off." The corporal had to yield to the force of the argument and wade into the faithful sentinel, who remarked that "The bloody tide has a most drowned me."

Our own experience with an Irish sentinel was not so unfortunate as that of the corporal.

At the beginning of the war, we were challenged one rather dark night on a visit to the sentry lines, and as we approached to give the countersign, the courteous son of Erin said: "Don't bother about the bloody countersign, yer honor. I never troubles the likes of ye for sich as that."

But to return to Colonel R.'s other two anecdotes:

The sallies of genuine wit, in repartees between the soldiers of different commands, were an enlivening feature of camp life.

The following occurred December, 1864, when Hoke's division was sent out on a reconnoissance upon the Darby Town road. Kirkland's N. C. brigade (of as true metal as men are made of) was passing us to take position on our left, and greeted us with "Rice-birds," "Sand-lappers!" "Hagood's foot cavalry!" etc. One of our men cried out, "Go it, *tar-heels!*" This title the North-Carolina troops were justly proud of, it having been given them at the battle of Manassas, where a general remarked, "That regiment of North-Carolinians must have tar on their heels to make them stick as they do." To this retort of "Go it *tar-heels!*" one of Kirkland's men replied: "Yes, we are tar-heels, and tar *sticks*;" and "Yes," shouted back another of the South-Carolina rice-birds, "when the fire gets hot, the *tar runs*."

The two contending armies agreed remarkably in their opinions of the generals on both sides. While Lee and Jackson were universally beloved, Butler was as generally disliked.

The following illustrates the latter proposition:

When our brigade (Hagood's) was sent with other brigades, under you, (General Hill,) on a flanking expedition below Kinston, on 8th March, 1865, one of my men was examining the dead and wounded left by the enemy in the open field which we passed on our right. On attempting to turn over what he took to be a dead Federal, the aforesaid "dead" man exclaimed: "What do you want?" The grayback answered, "I only wanted to swap spoons with you." (This expression, in our division, signified the exchanging of canteens, etc., with prisoners.) The almost dying man replied: "I have no *spoons*; you must think I belong to Butler's army."

The ocean, the tides, the monsters of the deep, were all objects of great interest with our up-country troops, many of whom had never been on the coast previous to the war. That noble soldier and true man, the lamented General Doles, of Georgia, used to tell some laughable anecdotes of the mistakes made by the backwoodsmen on their first acquaintance with salt air. When the enemy landed on — Island before the battle of S——, a hard-shell Baptist preacher, now a captain in the C. S. (so-called) army was sent with his company across a little slough to reconnoitre. He felt his way cautiously until he saw the invading force, and that it was very large. Secreting his men as well as he could, he lay watching for several hours, when the advance of the enemy warned him that it was time to be getting back to his friends. But when he reached the slough in his hasty retreat, it was swollen by the tide into a great stream. Wholly ignorant of the cause of the phenomenon, the clerical captain looked on with amazement and terror blended in his looks.

His biblical reading may have suggested a similar experience of Moses at the Red Sea, the impassable flood before and the implacable foe behind. But our hero expected no miracle in his own case, and like a

true soldier made up his mind to meet his fate gallantly. For turning to his company and drawing them up in line of battle he addressed them: "My bretherin, I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years; and was always agin cussin; but the Yankees is a comin' and a tremengus rain somewhar has riz this here creek so that we can't cross, and I swar, boys, we must fight like the d—l." Fortunately for the brave and determined captain and his no less gallant company, a "sand-lapper" pointed out a crossing, otherwise his fate might have been sad in a contest with ten thousand men. Our Baptist brethren, however, in the late war were never very particular about counting noses, and plunged into a battle as freely as they do into the water.

General D. related another instance of the same kind of ignorance on the part of a six-footer from the up-country of Georgia, in his old regiment, the noble Fourth Georgia. While posted near Suffolk, he had attempted one morning to cross a little stream when the tide was in. Encumbered with his clothes, the poor fellow had to swim for his life and narrowly escaped from being drowned.

The regiment in the afternoon saw him sit down on the opposite bank of the creek, deliberately take off his shoes and socks, next his clothes, and tie them up carefully in a bundle for his back. All these preparations being made, he hesitated before proceeding any further; but at length having made up his mind like a gallant soldier as he was, he *plunged boldly into the water, which was nowhere more than two feet deep*. The cheers with which he was received by his regiment, when his perilous feat was safely accomplished were prolonged, enthusiastic and somewhat vociferous.

Dr. J. A. M., of S. C., relates a similar anecdote, which we will give in his own words:

The magnificence of a moon-rise

on a cloudless night at sea, when the moon is just past the *full*, is a spectacle that must be seen to be appreciated. Words can not adequately convey an idea of it to those who have never seen it.

Perhaps a raw recruit from the up-country of South-Carolina, who had just joined Colonel Hatch's command, came as near describing it as any one who had ever attempted it. A few nights after joining the command, stationed at Dewees Inlet, it fell to his turn to be on post as sentinel, and he was stationed at the extreme point of Long Island. The officer instructed him in case of any unusual sight, or remarkable light, or of any approach from the sea, to call for the corporal of the guard.

About 9 or 10 o'clock at night, the word was passed from post to post for corporal of the guard to come to post number 5. On reaching the point, the corporal inquired why he had been summoned. "Oh! it turned out to be nothing," says B., "it was only the moon rising, but I'll be confounded if I didn't think all New-York was on fire." The good-humored corporal enjoyed the joke so much that he could not reprove Mr. B. for the useless trouble he had given him.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," are the words of holy writ.

War demonstrates that battles are won by the skill of commanders, the drill, discipline and courage of troops, rather than by superiority of numbers. At the beginning of the rebellion, the Dixie officers constantly instructed their men not to fear any odds against them, if less than three to one. Under this teaching the soldiers were always willing to join battle with two and three times their numbers. And experience soon proved to them that the fierceness of a fight did not depend upon their relative strength or weakness. At Cold Harbor, the opposing forces were nearly equal, if any disparity existed, the odds were in our favor.

At Boonsboro, we were outnumbered from ten to fifteen to one. But Cold Harbor was a more stubborn contest than Boonsboro. This was owing to the admirable position of the enemy, to their intrenchments, and to the skillful manner in which they were handled. Should a truthful history of the war be ever written, we doubt not that the battle of Cold Harbor will place Fitz-John Porter in the front rank of Federal generals.

While we were occupying Gee's house, the night after the battle, a wounded major, a former intimate friend, was brought in as a prisoner. We remembered with strange feelings the solicitude which we felt in the Mexican war, lest this very man should be injured. After his wounds had been dressed, he was disposed to be quite talkative, and was much gratified at the compliment paid to a regiment on a hill in front of the field. "Ah! that was Warren's regiment, and a noble fellow he is." "Well, it fought better than I have seen any of *your men* fight before." In return for this praise, he gave full credit to the gallantry of our own "tar-heels." "I thought that there was a great deal of Union sentiment in North-Carolina; but if your Union men fight that way, I don't want to meet your rebels."

It will never be a part of history, but we believe it nevertheless true, that the decisive blow of the day was a flank movement proposed by General Garland, of Virginia, to his division commander, approved by him, and executed by Garland's North-Carolina brigade, assisted by G. B. Anderson's North-Carolina brigade, and by Colonel O'Neal, 26th Alabama regiment. The simultaneous advance of all our troops was of course essential to the success of Garland's enterprise; but it was his attack which first broke their line and alarmed them for their safety in passing the "Grape Vine" or "Sumner Bridge."

The account of the battle given by the French princes on McClellan's

staff confirms this view. Since the fall of Garland, it has always been a source of regret with the writer, that his genius and noble bearing on this occasion had not been fully appreciated by the country. He and Captain Blount, of North-Carolina, were the only officers who remained on horseback during the advance. Blount was killed in rallying the 30th North-Carolina regiment and with its colors in his hands.

So much was General G. impressed with the gallant conduct of Captain Blount, that he spoke of writing a special report of his heroism to the Governor of North-Carolina. The untimely fall of the General himself may, however, have occurred before this act of justice was done. General Anderson, the second in command of the assaulting column, was a true son of the Old North State, one of the purest and noblest victims of the war. Garland was killed instantly at Boonsboro, and Anderson mortally wounded three days after at Sharpsburgh.

The next morning after the battle of Cold Harbor, a general officer, in citizen's dress was brought as a prisoner to the writer of this article, who recognized in him a former messmate for a good portion of two years and a tent-mate for a good portion of one year. He seemed much disconcerted at our changed relations, sat down and covered his face with his hands, and at length said with much emotion: "H., we ought not to be enemies." Such was one of the many scenes in this unfortunate civil war. With the true spirit of the soldier, the little that the prisoner said seemed to express rather regret for the loss of the battle than anxiety about his own condition. He and the wounded major were sent in the same ambulance to Richmond, and we heard no more of him till we saw an account of his fall at the head of his corps, in the first day's fight at Gettysburgh. A brave, chivalrous, high-toned hero, though the lips of a former foe pro-

nounce his eulogy. He perished in the cause which he doubtless believed to be right. We have no wish to question his motives, or those of the men who fought against him.

A remarkable incident was noticed on the field of Malvern Hill, the night after the fight.

General Trimble and the writer of this rode within probably forty paces of a Federal battery, and saw what appeared to be the litter-bearers of both armies, with lights in hands, searching for wounded comrades, without interfering with each other in their mournful duties.

The writer was frequently recognized by the men of his own command, and they generally implored to be removed from the field. But with some, forgetful of their own suffering, the question was, "Have we whipped the Yankees?"

The noteworthy fact was this, that *in every such instance the inquirer was an Alabama soldier.* The only explanation of the phenomenon ever suggested, is, that there was a large number of enthusiastic boys in Rodes's brigade, and boys are always more patriotic and less selfish than men. We have seen a good many stragglers from the battle-field, but never saw one, to our recollection, whose age seemed to be under twenty.

General Trimble, not aware that the batteries of the enemy were arranged on the amphitheatre of the hill, tier above tier, was desirous to take his brigade—which had not been engaged that day—and capture the guns to which we had approached so near. His proposition was not approved. The disappearance of the enemy from our front the next morning, and his continued retreat, we trust, satisfied the minds of the wounded but still enthusiastic Alabama boys. On examining the ground where the battery had been placed which General Trimble wished to assail, we noticed that day three dead men of the Louisiana brigade,

who had evidently been killed at the guns. Almost all the Federal dead on the field over which our division had fought were Irishmen. Whether Meagher's redoubtable brigade had been posted there or not, we never knew, but from some cause the fact was as stated.

Colonel Osborne, of the 4th North-Carolina regiment, related an incident illustrating the heroism and unselfish character of boys, already alluded to.

On the 12th May, 1864, Hancock's corps captured General Edward Johnson and a part of his division, but the further progress of the United States troops was arrested, as General Lee expressed it to the writer, by that "fine fellow Ramseur."

They, however, succeeded in gaining a position, from which they had an oblique though not quite an enfilade fire upon our line. Colonel O., while lying wounded in a wood from which he had a view of the respective forces, saw a young lad approaching him with a painful wound in the head. While talking with the boy, he noticed a commotion in McGowan's South-Carolina brigade, to which the young man belonged, which was soon followed by the flight of five or six men toward the woods, where the wounded spectators lay. Every soldier knows that the beginning of flight, as of strife, is like the letting out of great waters, which the hand of a child may stop, but unarrested at the critical moment, the waves increase in strength and volume till no mortal power can check them in their ravages and destruction. The boy understood all this, and in most impassioned language implored the men to return, adding: "Badly wounded as I am, I will go back with you, and die at my post." Inspired by his burning words and heroic example, the men returned with him and the disorder in the ranks immediately ceased. Colonel O. is of opinion that the gallantry

of the lad arrested a growing panic and prevented a terrible disaster. 'Tis thus in every calling and pursuit in life; the influence of a single good deed can never be estimated until all its chain of consequences is revealed in the light of eternity. Colonel Von Zinker, of Dan Adams's brigade, related to the writer a similar occurrence as having taken place at Chickamauga.

A lad of some seventeen summers brought back a squad of fugitives by making them fear *him* more than the terrible *battery* of the enemy.

Colonel Von Z. commanded a regiment in which the Irish element was largely represented. He saw one of those who had ventured too far forward coming back and asked him what was the matter. "Faith," replied he, "I've got a hole in me stomach." The Colonel then noticed that the poor fellow was desperately if not mortally wounded. True pluck to the last, the brave soldier waved his cap and cried out: "Charge them, boys! they've got chaase (cheese) in their haversacks." We know not whether his explorations to the front had enabled him to procure some of that desirable article, so long denied to the Dixie boys; but at any rate, he seemed to think that the cheese was the chief attraction in the great drama being performed. The Irish are proverbial for the keenness of their scent in discovering liquids; it is not so well known that they have an equal aptitude for finding out good things of a more substantial character. But in this war, the rebel Irish kept sleek and fat spite of the almost miraculous inefficiency of the commissariat. Their penetration was never at fault in procuring some eatable where others could see nothing. In Cleburne's night-fight of the 19th September, he drove the left wing of the enemy back to the Chattanooga road about a mile, and captured several guns and caissons. The latter had bags of oats upon them, and, apparently, oats only. But the prying Irish discovered a sack of coffee nicely stored away

under the oats. A bag of gold could scarcely have made a greater sensation in the rebel ranks. We were a good deal amused at the attempt of a staff-officer to buy it with *Confederate money*. Pat was in nowise inclined to trade, but generously offered a *handful* of coffee to the would-be purchaser.

The love and devotion of the Irish to their countryman, the heroic Cleburne, knew no bounds. It was said that through his influence there was less desertion and less grumbling among them than with any other class of soldiers. General Lucius Polk, who had a large number of them in his fine brigade, said that when they were directed to perform any particularly dangerous or disagreeable duty, they always asked, "Docs ould Pat order it?" And when told that he did, they invariably replied: "And be sure we'll do it then."

It was no wonder that they felt so strongly attached to one who was the soul of honor, of courage, and of every manly quality—one who was never known to order them to go to any point he was unwilling to visit himself. It has been rare indeed for one who had performed such prodigies of successful valor, and had risen by his own efforts to such high rank, to preserve through it all, as P. R. Cleburne did, the modesty of the girl and the simplicity of character of the child. His delicacy of feeling, shrinking from public notoriety, prevented his extraordinary merits from being fully known. The fighting general at Richmond, Kentucky, the laurels, which ought to have adorned his brow, were entwined on another's. At Big Hill, on the retreat of the unfortunate Bragg from Kentucky, he saved the large wagon-train of one column of the army from destruction, after the order had been given for it to be parked and burned to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

He once more saved the entire train of the same luckless leader in his flight from Missionary Ridge.

Covering too the retreat of the army he turned upon his pursuers at Tunnel Hill, and inflicted such a blow as to prevent their further advance. On the field of battle, he had an eye as rapid to take in every object as that of Forrest himself, and in the drill and handling of his troops he had no superior and probably no equal in the Confederate service.

Colonel Osborne, (then Captain 4th North-Carolina,) when lying wounded in the hip at Seven Pines, discovered a Federal prowling about in the bushes, with a gun in his hand. Cocking his pistol, he ordered the man to lay down his gun and come to him. The soldier did so. He then made the man put his arm around him and assist him off the field, still, however, holding the pistol so as to use it in an emergency. They reached a point swept by a cross-fire of so terrific a character that they both sought shelter in a ditch.

Here they had quite a pleasant conversation for some time until the advance of our troops caused the cessation of the fire on the exposed point, when the Colonel made the man resume his support of him, and help him to a place of safety. The man was named Dyer, and belonged to the 100th New-York regiment.

A singular incident occurred on the Williamsburgh road, during the hottest part of the contest, after the capture of the enemy's breastworks:

A young Dixie (or so-called Dixie) lad had worked his way to the front and "cut out" (in naval parlance) one of the enemy's sharp-shooters. As he was passing by his division

commander, the lad cried out: "I got him up there, right among the Yankees." The prisoner laughed, and seemed in as fine spirits as his captor, when he suddenly fell forward, dead, on his face. A shot from his friends had instantly killed him.

Colonel D——, of a New York regiment was brought into the tent of General Casey, (U. S. A.,) then occupied by the rebel commander on the Williamsburgh road. The wounded Colonel said to the latter: "Where is General Anderson (R. H.)? He is the bravest man I ever saw." "This is he," said the other, pointing to a quiet-looking gentleman, sitting beside him. The sufferer gazed at him for some time, but said nothing to him. After a while, turning to the rebel commander, he said: "I would be glad to be removed further back; if McClellan is the general I take him to be, you will have a hot day of it." He had scarcely spoken, when several balls penetrated the tent. None of the group was struck, and he was carried off to Richmond.

We began in our last number the publication of military papers from general officers of the late Confederate army. This we expect to keep up in each issue. But the truth of history can only be vindicated, and the story of the life and death struggle can only be truly told by officers of inferior grade and by the soldiers of the ranks. We repeat, then, to them the request, made in the first number of the magazine, and in all letters and circulars sent out, that they will furnish incidents and anecdotes of the war. We will most gladly receive contributions from military men of every grade.

A FEW WORDS ON FRUIT CULTURE.

"By far the most important branch of horticulture at the present moment, in this country, is the cultivation of fruit. The soil and climate of the United States are, on the whole, as favorable to the production of hardy fruits as those of any other country, and our Northern States, owing to the warmth of summer, and the clearness of the atmosphere, are far more prolific of fine fruits than the north of Europe. The American farmer South, has the finest peaches, for the trouble of planting and gathering—while in England they are luxuries only within the reach of men of fortune, and even in Paris they can only be ripened upon walls.

"By late reports of the markets of London, Paris, and New-York, we find that the latter city is far more abundantly supplied with fruit than either of the former; though finer specimens of almost any fruit may be found, *at very high prices*, at all times, in London and Paris, than in New-York. The fruit-grower abroad depends upon extra size, beauty, and scarcity for his remuneration, and asks sometimes a guinea a dozen for peaches, while the orchardist of New-York will sell you a dozen baskets for the same money. The result is, that while you may more easily find superb fruit in London and Paris than in New-York, you can not afford to pay for it. You know that not one man in a hundred tastes peaches in a season on the other side of the water, while during the month of September, they are the daily food of our whole population. Within the last five years the planting of orchards has, in the United States, been carried to an extent never before known." (Downing's Essays.) There is no land in the world better suited for apple culture than the western part of Virginia, and North-Carolina, and the upper part of Georgia. Just give the trees foot room, and they take care of them-

selves. But leaving the trees to take care of themselves is not the way to have fine fruit, although you will have fruit. And all fruit, whatever its comparative value may be, is desirable.

The apple is more certain of success than any fruit we cultivate, and I have felt some desire to see an apple orchard and vineyard in one—that is, a vine planted at the foot of each apple tree. I think it was in Lombardy, where Dickens saw vines festooned from tree to tree, and he said the trees looked as if they had taken hold of each other's hands to dance. In Portugal, it is a common mode of training vines, and when we remember that this delicious fruit never rots on trees, and that nature, intending the vine to be supported by trees, gave it roots that *will not interfere with the tree*; but roots which run quite beyond them for support—it does seem that the most successful vineyards might be cultivated in this way. An experienced *vigneron* might prune a vine on a tree quite as effectually as one on any artificial support; cutting away the old wood and leaving only the new. This union of vineyard and orchard should be annually manured and cultivated, and I think the apples and grapes would be a mutual benefit to each other.

The fine nurseries which were in successful operation in all the Southern States before the war, placed the finest varieties within the reach of every one. The Nickajack, Culasaga, Nantahallee, Carter, and Shockly might, for beauty, perfume and flavor, have originated in the garden of Eden.

Pear culture has also met with much success in the Southern States. This season the blight has destroyed some trees and injured many; but they amply repay the cultivator, even with this drawback. A farmer does not give up the culture of wheat be-

cause the rust sometimes injures it; but many are deterred from planting pear-trees, because some neighbor may have lost two or three trees by blight. A pear orchard should be cultivated. It is true they will grow and bear without it, which Indian corn will not do; but they grow and bear a hundred fold better when well cultivated. The Madeleine for the earliest, the delicious Seckel, the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the winter Nelis, are merely a few of the many splendid varieties worthy of a vast deal more attention than they now receive. Many varieties of pears are really ornamental trees, and are worthy of a place on the lawn for mere beauty of form and foliage. And the children who gambol on the velvet turf would not have the least objection to having their sports varied by an occasional wind-fall of juicy Seckels.

All stone fruits succeed well at the South, if the numerous pigs and chickens of the plantation, are allowed access to their locality. Many a delicious peach may be plucked from even trees growing upon deserted old fields—the

"Harvest of a whole plantation's desolation."

Downing says that lime is the great basis of large crops and smooth high-flavored fruit. The great secret of orchard culture at Pelham farm is the abundant use of lime. This orchard exports barrels of Newtown pippins, by the thousand, to the English market, and it is said these American apples are as well known in the Covent Garden market as a Bank of England note, and can be turned as readily into cash. In the Botanical Congress recently held in Europe, it was recommended to cultivate the finer American apples in

"orchard houses." This congress, under the presidency of the famous De Candolle, was composed of the botanists and horticulturists of Europe, and their discussions were extremely interesting. Professor Karl Kock, of Berlin, Mr. J. E. Howard, of London, and James Anderson, of Scotland, and Professor Lecoq, were amongst the number of speakers.

When our planters once become convinced of the truth of the English farming maxim, that "he who puts most into his land, gets most out of it," then we will find that the culture of fruit interferes very little with the culture of other crops. Take a ten-acre orchard of winter apples, put into it one hundred dollars' worth of phosphate of lime, two tons, and you have reason to expect twenty bushels per acre, at least of wheat, which at \$2 per bushel is \$400. The thousand apple-trees of the ten acres, at the lowest estimate, of one bushel per tree, would produce 1000 bushels, and be worth in any Southern market \$1000. (Colonel Buckner has realized, we learn, \$1400 per acre for fruit alone.) Now deduct the expense of sowing and cutting the wheat, and you have the result. Your hundred dollars' worth of phosphate pays handsomely. Mr. Pell of Pelham, cultivates almost exclusively, we are told, the Newtown Pippin. Colonel Buckner, near Milledgeville, Ga., cultivates almost exclusively the Shockly.

Our Georgia poet, of whom we are so proud, thus sings:

"—and health to him in trunk and limb,
Who plants an apple-seed!
And goldenly upon his bough,
And gladly at his knee,
Each year shall bring a brighter spring,
And fairer fruit; for he
Who draws his sap from Nature's tap,
Shall flourish like a tree."

THE BEST WINE GRAPES.

It is well known that the best table grapes are not the best wine grapes. The Isabella is a delicious table grape, and will make a beauti-

ful claret, "somewhat darker than the St. Julien," yet it scarcely pays for wine culture. It rots badly, unless trained upon walls or trees.

The Catawba is fine for both purposes, but it also is sometimes injured by rotting. It is so well known as a round purplish red grape that no description is necessary.

For the South, however, it is believed that the Warren, Pauline, and Scuppernong, are the great wine grapes.

The first is thus described by A. C., of Woodward, S. C.:

"Has leaves and wood much resembling the wild type, (wild summer grape, *Vitis estivalis*,) though the wood is not quite so red. It is a very vigorous grower, and if planted in proximity to others, will keep them under, and finally destroy them. The berry is dark, reddish-brown, not blue-black, about half an inch and over in diameter, very juicy and pleasant. Bunches often large, and more or less compact. Leaves very large, deeply lobed and of a rich green. This precious grape, which is a great bearer, gives a wine varying in color from almost white to a shade darker than Madeira, according to the time the juice has been left on the skins. It will not make a claret or red wine. It is sufficiently strong to require no sugar or brandy to preserve it from acidity; and will keep as well in a hot garret as does Madeira.

The same writer thus describes the Pauline:

"Berries light reddish-brown, transparent, juicy, very sweet, with very thin skin; about the size of the Warren. Bunches mostly loose,

shouldered and large. A most delicious table grape. In dry weather, if allowed to remain on the vines, the berries will wither and dry into raisins. Leaves large, dented, curved at the edges, yellowish green; the ends of the young branches have a peculiar blackish appearance as though diseased. Wood deep red, buds very large."

Makes a strong wine, similar to port.

The above grapes are indigenous at the South, and so is that finest of all grapes, the Scuppernong.

The Scuppernong is a genuine North-Carolinian, and also a thorough rebel, for it persistently refuses to yield its luscious fruit, when carried North of the Potomac. A fruit it will produce, but it is a mockery, a sham. No wonder Nicholas Longworth pronounced them only fit for bullets to be used in time of war. But under the warm influence of a Southern sun, it mellows into delicious softness, and a green golden hue, like the fruits of the Hesperides. The vine surpasses all others in luxuriance of growth, and requires but little pruning. There are many varieties of it, as shades of differences may be discovered in every seedling almost, and of course some are much superior to others. The wine made from this grape has a peculiar aroma, and is growing in popularity. There is a dark purple variety, which is considered by many persons superior to the white.

REVIEW NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens.

It may be thought that we have been culpably tardy in so late a notice of this production of the most prolific and popular pen of the age. Many of our readers, however, as with ourselves, have been cut off, by "force of circumstances," from access to the current literature of the day, and some of them may not even now have read a work which has fallen into our hands only within the last month.

We do not propose to give an abstract of the story, nor an analysis of its characterizations.

Both are forbidden by the space at our command, and by our consciousness of incompetency for so delicate a task. In the number and variety of its *droll* characters—in delineating which Dickens excels all living authors, and is excelled, if at all, only by Walter Scott among the departed—this last work will be found not inferior to the most successful of its predecessors. We may not, indeed, find a Wilkins Micawber, a Weller, father or son, nor a Pecksniff; but what is wanting in the striking individualizations of the *dramatis personæ*, is fully supplied in the unprecedentedly large assemblage of actors in the scenes, any one of whom would have sufficed to rescue the book from dullness and thus from oblivion.

It is sufficient to say of this work that its moral tone is unexceptionable. We pity the man or woman who goes to a novel for his religion, whether of doctrine, rites, church order, examples, precepts, or devotion. We are satisfied, so far forth, if it inculcate nothing erroneous in faith, or immoral in practice.

A friend at our elbow who, for personal reasons perhaps, feels a deeper interest in this feature of the book than we may be supposed to feel, wishes us to express our grati-

fication that Mr. Dickens has at last presented the world with a clergyman who is neither a boor nor a hypocrite, neither a fool nor a scoundrel. It is true. Mr. Silvey performs no important part in the progress or denouement of the story, yet he is a gentleman and a Christian. His wife—and our friend thinks the author deserves thanks for this also—is a lady.

One thing we must regret—that Mr. Dickens should, by the title of his book, have given the weight of his immense popularity to extend and perpetuate so gross a solecism in language as that current phrase, "Our Mutual Friend," "the low vulgarism," as Macaulay stigmatizes it, "for our *common* friend."

Science a Witness for the Bible. By the Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D.D.

Although six years have elapsed since this valuable book made its first appearance, they have been years of such excitement and engrossment in more stirring matters than the quiet perusal of a scientific treatise, that we need no apology for calling attention at this late day to this important contribution to religious literature.

Moreover, on its first appearance, the author, though well-known in his own church as a gifted clergyman, had not that wide reputation which he now has, as General Lee's chief of artillery.

It was fair to take it for granted that a book from such a man would repay the reading. The attentive *study* of it has inspired the desire that others might receive from it the same pleasure and profit which we ourselves have received. The five subjects discussed are all of great interest, viz.: 1st. Science and Revelation; 2d. The Human Family; 3d. The Chronology of Creation; 4th. The Age of Mankind; 5th. The

Monuments of Lost Ages. The style is plain, simple and clear as a sunbeam, always attractive, and sometimes eloquent.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN we were ready to go to press with the May number of this magazine, and had made all arrangements for publication in this place, we were compelled, by circumstances over which we had no control and which we could not possibly have foreseen, to send the manuscript off for publication. The proof-reading not being under our own eye, many errors have been left uncorrected, which we hope the charitable will excuse. Our own establishment will be in operation after this month, and we trust that no further apologies will be needed, and at any rate will expect no indulgence for errors arising from heedlessness and neglect.

Some of the mistakes, to which we have alluded, are very curious, as showing the influence of modern ideas. In the article headed, "Hints to Parents," we mentioned the "punishment, by stoning to death, of the disobedient son or daughter, under the Mosaic economy." Now our printer had heard so much of "starving the rebellion to death" by the parental government, that when the case of the rebellious child came up, his fingers naturally set the type for "starving" as the natural punishment. Hence our readers, conversant with the Bible, were doubtless astonished at the sentence: "The punishment, by starving to death, of the disobedient son or daughter, under the Mosaic law." As a loyal rebel we regret this mistake, since it attributes to Moses an idea that belonged appropriately to General Sherman.

A more curious error is found on the first page of the June number in the table of statistics. The first column should be headed "Free population" and the second "Slave popu-

lation," but it is just the reverse; the first is headed "slave" and the second "free." The copyist of the article is sure that his copy was right, and the proof-reader is sure that the proof was right.

We were, therefore, disposed at first to attribute this interchange of headings to some sort of conjuration, jugglery, or diablerie; but after reading some of the jacobin speeches, we thought it is so natural for the negro to take precedence of the white man that we could no longer see any thing miraculous in Sambo's appropriating the first column to himself.

But the climax is in the article on Washington in the June number. An extract of a letter is given, in which the Father of his Country says, "Error is the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character is the prerogative of freemen." Now the printer hearing the everlasting negro discussed, morning, noon, and night, has unwittingly changed the last word into "freedmen." Dickens has immortalized the expression of the hunter, from the black forests of Mississippi, "This is piling it up a leetle too mountaneyus." The attributing to Washington a speech about "freedmen," ninety years ago, was piling it quite high enough. But it is altogether "too mountaneyus" to suppose that so accurate and precise a man would confirm the prerogative of the freedmen to discussing public characters. They have the higher and more glorious prerogative of distributing gratuitously the "odeur d'Afrique" in the halls of the national Capitol.

A friend wants to know what becomes of the fines imposed by the

Freedmen's Bureau. That is a hard question. We have heard of a strong-minded woman, who advised the freedmen to bring in the jewelry and plate of their late owners to the treasury of the Lord, whereof she had been appointed treasurers. We have no doubt that the fines go to some treasury. But whether that be the treasury of the United States, or the treasury of the Lord, or the sub-treasury, we can not say. Perhaps Generals Fullerton and Steadman can inform our inquirer.

We once heard a distinguished professor at West-Point, relate a characteristic anecdote of President Jackson. After the old hero had professed repentance and conversion, his spiritual adviser was asked, "Do you believe that President Jackson is a Christian?" "Not a doubt of it," replied the clergyman. "How then do you account for his excessive bitterness against his enemies?" "Oh!" said the clergyman, "he is an Old Testament Christian of the school of Elijah and David." We have been reminded of this anecdote on reading over the proceedings of Old School Presbyterians at St. Louis, Missouri.

Far be it from us to suppose that that venerable body was not composed of Christians; but their great rancor toward the South seems to mark them out as Old Testament Christians—we will not add of the school of Elijah and David, for the latter shows in the 51st Psalm that he deeply repented of his own sins. On the contrary, all the discussions of these holy men at St. Louis show that they only repented of the sins of rebels.

Perhaps they had none of their own to mourn over.

We have been asked by a lady friend how we ought to treat "our late enemies." As her letter is without a signature, we suspect that there may be some tenderness in the

inquiry, and will therefore deal tenderly with the subject.

It is a safe rule to recognize the gentleman and man of honor wherever found, of whatever creed, sect, or nation. We can not understand how men, who have fought each other squarely and bravely, can continue to hate each other after hostilities have ceased. But we can understand how good men of both sides can loathe, with bitter loathing, house-burners, thieves, and marauders. We can understand the contempt honest men feel for the cowardly miscreants who kept out of the manly fight to trample upon and insult the weaker party after the fight was over. We would remind our lady friend that if the United States army had in it Sherman, Turchin and Butler, it had also McClellan, Buel, Reynolds, Sykes, Gibbon, Stone, Stoneman, Franklin, etc., who conducted war upon civilized principles and had no defilement of torches and silver spoons upon their hands. We have heard a story of that great statesman and jurist, Judge Butler of South Carolina, which may assist the fair lady in coming to a decision. When the judge, then Mr. B., was practicing law, a son of the Emerald Isle came into his office and used some very harsh language, in regard to a charge made against him by the firm of Butler & Co. Mr. B. indignantly ordered him out of the office. The man instantly obeyed, but returning, he put his head in the door and said: "Misther Butthler, you're a jontleman, and I will niver hurt the likes ov you; but if you'll send your partnership out here, I'll break ivery bone in his body." The Southern people have no ill-feeling toward the soldiers and true gentlemen among their late foes, but we can never think of "the partnership" without thinking of Judge Butler's Irishman.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

VOL. I.

REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, MAJ. GEN.

HD. QRS., BRECKENRIDGE'S DIV.,
D. H. HILL'S CORPS,
October, 1863. }

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report the operations of my Division in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September last.

It was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th Ky. and 4th Ala. Regiments, with Cobb's battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. B. H. Helm: the 13th, 20th, 16th, 25th and 19th La., 32nd Ala., and Austin's Battalion Sharp Shooters, with Slocomb's Battery (5th Washington Artillery,) under the command of Brig. Gen. Daniel Adams: the 1st, 3rd and 4th Fla., 47th Geo., and 60th North Carolina Regiments, with Mebane's Battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. M. A. Stovall.

My effective strength was, of enlisted men, three thousand three hundred and ninety-five. Total three thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

At daylight of the 18th my com-

mand moved from Catlett's Gap, and that neighborhood in the Pigeon Mountain, and the same afternoon took position on the East bank of the Chickamauga near Glass' Mill, and composed the extreme left of the infantry of the Army. I immediately threw the 2d Ky. across the ford to skirmish with the enemy and reveal his position, the 6th Ky. being placed in close supporting distance at the mill. Adam's Brigade was sent by order of Lt. Gen. D. H. Hill to a ford a mile and a half above, where the enemy, as the cavalry reported, threatened to cross. It was so late when these dispositions were made that nothing satisfactory was developed that night.

On the morning of the 19th Slocomb, with four guns, Cobb, with two, and the remainder of Helm's Brigade were moved across Glass' Ford to ascertain the position of the enemy, while the two rifled pieces of Slocomb's Battery, under Lt. Vaught, took position on a bluff upon the east side of the

stream. An artillery engagement ensued much to our advantage, until the enemy, who occupied the better position, brought forward a number of heavy guns and showed the greater weight of metal. While the engagement was progressing, I received an order from Lt. Gen. Hill to withdraw my command, if it could be done without too great peril, and take position about three miles south of Lee and Gordon's mill, on the road leading from Chattanooga to Lafayette, and so as to cover the approach to that road from Glass' mill and the ford above; leaving a regiment and section of artillery to observe those crossings.

The movement was made in good order, Col. Dilworth, with the 1st and 3rd (consolidated) Florida, and a section of Cobb's battery being left in observation. Our casualties, which fell upon Slocumb, Cobb and Helm were 22 killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed alone, as shown by an examination of the ground after the 20th, was nearly equal to the sum of our casualties. Although the enemy was in considerable strength at the fords above referred to, the result showed that it was a covering force to columns passing down the valley to unite with the centre and left of his army.

Soon after taking up the new position I was ordered to relieve Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson's Division, which was facing the enemy opposite Lee and Gordon's mill. The troops marched rapidly, yet it was late in the afternoon before this movement was completed. The Division was hardly in position when I received an order from the Gen. Commanding the army to move to the right, cross the Chickamauga at a point farther down, and occupy a position to be indicated. The Division crossed at Alexander's bridge and arriving between 10 and 11 o'clock at night at a field about a

mile and a half in the rear of the right of our line of battle, bivouacked there by order of Lt. Gen. Polk. Remaining some time at Lt. Gen. Polk's camp fire, I left there two hours before daylight (the 20th) to place my command in position. During the night Gen. Polk informed me that I was to prolong the line of battle upon the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne. Conducted by Maj. — of his staff and Lt. Reid, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Hill, my Division reach Cleburne's right a little after day break. Upon the re-adjustment of his line, I formed on his right, and became the extreme right of the general line of battle. Helm was on the left of my line, Stovall in the centre and Adams on the right, the last extending across a country road leading from Reid's bridge and striking the Chattanooga road at a place called Glenn's farm. The country was wooded, with small openings, and the ground unknown to me. Our skirmishers, a few hundred yards in advance, confronted those of the enemy. Our line was supposed to be parallel with the Chattanooga road.

Soon after sunrise, I received a note from Lt. Gen. Polk directing me to advance, and about the same time Maj. Gen. Cleburne, who happened to be with me, received one of the same tenor. Lt. Gen. Hill having arrived, the notes were placed in his hands: by his order the movement was delayed for the troops to get their rations, and on other accounts.

Dilworth, who had been relieved by a cavalry force late the preceding evening, and who had marched all night, now arrived and took his place in line. At 9½ A. M., by order of Lt. Gen. Hill, I moved my Division forward in search of the enemy. At a distance of 700 yards we came upon him in force, and the battle was opened by Helm's Brigade with great fury.

The 2nd and 9th Ky., with three companies of the 41st Ala. Regiment encountered the left of a line of breast-works before reaching the Chattanooga road, and though assailing them with great courage, were compelled to pause. From some cause the line of my left had not advanced simultaneously with my Division, and in consequence from the form of the enemy's works, these brave troops were at first, in addition to the fire in front, subjected to a severe enfilading fire from the left. The rest of Helm's Brigade, in whose front there were no works, after a short but sharp engagement routed a line of the enemy, pursued it across the Chattanooga road, and captured a section of artillery posted in the centre of the road.— This portion of the Brigade was now brought under a heavy front and enfilading fire, and being separated from its left and without support, I ordered Col. Jos. H. Lewis, of the 6th Ky., who succeeded to the command upon the fall of Gen. Helm, to withdraw the troops some 200 yards to the rear, re-unite the Brigade, and change his front slightly to meet the new order of things, by throwing forward his right and retiring his left. The movement was made without panic or confusion.

This was one of the bloodiest encounters of the day. Here Gen. Helm, ever ready for action, and endeared to his command by his many virtues, received a mortal wound while in the heroic discharge of his duty. Col. Hewitt, of the 2nd Ky., was killed, acting gallantly at the head of his Regiment. Capts. Madered, Rogers and Dedman, of the 2nd, Capt. Daniel, of the 9th Ky., and many other officers and men met their deaths before the enemy's works, while Col. Nuckols, of the 4th Ky., Col. Caldwell, of the 9th, and many more officers and men were wounded.

In the mean time, Adams and

Stovall advanced steadily, driving back two lines of skirmishers. Stovall halted at the Chattanooga road. Adams, after dispersing a regiment and capturing a battery, crossed at Glenn's farm and halted a short distance beyond in an open field.

When Helm's Brigade was checked, and I had given Col. Lewis orders in reference to his new position, I rode to the commands of Adams and Stovall on the right. It was now evident, from the comparatively slight resistance they had encountered, and the fact that they were not threatened in front, that our line extended beyond the enemy's left. I at once ordered these Brigades to change front perpendicularly to the original line of battle, and with the left of Adams and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road to advance upon the flank of the enemy. Slocomb's battery, which had previously done good service, was posted on favorable ground on the west of the road to support the movement.

The Brigades advanced in fine order over a field and entered the woods beyond. Stovall soon encountered the extreme left of the enemy's works, which, retiring from the general north and south direction of his entrenchments, extended westwardly nearly to the Chattanooga road. After a severe and well contested conflict, he was checked and forced to retire. Adams on the west of the road met two lines of the enemy, who had improved the short time to bring reinforcements and reform nearly at a right angle to the troops in his main line of works.

The first line was routed, but it was found impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery, and after a sanguinary contest, which reflected high honor on the Brigade, it was forced back in some confusion. Here General Adams, who is as remarkable for his judgment on the field as for

his courage, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Lt. Col. Turner, of the 19th Ia., was wounded, and the gallant Maj. Butler, of the same Regiment, was killed.

Stovall had gained a point beyond the angle of the enemy's main line of works: Adams had advanced still farther, being actually in rear of his entrenchments. A good supporting line of my Division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results. As it was, the engagement on our right had inflicted heavy losses and compelled him to weaken other parts of the line to hold his vital point. Adams' Brigade reformed behind Slocomb's battery, which repulsed the enemy by a rapid and well directed fire, rendering on this occasion important and distinguished service.

By order of Lt. Gen. Hill my Division was withdrawn a short distance to recruit, while the troops of Maj. Gen. Walker engaged the enemy. My new line was about six hundred yards in advance of the position on which I formed first in the morning, with a slight change of direction, which brought my right relatively nearer the Chattanooga road. Soon after taking this position an attack was reported on our right flank. It proved to be Granger's corps coming up from Rossville, and threatening our right with a part of his force.

At the request of Brig. General Forrest, I sent him a section of Cobb's battery under the command of Lt. Gracie, who assisted handsomely in repulsing the enemy.

At the request of the Brigade commanders, the Artillery of the Division had been ordered to report to the Brigades with which they were accustomed to serve.—Cobb's battery, from the nature of the ground, could not participate to its accustomed extent, yet, as

opportunity offered, it displayed its accustomed gallantry. The excellent battery of Capt. Mebane, for the same reason, was able to take little part in the action.

The afternoon was waning and the enemy still obstinately confronted us in his entrenchments.

I received permission from Lt. Gen. Hill to make another charge. A line of troops on my right, and covering a part of my front, advanced at the same time. A portion of these troops obliqued to the right and my line passed through the rest, who seemed to be out of ammunition, so that after moving a few hundred yards the enemy alone was in my front. The Division advanced with intrepidity under a severe fire and dashed over the left of the entrenchments. In passing them I saw on my left the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne, whose brave Division stormed the centre.

Several hundred of the enemy ran through our lines to the rear, the rest were pursued several hundred yards and beyond the Chattanooga road, of these some were killed, and a good many taken prisoners, but most of them escaped through the darkness. It was now night: pursuit was stopped by order of Lt. Gen. Hill, and throwing out pickets, I bivouacked in line near the road.

The prisoners taken by my command, of whom there was a considerable number, were allowed to go to the rear, since details could not be spared for them, and it was known they would be gathered up there.

The Division captured nine pieces of Artillery. I am aware that it is usually the whole army, not a part of it, that takes guns from the enemy, and that often the troops who obtain possession of them owe their good fortune quite as much to fire from the right and left as to their own efforts. Yet I think it due to my command that in regard to six at

least of these guns, such considerations do not apply, and that they were taken without assistance from any other troops.

My total casualties, as shown by official reports, twelve hundred and forty, of which number one hundred and sixty-six (166) were killed, nine hundred and nine (909) wounded, and one hundred and sixty-five (165) missing.

To Brig. Gen. Stovall, to Col. Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helm's Brigade, and to Col. R. L. Gibson, who succeeded to the command of Adams' Brigade, the country is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties.

The officers and men of the Division, with exceptions so rare as to place in striking contrast to them the general good conduct, sustained their former reputation, and were alike worthy of each other.

To the gentlemen of my Staff I feel sincere gratitude for the prompt, fearless and cheerful manner in which they discharged their duties.

Major Wilson, Asst. Adj. Gen., Col. Von Zinken, A. I. Gen., who had two horses shot under him, Capt. Mastin, A. I. Gen., who received a contusion from a grape shot, Lt. Breckenridge, Aide-de-Camp, whose horse was shot, Capt. Semple, ordnance officer, Lt. Berties (20th La.,) A. A. I. G., Dr. Heustis, Chief Surgeon, Dr. Kratz, on duty in the field, and Messrs McGehee, Coleman, Mitchell, and Clay, volunteers on my Staff, performed their duties in a manner to command my confidence and regard.

One member of my Staff I can not thank. Major R. E. Graves,

Chief of Artillery, received a mortal wound in the action of Sunday, the 20th. Although a very young man, he had won eminence in arms, and gave promise of the highest distinction. A truer friend, a purer patriot, a better soldier never lived.

I am, Colonel,
very respectfully,
your ob't. serv't.

J. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Maj. Gen. P. A. C. S.

LT. COL. ARCHER ANDERSON,
A. A. Gen., HILL's Corps.

ENDORSEMENT OF REPORT.

In speaking of the final attack on the afternoon of the 20th, Gen. Breckenridge employs a phrase in a different sense from its ordinary meaning. He says: "I *received permission* from Lt. Gen. Hill to make another charge." The facts in the case are simply these: About 3½ P. M., or it may be a little later, I ordered another Maj. Gen., not of my Corps, but who had been sent to report to me, to make the attack, telling him that Breckenridge's men, after their repulse, were scarcely in a condition to make another charge. He replied, "my Division was sent by Gen. Polk as a support to Gen. Breckenridge, and under my orders, I can do nothing more than support him." I then returned to Gen. Breckenridge, told him of this conversation, and asked him if his troops were ready to renew the attack. He answered, "yes, I think they are." I then added, "Well, then, move promptly and strike hard." The Division responded to the order with a cheer, moved off in most beautiful style and made a most glorious charge.

D. H. HILL,
Lt. General.

SKETCHES OF GEN. JACKSON.

GEN. JACKSON'S mind was remarkable for its directness and originality. When it was necessary for him to participate in the discussion of a mooted question, he rarely took up the line of reasoning which had been pursued by any of the previous disputants: he paused neither to discuss nor refute them. His method was to recur to some premise which others had overlooked, and which led, by a short and convincing direction, to his own conclusion, thus making an end of controversy.—And it was very likely that his manner of stating this premise, and indicating his argument (for he rarely said more than was necessary to suggest it) was by jerking out a sharp question. When he drove Banks from Winchester in 1862, an instance occurred, which although trivial, illustrated this habit of mind. A multitude of sutlers had followed the Yankee army thither; and among these were two Marylanders.—Jackson's movements, as usual, were rather too prompt to give these trading gentry time to remove their wares; and the Marylanders adopted the expedient of secreting so much of their stock as they could by removing it to private houses before they decamped. After the Confederate Head-Quarters were quietly established in the town, a reputable widow lady, resident in the place, appeared before the Adjutant and stated that she was in trouble about two barrels of fine French Brandy, left in the cellar of her dwelling by the Marylanders, who had boarded with her. She said that she had always tried to do her duty, and that although she had reluctantly consented that her guests might deposite their brandy there for concealment, being misled by their specious reasoning, her conscience was now

uncertain whether by keeping their secret she should not be defrauding the country by violating the sequestration law of the confederacy. She had therefore determined to make a clean breast, and state the whole case. The Marylanders had urged that they were not alien enemies, that they were citizens of a State known to be friendly to the Confederacy, that their own sympathies were with that cause, and above all, that the sequestration law expressly excepted debts and claims due to citizens of Maryland from seizure. This had seemed to her at first satisfactory; yet when she remembered that they came to Winchester with the Yankees, and fled thence with them, she had misgivings. Her case was stated to General Jackson, when he answered with great quickness, and seeming impatience. "Did those men *pay license tax* to the Virginia Commissioners of Revenue in Winchester, sir? Did they expose those goods to sale here in compliance with Virginia laws? No, sir. They came here under the protection of the public enemy: let them share his fate. Turn the brandy over to the Commissioners of sequestration, and tell Dr. McGuire (medical Director) to apply for it for the use of the sick." In the blockaded condition of the Confederacy, French brandy was at prices even more fabulous than the famed Johannisberg, the drink of Austrian Princes; and two barrels were no SMALL PRIZE for the scantily supplied hospitals.

Gen. Jackson's silence was attributed by some to his inability to express himself with ease and propriety. Some have been absurd enough to say that when subordinate officers ventured to argue in justification of their conduct, with a fluency which Jackson felt himself incapable of equal-

ing, he was accustomed to take refuge under the assumption that their language was insubordinate, and to save himself the difficult labor of reply, by the short decision: "Please to consider yourself as under arrest, sir." Certain it is, that many restive young officers, during their "breaking in" to his iron rule, found themselves "brought up all standing," by this sentence, very unexpectedly to themselves. But it was a great error to suppose that Jackson was deficient in the power of ready and appropriate expression. At least, when animated, he occasionally gave utterance to passages of almost inimitable beauty and power. If they were very short, as they almost always were, it was because his terse, direct style of thinking required but little time to eviscerate his subject. An instance of this true rhetorical power occurred during the quiet respite after the battle of Port Republic. A gentleman came to Head-Quarters, whose costume, courteous and stately address, and silvery locks, bespoke him at once as one of the class, now, we fear, destined to an early extinction, whose high honor, hospitality, breeding, and cultivation, once gave such just *eclat* to Virginian society. His only son, a gallant and staunch soldier, was Captain in one of the Virginia Regiments. He had come from his home, upon hearing of the victory, to see if his darling boy was alive, and to get for him a few days leave, that he might receive the embraces of his anxious mother. But on the question of furloughs, the Adjutant was politely inexorable. He said his orders were positive, to let no man leave the command, who was well enough for duty; and that it would be more than his (official) head was worth, to violate them. Mr. O. said that he *could not* carry back so cruel a disappointment to his wife, and asked leave to have the application referred to

the General. "I cannot do it myself," said the Adjutant, "for it will only procure a stern reprimand for me, and no furlough for Capt. O. But if you choose to expose yourself to the certain rebuff, I will introduce you, provided you will wait until the General seems at leisure." Mr. O. accepted these terms. After a time the General was seen sauntering from his tent for a moment's relaxation, and the applicant was introduced. He began by gracefully congratulating Jackson, without fulsomeness, upon his successes; and the General was evidently very pleasantly impressed by the person and bearing of his visitor. Mr. O. then immediately improved his opportunity to push his request, in about these words: "General, my boy is captain in the — Va., and I want to borrow him for his mother, just for three days, now while things are quiet. I am proud to hear that he has tried to do his duty like a man. He is the only son of his mother; and she has not seen him since the war began, for he has never had a day's leave. If you will lend him to her, that she may only see him, I promise faithfully that I will bring him to camp myself, at the end of the third day."

The Adjutant was inquisitive to see how the General would meet this petition. He began with a tone and manner of inimitable tenderness, to express his sincere sorrow at being unable to confer the happiness desired. "But," he said, "our armies are inadequate in numbers to their task; they are now suffering greatly from "absenteeism;" they have an arduous task before them. He could not but believe that such an officer as Capt O. (for he knew his gallant character,) would rather sacrifice present gratification, dear as it was to the heart of a son, than set an example injurious to the service, and thus undo what he has so nobly aided to accom-

plish by his toils and dangers.— If he might be pardoned for presuming to estimate the heart of Mrs. O. as a Virginian mother, he should judge of her by the chivalrous qualities of her noble boy, derived, as he believed, from her. And thus judging, he felt sure that her mother's heart would justify his refusal, and prefer not to see her son at the expense of duty, and to reserve the joy of embracing him until they could taste it unalloyed by that thought."

As he delivered these remarks his air of gentleness was gradually mingled with an increasing dash of martial fire. When he closed, the old gentleman seemed to have forgotten all about his son's furlough. At least he made no farther allusion to it; but with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his features working with emotions, seized the General's hand between both of his, and shaking it warmly, exclaimed: "May God bless you, Gen. Jackson! If it only pleased Him that the weight of fewer years were resting on these old shoulders, I should be with you myself, to aid in fighting this quarrel through, under your banner."

Gen. Jackson's favorite horse, Fancy, or as he was more familiarly called, Little Sorrel, and his groom, black Jim, were almost as familiar objects about the camp as the General himself. This horse was purchased in 1861, at Harper's Ferry, and was selected by him chiefly with reference to Mrs. Jackson's use. But he learned to stand fire so quickly, and proved to be a horse of such capital paces, courage and endurance, that he was appropriated to less gentle uses, and became the General's favorite charger. Rare must be the circumstances which would induce him to ride any other horse in action, if Little Sorrel were not positively *hors de combat*. His stud was recruited, by present or purchase, with many other, and

more stately steeds; but to the end of the war, this horse held his place in his master's preference; and he was on his back, when, in the thickets at Chancellorsville, he received the fatal shots which cost his life. After the General was lifted, almost fainting, from his back, he stood quietly beside the group which surrounded him endeavoring to bind up his wound. When he was placed upon the litter to be borne from the field, Capt. Jas. Power Smith, the General's aid, having lifted one corner of the precious burden upon his shoulder, drew his other arm through the bridle, and led the horse behind him. But when those frightful volleys occurred, by which a part of the litter-bearers themselves were struck down, the animal seemed to be seized with uncontrollable terror, broke away, and rushed through the woods, no one knew whither. Some days after, he came into the encampment of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, *minus* his saddle and bridle, and gaunt with famine. There he was at once recognized, cared for, and sent to Gov. Letcher, by whom he was forwarded to the home of Mrs. J. in North Carolina. In this quiet retreat he still lives, cherished for the memory of the immortal deeds in which he bore his humble, but faithful part, pampered with the greenest pastures, and the biggest ears of Indian corn. May Little Sorrel live to a green old age! May it be his to face no more hurtling shells, and to feel no more the armed heel, urging him with quivering ears and fiery, dilated nostril into the sulphureous war cloud. But may his task be to bear, with patriarchal pride and heed, the lithe form of the heiress of his glorified master, along the shaded green lanes which the Southern girl is wont to thread, on her way to the country school, or the cot of the suffering poor, or the rustic sanctuary.

On the night which succeeded

the battle of Fredericksburg, a little incident occurred which confirms at once the statements made above, and illustrates the kindly relations existing between Southern master and servants, and the way in which the latter often govern the former. Long before daylight the friend with whom Jackson was sharing his cot was aroused by his arising from his short slumber and returning to the writing of despatches. After a little he called: "Jim!" (Sir.) "Saddle Little sorrel for me, I must ride." (Yes, sir.) Very soon he donned his overcoat and left the tent, when the following colloquy was overheard from without: "Why, Jim, this isn't Little Sorrel; I told you to saddle him." "Yes, sir," said Jim, "but I thought you rode him so hard yesterday it was out of the question for you to ride him again to-day." "No," said the General, "I must have Little Sorrel; you know I *never ride any other in action*."—[Hereupon the friend within the tent exclaimed to himself: "Aha! So there is going to be another battle! There is secrecy off its guard, for once, at least."] But Jim replied, "I declare, General, Little Sorrel ain't fitten for you to ride to-day. He is done knocked up, sir, completely, this time, certain. You 'bleeged to ride some other horse to-day, anyhow, until I rub him, and get him straightened up again." Upon this the General said, in a deprecatory tone, "Well, well; you must have your way about it," and mounting, road away.

General Jackson was exceedingly unobtrusive in his manners, and unwilling to give trouble.—He shrunk from receiving attentions which were paid to his rank, and especially when he supposed that they were paid at the cost of inconvenience to others. An instance of this feeling was related, while his *corps* was upon its march towards Port Royal, after the bat-

tle of Fredericksburg. Winter had now set in, and the weather was inclement. Night overtook him and his Staff, upon a by-road which they were pursuing, far from their baggage; and some of the younger members, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of Hayfields, the seat of Mr. Taylor, and Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. Corbin, during their frequent errands on army business, suggested to the General that he was not far from these houses, and would be received with honor at either of them. But he demurred at imposing himself, with so large a suite, on strangers, and insisted on *bivouacking* for the night. "Why," he asked, "should they think it a hardship to do so, when so many thousands of brave comrades were doing it nightly? Besides it was a soldierly and picturesque way of resting; and no sleep was more healthy or refreshing than that *subDio*, beside a glowing camp fire." The staff acquiesced, and in a manner savouring very little of enthusiasm, selected a place in the forest, where they tethered their horses, and kindled a fire.—They then prepared such accommodations for sleeping as their saddles furnished, and went supperless to bed—but not to sleep.—The night became increasingly stormy, and a chilling nor-wester rose to a perfect gale. If they ventured near the fire the smoke, ashes and embers were blown into their eyes; if they kept at a distance they were nearly frozen. At length, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at a blast of unusual severity, an enormous dead pine came thundering down across the fire, scattering the brands afar, and falling very near where the General was lying in uneasy slumber. The advent of this new enemy seemed to revolutionize at once his admiration for the *bivouack*, and when a new suggestion was made to adjourn, at that unseasonable hour, to Moss Neck, and ask shelter, he

received it most approvingly.—About midnight, the party arrived there, thoroughly chilled and dispirited. The house was occupied then only by its mistress, and some female friends, refugees from Fredericksburg; and a summons at such an hour, from a group of armed men, was received, as may be supposed, with no little trepidation. But when they learned

who their visitor was, their alarm was changed into delight. This visit resulted in the selection of Moss Neck as Head-Quarters for the remainder of the winter. But General Jackson, when he removed thither, was too considerate to accept of quarters in the noble mansion, and insisted on confining himself to a hunting lodge at the edge of the lawn.

NUTRITION OF ANIMALS.

EVERYTHING that relates to the functions of life, whether animal or vegetable, is interesting. The mind is so constituted that just in proportion as mystery invests any subject, its faculties and energies are aroused to penetrate that mystery and contemplate what lies beyond the veil. While in spiritual matters a prurient desire to pry into "secret things" may not be desirable, in things temporal, and especially physical, this persistent curiosity which brooks no denial, is a valuable quality, and has led the mind to noble conquests over the realms of darkness and ignorance.

This is true of the economy of life: many of its laws have already yielded to the earnest scrutiny of scientific research and practical experiment, so that where midnight darkness till comparatively recently reigned over everything, the torch of science has been kindled and many rays of light have penetrated the gloom to cheer and animate the enquirer. We propose to gather up some of these scattered rays and concentrate them for the use of our readers upon points of practical interest.

The discussion of the nutrition of animals including a consideration of the best kinds of food, the best modes of preparing it, and its proper administration to promote the best interests of the farmer,

requires, for greater clearness and simplicity, some elementary statements as to the composition of food and the functions of the animal. In the first place, a proximate analysis shows several classes of compounds in all plants used for food, each of which has its own separate and appropriate office—work in the perpetuation of animal life. One class of these compounds, and by far the largest, and of which starch may be considered the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only and the two latter in the precise proportions in which they are found united to make common water: to this group belongs starch, woody fiber, gum, sugar, &c., and each of these therefore contains exactly the same elements as would be found in a glass of charcoal and water. A second class of which the adhesive substance in wheaten flour called gluten, may be taken as the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen—the same elements as those of the last class with the addition of nitrogen: to this division belong gluten, albumen, casein, &c. A third class consists of soluble and insoluble salts—substances derived from the earth, and which are found in the ashes of plants when they have been consumed, such as phosphates of lime and magnesia and common salt.

These several classes we have said have each separate and appropriate functions to perform in the animal system when taken up in the food. The soluble and insoluble salts are the materials out of which are elaborated the bones of the animal—its solid frame work. The gluten, albumen, &c., are formed into museles, sinews, and tendons—the cords and pulleys, as it were, by which the framework is united, and its joints and levers put into motion. The oils of the starch group are appropriate to lubricate the machinery and give suppleness, fullness and symmetry to all the parts. The other elements of the starch group serve the important purpose of furnishing the requisite vital heat to the whole system—thus keeping up the steam by which the engine is kept in working order. To know the uses which these various substances in food subserve in the animal economy is evidently quite as important as to know what the substances themselves are:—the value depends upon the use.

Now that the salts found in the ashes of plants consisting mainly of phosphates and alkalies do serve the special purpose, when taken into the system, of forming the bones of animals is evident, from analysis, which shows that these bones actually contain these salts. More than fifty per cent. of the bones of ordinary animals is phosphate of lime. This fact, it will be perceived, is an important guide to the selection of proper food for young animals or such as require much bone—forming material to supply their increasing skeleton: the best food for such purposes would evidently be that which abounds in the earthy phosphates, such as the cereals generally, and especially the bran from these substances; and also red clover among the grasses.

The same sort of evidence from analysis equally demonstrates the

fact that the museles, sinews and tendons of the system are formed from the class of glutenous compounds which we have seen contain nitrogen, because these, as found in the plant, are, in composition, identical with, or strictly analogous to the muscular parts of the animal. Here again the light of science guides us in the selection of suitable food: such animals as require a rapid and full development of muscles and sinews must be fed upon those substances which are rich in nitrogenous matter as, corn and oats and especially peas and beans among the seeds; and the leguminous plants when hay is used.

The oils of the plant in like manner are often found, with little or no change, appropriated by the animal economy, and treasured up in the system where it serves all the purposes of the fats and oils which are needful for the perfect development of man or beast. The fact that the oils of plants are thus transferred to the animal system from the food he eats gives us an easy solution of the difference in the fattening qualities of different substances.—Indian corn is the richest of our common grains in oil, and is therefore the best for fattening animals; for the same reason, in all the cereals, the bran and coarser parts are better than the flour.

It is also true that the non-nitrogenous substances, including the oils with starch, gum and sugar, which, in the aggregate, constitute far the greatest part of vegetables used as food, do not, as we have already hinted, permanently enter into the animal system—are not in the fullest sense nutritious. They only serve like the fuel of a furnace to keep up the requisite heat, except so far as the oils may be necessary in addition to grease and lubricate the machinery: but this important fact not depending like the others already stated upon a direct analy-

sis of corresponding parts of the plant and animal may need some further illustration to enforce its truth.

The proposition then is that the whole non-nitrogenous group of substances found in our food, so far as they are digested at all, are not appropriated as nutriment by the animal system, but are consumed in the lungs and blood to supply the necessary animal heat: in other words, the living animal is a consuming fire, the starch, &c., of his food is the daily fuel, his lungs supply the necessary air, and the glow of his animal heat is the result of a spontaneous combustion. To make out this proposition clearly it will be necessary to go somewhat into details.—Starch and the associated substances already specified contain as we have said only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Now the fact that no part of the animal, except the fats, corresponds to this composition, should of itself suggest the probability that these substances do not become incorporated with the system like the albuminous matters which have their corresponding parts in the muscles and sinews, or like the earthy phosphates which are represented in the bones. Vegetable albumen is identical with animal albumen, vegetable fibrin has the same composition as animal fibrin, vegetable casein is similar, both in composition and chemical qualities to animal casien—but we have no animal starch, no animal sugar. What then becomes of these non-nitrogenous compounds? We will see. Take a small quantity of either of these substances, starch, for instance, and burn it in the fire: the compound is broken up into its elements, its hydrogen and oxygen recombine to form water and pass up the chimney as steam or invisible vapor; its carbon also unites with the oxygen of the air forming carbonic acid gas which in like manner

passes off with the vapor so that nothing is left behind. Now is there anything corresponding to this in the animal system?

Breathe gently upon a cold pane of glass or other similar substance, and you will find from the heavy deposition of moisture upon its surface that your breath is full of aqueous vapor which was invisible till thus condensed by the cold surface: take also a little lime-water in a tumbler and, by the aid of a small tube, blow your breath into it so that it shall bubble up through the water, and immediately a turbid milky appearance is produced in the liquid; this milky appearance is common chalk formed by the union of the carbonic acid in your breath with the lime in the water.

Here then are both the products of the former combustion made visible—the vapor condensed upon the glass and the carbonic acid condensed in the tumbler, while there is nothing left to represent the starch exactly as in the case of combustion in the fire.

What then is the conclusion?—Man is a blast-furnace; his lungs is the bellows to supply air, his nostrils the chimney to convey off the smoke, his food the fuel which keeps up the combustion, while his bowels receive the ashes. This position may be fortified by many illustrations which, while they throw an increased light upon the philosophy of digestion and nutrition, exhibit in a striking manner the wisdom and goodness of God displayed in the wonderful mechanism of this furnace. That the animal system derives its heat in part from a true combustion is clearly seen by the minute analogy which obtains between the process of respiration and an ordinary fire. If the supply of air to a furnace is cut off the fire dies out, in like manner if breathing stops the “lamp of life” is extinguished.—Again, air that has once passed through a fire will not afterwards

support a vigorous combustion, so in crowded rooms where we breathe the breaths of other men, headaches and other evidences of a disordered system are produced. Singing, working, running, &c., increases the appetite, because they increase the rapidity of breathing—the faster the bellows blows the brisker the fire burns and the more fuel should be added to support the combustion. On this account children must eat more frequently than full grown persons; they breathe faster, their animal heat is greater, and they would starve sooner: it is said that a child would starve in three days, a full grown man in twenty, while some reptiles live for many months without food, the fire burns so slowly. On this principle also we can abstain longer from food if asleep, and some animals becoming torpid eat nothing during the longest winters; they scarcely breathe, but the fire smoulders on, and they become poor and lean; the furnace from lack of fuel consumes itself. This is the case with all animals when either food is withheld or the lungs unduly stimulated.

Everything that renders the body restive and impatient excites the lungs to increased action, and if food is not correspondingly augmented a thin and emaciated condition soon follows: this explains, in part, the plump, rotund, aldermanic figure of some of our good natured, easy citizens, who take everything in life so quietly. Shakspeare was a judge of nature, and one of his touches is given in the following interview:

CÆSAR—"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep
o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a *lean and hungry*
look;
He thinks too much: Such men are
dangerous."
ANTONY—"Fear him not, Cæsar, he's
not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given."
CÆSAR—"Would he were *fatter*."

But the oils of vegetables used as food, and which equally belong to the non-nitrogenous bodies, seem to form an exception to the proposition that the whole class is consumed by the respiration of the animal. These oils are appropriated, it is true, by the digestive functions, and being modified to suit the necessities of the animal, are stored away in the system where they serve many useful purposes, such as softening the tissues, protecting the bones, muscles and sinews, and giving completeness to form and motion.—Yet while these incidental offices are fulfilled in the animal economy by the various kinds of fat, it seems not improbable that the chief and ultimate end of all oils is to supply the fuel for respiration. The fat of the animal system is only a sort of storehouse in which a wise Providence has laid up supplies for a day of need and this supply may be evidently greatly increased or diminished without detriment to health. When other sources of fuel fail this depository is promptly drawn upon to meet the demand; and when there is a surplus the excess is carefully husbanded and laid away in this treasury for future use. To see how fully the oily matters conform ultimately to the peculiarities of all the other non-nitrogenous compounds, and how truly we are indeed a consuming furnace, mark the progress of disease when nutrition fails or when food is cut off by famine; first, the fatty parts of the system, because most combustible, like a burning candle wastes away, till little more than a living skeleton of bones and sinews thinly clad with skin, remains. The devouring fire then seeking such other portions as are most combustible next feeds upon the brain and nervous matter till delirium ensues and "life's brief candle" soon goes out. Thus precisely those substances disappear in order which are known to be most

easily consumed and which would burn most rapidly if thrown into a common furnace.

Thus the case is fairly made out that a slow and continued combustion is ever progressing in the bodies of animals, and that the appropriate fuel for this process is found in the non-nitrogenous constituents of the food. This conclusion is not more interesting to the scientific student than it is important to the practical stock raiser. From this stand-point he can clearly see why his potatoes and turnips, more than nine-tenths of which is starch and water, will not give vigor and strength to his working animals, nor muscle, bone and fat to his stock cattle: by it he is taught the necessity of increased supplies of food for his animals during winter, because of increased combustion in the animal system which takes place to counteract the increased cold of the season; by it he learns the importance of warm and comfortable shelter to protect his stock from severe weather as the best means of retarding combustion and thus economising the consumption of his provender; by it he sees the advantage of perfect quiet and undisturbed repose for his fattening animals, that the oils of their food may be laid up in their system instead of being consumed by the increased combustion that activity would engender.

These dietetic principles are as applicable to man as to the brute. The Esquimaux Indian during his severe arctic winters would feel that he had dined but lightly if he had only eaten several pounds of whale blubber or a dozen or two of tallow candles; this would be hardly enough to supply a combustion adequate to the demands of his situation. But think not that we would degrade man, God's last and noblest work of creation, by our figures and comparisons: If man be a furnace, it is a furnace "fearfully and wonderfully made,"

marvelous in all its appointments, and worthy of the immortal spirit that basks in the glow of its genial heat. Man a furnace! Oh that he were, not only materially but spiritually, and all aglow with love and adoring gratitude for the goodness and mercy that keeps such complicated machinery so perfectly adjusted. Poor man! if a single band be loosened, of the thousands upon which his hopes depend, the feeble spark just smouldering within becomes extinct, and his shivering spirit, like some snow-bound arctic dweller, leaves its icy house all cold and tenantless. None but the infinite Wisdom that created, can preserve this wonderful furnace for a single moment.

But, to return, let us briefly point out the general bearing of views thus far considered.

We have seen that the various compounds which constitute vegetable food may be divided into three classes, each of which has its appropriate office in the economy of life: the albuminous substances containing nitrogen, are chiefly muscle or flesh-forming compounds; the phosphates and other earthy salts are mainly bone-forming elements; the non-nitrogenous bodies are mostly employed in the production of heat for the animal system, while the oils of this group specially serve for laying up stores of fat for future uses. These facts clearly indicate the significance of these substances in the food of animals and show the importance of an accurate knowledge to all who would deal with the subject of animal nutrition either judiciously or intelligently. And we may add in passing that the same conclusions which we have drawn in regard to vegetable diet may be extended to the food of carnivorous animals also; the *flesh* they eat has the same phosphates to make bones, the same albuminous compounds to create new flesh, the same oily

substances for combustion which it at first obtained from the plant, and which is now destined to be transferred to a second animal.—All the elements of flesh are first elaborated in the plant so that whether we draw our subsistence from the vegetable or animal kingdom the elements of our food are substantially the same, and to the view of the philosopher it ceases to be regarded as only a figure of speech when we say “all flesh is grass.” Animal diet is indeed more concentrated than vegetable food, because far the greater part of the combustible matter, such as the starch and sugar that was in the vegetable, has been consumed while being converted into flesh, but still in this more concentrated form we have only what was formerly derived from the vegetable.—Now, if the substances which are needed to build up the animal system be thus mainly furnished to hand, ready made and fashioned from the raw material by the living forces of the vegetable kingdom, and thus stored away as food, it is plain that a knowledge of the constituents of that food must settle many of the gravest practical questions in animal husbandry.—Indeed such knowledge lies at the foundation of all successful practice. With each change in the animal's condition, whether from young to old, from fat to poor, or from hot to cold on the one hand, and with every change in the object contemplated by the stock grower on the other, whether it be to make beef or butter, to secure labor or manure, there should be a corresponding change in the food administered and the management of the animal under treatment. This could not be done without a competent knowledge of the various kinds of food, and their various offices in the animal economy. How would a mechanic succeed with a Gothic structure if furnished only with Doric and Corinthian columns? Quite as

well as the vital principle would succeed in building up a solid frame work of bones and muscles out of starch and sugar. We must understand the materials we employ if we would appropriate them to right ends. The fact is that the animal system is essentially of the Composite Order and requires some of all the different materials for its construction, and a corresponding knowledge of all is essential to a proper management.—What we most need is a familiar practical acquaintance with the composition and especially the nutritive qualities of each of the substances most commonly employed as food in this country. To furnish this information to some extent we have compiled the accompanying table from analyses found chiefly in the works of Prof. Johnston and Norton:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Water.	Husk or Fiber.	Starch, Gum, Sugar, &c.	Gluten, Albumen, Casein &c.	Oilly matter.	Inorganic matter.
Indian Corn	12	14	46	17	9	2
Wheat,	15	15	51	15	2	2
Oats,	16	15	45	16	6	2
Rye,	12	16	54	13	3	2
Barley,	15	15	60	12	2	2
Rice,	13	4	74	7	1	1
Peas,	14	9	48	24	2	3
Beans,	16	10	40	28	2	3
Potatoes,	75	4	17	2	1 1/2	1
Turnips,	87	2	9	1 1/2	1 1/2	1
Carrots,	85	3	10	2	1 1/2	1
Meadow Hay	14	30	40	71-10	3 1/2	7 1/2
Clover,	14	25	40	93-10	3 1/2	9
Pea “	12	25	45	123-10	1 1/2	5
Wheat Straw	12	50	30	13-10	1 1/2	5
Oat “	12	45	35	13-10	4-5	6
Cow's Milk,	87	00	44-5	4 1/2	3	3-5

The first two columns gives the proportions of water and woody fiber contained in equal quantities of our common foods, and can only be regarded as diluted elements, contributing nothing to the nutrition of the animal: the water, of course, has its uses in the animal economy, but is supplied abundantly from other sources, while the fiber, being of difficult digestion, passes through the system mainly unaltered. The third col-

umn gives the relative amount of starch, gum and sugar, and thus shows the quantity of our food which is expended to keep up the animal heat. From an examination of this column it will be seen that the relatively large amount of these elements of combustion in all of our articles of diet renders it of comparatively little importance that we should make any special provisions to supply them; nature has sufficiently guarded that point against ordinary contingencies, a fact that sufficiently indicates the intrinsic importance of the office of these compounds to the healthful discharge of the animal functions: the fact that they are the same general composition with the oils, and may be converted into fatty matters when these are deficient in the animal system, increases this intrinsic importance.

The fourth column contains the proportions of the true nutritive elements of animal diet—the flesh-forming compounds of our food; and it is to the proper supply of these substances that both science and experience direct the attention of the practical stock-feeder: a simple glance down the fourth column will show how varied are the proportions in which these substances exist in the different articles of food. The fifth column gives us the relative amount of oily matters. Upon the quantity of these substances depends mainly the fattening properties of food: this column really belongs to the same category with the third or starch group of substances, both being properly elements of combustion, and both being capable also of conversion into animal fats; but as the oils of the vegetable need little or no transformation to suit them to the wants of the animal, nature like a good economist appropriates those which are already made to hand rather than waste her strength in fashioning out of starch or sugar new materials; because therefore these oils are chiefly se-

lected to be stored up in the animal system we have given them a separate column that the fattening qualities of each kind of food might be more clearly indicated. The inorganic substances which are the bone-forming elements, are contained in the sixth or last column; though this table does not indicate the different kinds of minerals found in each plant, such a specification would be essential to a full understanding of the significance of the inorganic parts of food; but as this would require an additional table it will be sufficient for our present purposes to state in a general way that the *valuable* mineral constituents of food will be found mainly associated with, and in proportion to, the albuminous and other elements of the fourth column. Far the greater portion of the inorganic matter indicated in the analysis of hay, straw, &c., is of no use to animals, being silicious matter which never enters into the composition of the animal system.

We may remark upon the entire table that it can only be regarded as an approximation, a sort of average value of the various substances contained in the food of which it treats, for it is well known that these different substances indicated in the several columns, differ somewhat in quantity, not only with the different varieties of the same plant, but also in the same variety, with difference of quantity resulting from soil, climate or manure used in cultivation: but the various kinds of food notwithstanding retain always their distinctive characters, only varying within narrow limits, so that the general inferences from the table may be considered reliable, while individual substances may differ with the quality of the specimen examined; for instance it must have been an unusually good specimen of Indian corn that yielded the analysis given in our list, and the same might be said of the oats and

meadow hay, while perhaps the specimen of wheat could not be considered relatively so good.—Contemplating then the table as a whole, it will be seen that the common grain crops yield us the most nutritive articles of food, and that of these, corn and oats, having the most albuminous matter, are the most nourishing, while rice is the least so. This statement does not include peas and beans which it is seen far exceed in nutritive qualities all other articles contained in the table; they are not, however, so suitable, in consequence of a deficiency in oily matter, for fattening purposes as corn, oats or rye. Corn is indeed the richest of all our cereal crops in oily matter, while peas or beans are best furnished with flesh-forming compounds: if, then, corn and peas be mixed in proper proportions they will mutually improve each other for the general purposes of stock feeding.

The root crops have relatively but little either of the flesh-forming or fattening elements of food, but still, the practical farmer will find them valuable adjuncts to his stores of forage on account of the immense products per acre, which they will yield when the soil and climate are suited to their growth. Indeed the turnip, which is the least nutritive of the root crops given in

the table, is said to yield more nutritive matter, per acre, than any other plant that is cultivated except the cabbage.

Among the grasses pea-hay, as is shown by the analysis, holds the same rank as the pea itself does among the seed crops: it surpasses both clover and meadow hay in nutritive elements, but is surpassed by them both in oily matter.

This suggests again the advantages that would accrue from a combination of these different kinds of forage whenever they are to be fed to working animals. Nature too seems to indicate the advantage of having all the elements of food pretty equally distributed in the rations allowed to animals if we would secure the best general results. The analysis of cow's milk, where the elements of respiration, nutrition, and fattening all exist in not very different proportions, points to this conclusion; then, as mixing the different kinds of food would tend to promote this equalization of qualities, it would be an advantage, as a general rule, thus to mix or vary them from time to time as the wants of the animal seem to require; by this arrangement the deficiencies of the one are supplemented by the qualities of the other.

(*To be continued.*)

A SAD STORY.

JONATHAN PURE was one of the very best of American farmers. He had the strongest horses, the sleekest cattle, the fattest hogs, and the woolliest sheep in his country. His ploughs made the deepest furrows and cast the widest mould, his axes, his hoes, his scythe-blades were the sharpest and brightest. Fences straight as meridian lines and tall like maypoles enclosed the richest fields of corn

and grain and the greenest pastures of the choicest grasses. His daughters were just twice the number of the graces, and all the young men for miles around thought them to be twice as charming. His hale, hearty sons were in number just seven—the symbol of perfection. The world pronounced Jonathan Pure a very happy man, with his family of thirteen dutiful children, with his thrifty

farm and his well-filled purse.— But alas! “there is a skeleton in every closet,” as says the Italian proverb, and Jonathan, the envy of all his neighbors, began to wear a sour and discontented look. His two sons, George and Carolus were universally popular, but thriftless to a degree intolerable to their shrewd, managing father. They were following foxes and hounds when they ought to have been following the plough. In the very press of harvest they would go off to hear a political speech.— In wet weather, when no farm work could be done, they had been caught with books of oratory and the last novels from the circulating library instead of the works on agriculture and the mechanic arts to be found on the shelves at home. In short, they were, as Jonathan expressed it, “a ne’er do weel set, and not like Jaco and Ben,” his favorite sons. And so George and Carolus got sharp blows or still sharper speeches from the old man, while his favors were showered upon Jaco and Ben. “Father,” said George and Carolus one day, “you gave all the boys some of the proceeds of the last sale of cattle except us.” “You deserve nothing, you are lazy, you are proud,” replied their father. So matters grew worse, and the feeling between the sire and sons became more and more bitter, until the boys said plainly that they would leave home, and begin a farm of their own. “We can’t kick you out of the old house,” said Jaco and Ben. “You will starve to death if you leave,” said Mick and Swineton. “We will whip you back,” said Thad. But spite of jeers and threats, George and Carolus went off one raw, winter morning, with no worldly gear except a few old clothes tied up in their handkerchiefs. Upon a promise to pay, they bought a little farm and knocked up a log-cabin after the model of the substantial old home-
stead, which they still remembered with fondness. They had to work hard, but there was no one to scold them, and no one to fret them, and they were very happy. “Father,” said Jaco and Ben, “your rebellious sons must be punished for their insolence.”— “They must be whipped back,” said Thad. “I thought,” replied the old man, “that you wanted your *brothers* away, and that you often said that you too were involved in the disgrace of their evil doings.” “Oh but,” said Jaco and Ben, “Mick and Swineton will go away too if these renegades be not chastised.” “And that severely,” added Thad.— “Very well,” answered the old gentleman, “but it is a good joke that when you tried so hard to make them run off, you are now resolved to whip them for doing as you wished them to do. It reminds me of a little story. There once lived in my town a—” “Father, we have not got time to hear the story,” said Thad, “we must arrange this flogging matter first.” “The boys don’t lack pluck, and some of you may get flogged instead,” replied the old man.— “Mick and Swineton are brave and strong, they will take hold first,” said Thad. “And we will call in our neighbors and have them well thrashed,” eagerly cried out Jaco and Ben. “Well, my sons, I don’t half like it. The boys were of age, and if they had a mind to set up for themselves, why not let them alone. When I was on a flat-boat going down”— “We are in a hurry just now, dear father,” and off ran the three brothers, Thad. to stir up Mick and Swineton, who were too kindly inclined to the runaways; Jaco and Ben to hire their neighbors, some by the day and some by the job. The hiring was a very successful affair. Patrick and Poniatowski, Monsieur and Mynher, Bull and Buffalo, &c. &c., all were employed. “Father,” said Jaco,

"I forced Sambo to take my place. He is stronger and braver than we are, and I will stay at home to take care of things." "And I," said Ben, "got Buffalo to go for me, he knows the country well around the house of your unnatural sons, and will suit better than I." "Ha, ha," laughed the old gentleman. "You are smart boys, Jaco and Ben—I'll be bound you keep out of a scrape yourselves, whoever else you may get into one. It is like the little story"—"Father, the hired men have come," interrupted Jaco and Ben.

Buffalo went as guide, and Sambo followed close behind. George and Carolus, careless fellows as they were, were caught napping, but they struggled manfully against the crowd. At last overcome, they were tied together by the hands and dragged along by Mick and Swineton, while Thad. amused himself with kicking them from behind. The road back was long and tiresome.

After many a weary day, the brothers reached the old homestead faint, wet and cold, on a dark, stormy night. The fire burned cheerily within, familiar objects were around them, the associations of childhood were there, loving memories came crowding back, bitterness was giving away to a tide of sweet recollections.

The door was opened, the old father had died suddenly, but uncle

Andy stood on the threshold with open arms and a smiling welcome in his face. The old family table, covered with steaming viands, was in the centre of the room, the old coffee-pot stood simmering by the fire, and the grateful odors reached the nostrils of the famishing lads. "It is not so bad a home after all," shouted they joyfully, bursting from their guards and springing into the door with the ropes still around their arms. Uncle Andy approached with the old family carver to cut the gordian knots. Just then, Jaco and Ben, who had been scowling unseen and unnoticed in a corner, jumped up, thrust uncle and returning prodigals out into the darkness and the storm, slammed the door violently, locked it wrathfully and flung away the key.

"We've had all dis drubble fur nuddins," growled Mynher. "The boys have been afther coming home to the house of a stranger," said Patrick. "And that's no Irish Bull," replied the veritable Bull himself, "but these family rows pay well," jingling a heavy purse as he spoke.

"This Jaco-Ben conduct has ruined us," shouted Mick and Swineton.

"I did not know that Messieurs were punsters," said polite Monsieur.

"It is the truth and no pun," replied they.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.*

At once a herald leaps before the knight
 And snatching up the gauntlet speeds away
 To challenge Moraunt to the deadly fight;
 And, while he runs, the anxious people pray,
 That He, who has the nation in his sight,
 Will be on gentle Tristrem's side to-day,
 And bless and prosper him who has the right,
 That this sad day may end in blissful night.

Not long their throbbing hearts and aching eyes
 Must wait for this supreme suspense to close;
 For Moraunt lingers not when man defies,
 His savage soul presaging greater woes,
 On which to feast once more his cruel eyes,
 Restless until they rest on slaughtered foes.
 He leaves his ship, and with his sword thrust through
 Brave Tristrem's glove, he soon appears in view.

At sight of that grim form with mighty strides
 Advancing to the castle Tintagel,
 A fearful shudder through the people glides,
 And banished dread resumes its former spell:
 Despair, with sunny hope each heart divides,
 And none their inmost, secret thought dare tell;
 Such is the terror Moraunt's presence brings,
 As when remorse some evil conscience stings.

But Tristrem, when he saw him come, was glad,
 And in his eye there burned the battle-fire,
 While with the red of wrath his cheeks were clad.
 His lips fixed rigid with unwonted ire,
 He cried to Moraunt: We are not so mad,
 Neither I, nor this brother of my sire,
 As to yield to thy pillage of the best
 This kingdom holds—at thy proud king's behest.

See! I am here with this good sword to make
 A fit response to such unjust demand:
 Prepare for fight, and, what thou winnest, take;
 If I am slain, then master all the land,
 Thy thirst for plunder unrelenting slake
 And load with riches all thy robber band:
 But God, I trust, will nerve my knightly arm
 To save these innocents from touch of harm.

With a fierce laugh of hate the grim knight said:
 Tristrem, thou art not much beyond a lad,
 And darest thou put thy dainty curl'd head
 Before my blade? Thy friends will soon be sad,
 For blood of greater knights hath oft been shed,
 As oft as cause for battle I have had.
 My quarrel, too, is just, for Mark well knows,
 What tribute he to great King Anguish owes.

To this great boast no answer Tristrem made,
 But, turning to the silent king, whose knees
 Were trembling still, while on stern Moraunt's blade
 His eyes were fixed, with heart but ill at ease,
 One hand the young knight on his shoulder laid,
 And thus asked, ere his sword-hilt he would seize:
 What truth, my kinsman, in the words we hear,
 Is tribute due, or dost thou yield from fear?

Tristrem, the eraven king, replied, I swear
 That tribute never has been justly due,
 Though at the cost of many a bitter tear,
 Because of valiant knights I had so few,
 Unwilling, I have paid it many a year,
 Compelled by Moraunt and his hated crew:
 If of this burden thou canst ease the land,
 No man shall question, prince, thy least command.

** Continued from July number.*

Then, well-assured of right upon his side,
 Sir Tristrem on his drawn sword made a vow
 To wage this cause, whatever might betide,
 'Till these degraded necks should cease to bow;
 Then with generous soul to Moraunt cried:
 Though I am ready for the combat now,
 I will not fight thee here, where Cornishmen
 Thy band will number with as one to ten.

Go, get thee to thy ship, and westward row:
 At three leagues distance from this coast there lies
 A nameless isle upon the sea, where go
 To gather oysters of rare taste and size
 They of this land who best such dainties know
 And in the test of quality are wise.
 The isle is tenantless of men, and there
 Meet we, unwitnessed save by empty air.

My ship and thine shall keep us both in sight,
 'Till death makes one the victor of the field,
 Then, as token of the ending of the fight,
 Let the living hang up the dead man's shield
 Upon some tree that crowns a rocky height,
 That lookers-on may know whose fate is sealed.
 The vanquished then may bear away their dead
 And dig the grave that is to be his bed.

To Tristrem's words the Irish chief replied:
 The battle-plan is good, and I am proud
 To meet a foe so prompt and full of pride.
 Thy kinsman dares not fight, though sullen-browed
 But thou, though prone my onset to abide
 In his stead mayest soon receive the shroud.
 I hasten to the nameless isle. Be thou
 As speedy to perform thy daring vow.

He turned and strode away in eager haste
 To guide his ship toward the nameless isle,
 The sweets of vengeance greedy now to taste,
 While Tristrem's name awakes a savage smile,
 Such smile as might Morgante's lips have graced
 Ere Christian faith had changed his pagan guile:
 So feels the tiger, if the lion dare
 Assume his prey within his very lair.

A trading ship of Mark's was then in port,
 In which the king, his harper and a few
 Fair maidens most in favor of the court,
 Ten old counsellors and the ship's own crew
 With Tristrem sailed to see the deadly sport,
 Or else, perchance, for Heaven's help to sue.
 Not long the rowers plied their oars before
 The galley touched the island's eastern shore.

Here, all that at that season could be fair
 Was fair and fresh and green, for winter's tread
 Was only on the chill and cutting air
 And from the evergreens had harmless fled.
 Thus Fate had answered Tristrem's earnest prayer
 And with this omen all his hopes now fed.
 His landing on the island's sunny side
 Successful issue surely must betide.

Moraunt, meanwhile, had passed around the isle
 And landed at a rough and rocky place,
 Where angry nature had disdained to smile
 And of her beauty had not left a trace.
 Here all seemed barren, bare, bereft and vile,
 For nature's gloom had banished nature's grace.
 But dismal as the spot might be, no chill
 Could Moraunt feel that might unnerve his will.

On he strode, with his huge blade in his grasp,
 Eager to meet the bold, intruding knight,

And in his hairy arms his form to ~~clasp~~
 And smite him deeply in the ~~press of~~ ~~light~~,
 Loosing no hold, until his ~~dying~~ ~~grasp~~
 Gave token that the soul had taken flight,
 And brought the time when he might feast his eyes
 Upon a foe who never more would rise.

Sir Tristrem, too, walked on alone toward
 The foe, whose haste was such, to meet midway
 The unsheathed blade, with which no man had warr'd
 And looked again upon the morning gray,
 He hurried o'er the dry and sun-burned sward,
 As eager to begin the fearful fray
 As was the Irish chief, whose rapid tramp
 Revealed a foeman of the fiercest stamp.

Midway the isle—on a rising ground
 With sloping sides that into valleys sank,
 They met—and each an instant gazed around,
 As ship-wrecked seaman on his slender plank
 Might troubled listen to the ocean's sound,
 Though from its fearful roar he never shrank.
 An instant thus they gazed around—and then
 Rushed to the conflict fierce, like knightly men.

Moraunt rained mighty blows, thick, fast and fierce;
 But Tristrem parried all, and sent beside
 Some keen, quick thrusts, that had not failed to pierce,
 If Moraunt's shield had not been steel thrice tried
 And lined with what great Arthur's sword could scarce
 Have driven through—three folds of hardest hide.
 So, for one long hour's space unhurt they fought,
 And neither gained the object that he sought.

At length Sir Tristrem made a feint to bring
 His blade athwart the Irish chieftain's neck,
 Who raised his massive shield with rapid swing
 That abrupt, impetuous stroke to check;
 But Tristrem let his sword but lightly ring
 On this—then, quick as woman's eye may beek,
 Drew back, and thrust it at his arm's full length
 At Moraunt's heart, with all his gathered strength.

But Moraunt saw in time, and backward drew
 So far and fast that how he kept his feet
 Was even marvelous to Tristrem's view.
 Sir Tristrem, ere he could his thrust repeat
 His balance to regain had much ado,
 And then, what made his trouble more complete
 His sword in Moraunt's robe was tangled still
 And could not be responsive to his will.

Then Moraunt, ere he could withdraw the blade,
 Flung down his shield and on the young knight rushed;
 But, ere he closed, a ghastly wound he made:
 From Tristrem's thigh the red blood rapid gushed,
 And life but briefly with him would have stayed,
 So soon would Moraunt's weight his limbs have crushed,
 Had he not in the might of sheer despair
 Shortened his blade and pushed—he knew not where.

The sword passed through grim Moraunt's hairy breast
 And came out at the back, which gave such pain
 To nerves that could not welcome such a guest,
 That he could scarce from starting back refrain.
 His grasp relaxing, Tristrem then addressed
 All his powers to hurl him on the plain,
 And, though he failed in this, he gained some space
 To wield his blade, and cleave him through the face.

The steel went in below the eyes, and passed
 With force resistless through flesh, fat and bone,
 Until it reached the skull, and there stuck fast.
 Then fell the mighty form of Moraunt prone,

And soon with fixedness of death were glassed
 Those eyes which once with hate and havoc shone :
 His purple lips still wore their cruel smile—
 But closed was the fight in the nameless isle.

Sir Tristrem, weak from loss of blood, sank down,
 And lay awhile, unconscious of the past,
 Forgetting danger, thoughtless of renown.
 But, waking from this fearful swoon at last,
 He gazed on Moraunt's blood-besprinkled frown,
 His distant shield and fallen form so vast,
 And called to mind his promise made the king
 To give him news with speed of eagle's wing.

But first he tried to draw from Moraunt's head
 The fast-adhering blade he loved so well :
 But, using all his force, it snapped instead,
 And, cause of future things by Merlin's spell,
 It left its point within that bony bed.
 By his recoil the weakened Tristrem fell,
 But rose again, and seized the dead man's shield,
 Proof chosen of the victor of the field.

Then, climbing slowly up a rocky height,
 On a lone tree he hung the dead man's shield,
 That both ships keeping, as they did, in sight
 Might know without a doubt whose fate was sealed,
 And who, because his cause was just and right,
 Remained alive the victor of the field.
 The vanquished then might bear away their dead
 And dig the grave that was to be his bed.

What need to tell what all may fancy told,
 The sullen anguish of the Irish band,
 Deprived of chieftain, captives and of gold,
 The joy in Mark's ship and on Cornish land,
 The grief for the wound of their champion bold,
 The homage done upon his princely hand,
 And all the ecstasies that men will show,
 When suddenly delivered from a foe?

It is enough to say that merry hearts
 Were found that night in stately Tintagel,
 For gladness such as fate not oft imparts
 Mingled with the rote's melodious swell.
 Thus fortune, when she checks her threatening darts,
 Seems ever sweetest, as all know full well,
 For bliss without a pang to show its worth
 Seems not bliss to the thoughtless sons of earth.

But in the midst of feasting and of glee
 The nation's heart was saddened, when it knew
 That gentle Tristrem, who had set them free,
 Great anguish from that fearful combat drew;
 For savage Moraunt, full of treachery,
 Had on his sword's-point fixed a fatal glue,
 By which the blood that flowed in Tristrem's veins
 Was charged with poison and with racking pains.

At length his gangrened wound and troubled mind
 Drove him to restless roaming on the sea,
 His uncle's court and kindness left behind,
 The feast, the song and all the revelry
 That seemed to put him far from all mankind,
 As feels a leper at the sight of glee :
 And after anxious searching for a cure,
 Shipwrecked at length, he fell on Ireland's shore.

Here first he saw the fair Issolte, whose skill
 Redeemed his body from the poison's blight,
 But almost nerved her tender arm to kill
 The weakened, sick and half-enred, prostrate knight,
 When first, that his had been the sword to spill
 Her kinsman's blood, was open to her sight,
 When she compared Sir Tristrem's broken blade
 With that they drew from Moraunt's lifeless head.

She spared his life, forgave the deed, and chased
 The noxious venom from his wounded thigh;
 And, when the knight, returning with all haste,
 For her affection taught king Mark to sigh
 And, as ambassador, his steps retraced,
 To neither heart was love's strong passion nigh;
 But both were true and loyal to the king,
 As all the elder minstrels seem to sing.

But, when upon the ship that bore away
 The twain to Tintagel at Mark's behest,
 Brengwaine, who at her side was wont to stay,
 To quench their thirst brought what they little guess'd
 Was the cup drugged their honour to betray
 And fated, too, to fill with shame each breast.
 They drank deep—and, quaffing that draught, they caught
 A quenchless passion they had never sought.

'Twas thus that the Fight in the Nameless Isle,
 As Merlin by his magic art foretold,
 Became the fountain of all actions vile
 That stained Sir Tristrem's memory with the mould
 Of sin and shame through all the weighty pile
 Of old Romantics that do his deeds unfold.
 Here, then, let me cease, for I may not tell
 How from the noble past he sadly fell.

SOME REASONS FOR THE DECLINE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

ABOUT the beginning of the fourteenth century, was born at St. Albans, in the Island of Great Britain, Sir John de Mandeville. Sprung from a good family, he received a liberal education, and seemed to have practiced, for some time, as a physician. In A. D., 1322, he set out on his travels, under the Sultan of Egypt, and the Khan of Cathay, and journeying through Tartary, Persia, Armenia, India, and other countries, he returned to England about A. D., 1355. The year after his return he began to write a narrative of his adventures, which he dedicated to Edward III. His book written originally in Latin, was translated by himself into French, and ultimately into English, and he thus became the first English prose writer, and his work, the first book written in the English language, was published, A. D., 1356. About the same time, and during the reign of the same English king and the next succeeding one, lived and flourished Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been styled the Father of English poetry. He exposed the absurdity of his countrymen, like Gower, writing in a foreign language but himself seems to have entertained no very exalted ideas of the vernacular tongue. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there had been several English poets, whose remains are interesting, chiefly for their antiquity; but it remained as a distinction for the reign of Edward the Third, to produce books, which tended to exalt and fix the standard of our present language. In advancing this work, Chaucer's poem had a most important influence upon the literature of his country; but it is remarkable, that during the greater part of his poetical career, he contented himself with transferring into our language, the most popular works of contemporary French and Italian writers; yet this was done, in a manner, which gives them the character of original productions, rather than that of translations. It was in a ripe old age, when he

had lived past the prime of life, and when his mental powers must have been in their fullest vigor and maturity, that the eloquence of fancy and picturesqueness of description which he had displayed in his earlier works—and all the grace and beauty of his allegorical compositions as well as his previous exhibition of power in delineating living characters—were infinitely surpassed, by the production of his immortal work, “*The Canterbury Tales*.”

“In this work, he brings together a motley crew of “syndry folke,” who “in fellowship,” are travelling together on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas-a-Becket, to Canterbury; and as the means of affording instruction and amusement, they agree, each of them in their turn, to relate a story, the details of which, with the incidents that happen, and, above all, the description of the character and manners of the persons themselves, who are thus assembled, form a picture of life and manners altogether unrivalled.—“Nothing can exceed the skill shown in the general prologue, in which the habits of life and peculiarities of disposition of the different pilgrims are so singularly and so strikingly contrasted, with a rich vein of humour, and discrimination of human nature.”

Exalted as is the intellectual merit of this production, its greatest value is to be found in the importance and dignity which it gave to the English language, and in the very material aid which it contributed towards the establishment of the vernacular tongue, as a medium for the permanent preservation of the literature and learning of the English nation.

But in contributing to the improvement of the English language, perhaps no author ought to be put in competition with the illustrious reformer, John Wyk-

liffe. He was contemporaneous both with Mandeville and Chaucer, and lived at the time when the great sacerdotal system of Rome had attained its fullest strength, more than a century and a half before Luther. In bold and open language he inveighed against the corruptions of the times, and such a course of conduct must have been productive of important consequences, in exciting the intellectual energies of the people. The extent and variety of knowledge he displayed, far exceeded that of most of his contemporaries; and being persuaded that the surest mode of enlightening the people, would be the perusal of the scriptures in their own tongue (although it was affirmed by illiterate ecclesiastics at the time to be heresy to speak of the Holy Scriptures in English,) he accomplished a translation, which of itself, in a literary point of view, is sufficient to have immortalized his name.

The first portion of the Latin Bible translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue was the Gospel of St. John, which occupied the hours of the venerable Bede. It dates back to the eighth century. The great Alfred was most anxious to have the scriptures rendered into the vulgar tongue; and at the time of his death, was personally engaged in translating a portion of the Bible. There are also two interlinear translations of the Gospel and of the Psalter; all of which are of a date prior to the Norman conquest. But between that era and the time of Wykliffe, a period of three hundred years, no further progress was made.—John Wykliffe was the first to translate the Latin Bible into English prose, and to put it, without note or comment, into the hands of his countrymen. He was old, feeble and paralytic when he undertook the labor, but with the assistance of only one or two friends he applied himself to the

work, and at the end of a period of between three and four years of patient and hopeful labor, he completed his great undertaking; and once completed, Wykliffe's translation was largely sought for and extensively circulated.

Perhaps, more than the enterprise of Mandeville, or the poetical genius and taste of Chaucer, or the learning, zeal and popular theology of Wykliffe, did the policy of the reigning English monarch, Edward the Third, prevail to exalt and fix the standard of our present language, and to impart to it importance and dignity, as a vehicle for the interchange of thought among the learned and refined, and a permanent medium for the preservation of the national genius and literature. For he caused the Anglo-Saxon tongue to be spoken at court, and to be substituted in all public and judicial proceedings, instead of the barbarous Law-Latin, and Norman-French, which had been introduced at the conquest in 1066, and which had continued to be employed for very nearly three centuries. But the result of the operation of all these influences and forces combined, was, that about the beginning of the fourteenth century, for the first time, the English language began to come into use for literary and scientific purposes.

Before that era, and for a considerable time after—to a great extent—education in all the faculties, whether of Arts, Law, Divinity, or Medicine, was conducted entirely in what were called the learned languages—that is in the Latin and Greek tongues; no one with any pretension to learning at all could be entirely ignorant of them; and all the known literature of the age, together with what slight additions were made to it, from time to time by successive generations, was locked up in these dead languages. The very fact that a sort

of Latin patois arose—now known as mediæval Latin—and Law-Latin—which differs so widely from, and yet is so similar to, the graceful and stately language of Livy, Cicero, Virgil and Horace, is the most conclusive evidence of the universality of the use of the Latin tongue, for all literary purposes, among our English forefathers. While philological accuracy in our day undoubtedly has increased, there has certainly been a decrease in the general knowledge of the learned languages, even among those who profess to make them their study, since the state of things existed which we aimed to point out. There seems to be some defect in the method in which the American students generally cultivate the Latin and Greek languages; and it is worth while to investigate with some care where the defect may be, especially, as the evil is a growing one.

The famous Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, directs him “never to read history without having maps, and a chronological book of tables lying by him, and constantly recurred to; without which,” he adds, “history is only a confused heap of facts.” He was a bad Mentor in morals, but no better guide, for shrewd practical hints, in the attainment of useful knowledge, can be found than this same Earl of Chesterfield.

Chronology has been aptly styled *one* of the eyes of history, and, with the same fitness, geography has been called the *other*; and without an accurate knowledge of these two, in relation to the period which the student has under consideration, the origin, causes, and interdependence of great events, and their immediate and remote effects, which constitute the really valuable part of historical knowledge—can never be thoroughly understood and entirely appreciated.—A poem, or a mere novel, is of

nearly as much value to the student as the most recondite historical production, if he reads only for the purpose of remembering the names of persons, of cities, of battles, and of laws, and of acquiring "a confused heap of facts."—With proper study, the Iliad of Homer will give a far more accurate knowledge of the Greeks than more authentic histories, when they are perused only for the entertaining stories they contain.—That history may really be "philosophy teaching by example," something more is requisite than that the student should retain the memory of undying names and remarkable deeds; he must use the eyes of history to find its august examples and solemn warnings.

Ripe scholars are rare in the United States. The standard of learning is lamentably low, even among those who have heard their "*Accipe hæc diploma*" and the amount of knowledge which is attained in our common schools so small, that in great crises, when the waters of revolution are out, and the files of our immediate experience afford no precedent for our guidance, so that we are compelled to look far back into antiquity, or into even less remote times for analogies to guide us in our action, the road to proper sources of information is almost entirely blocked up against our people. A quotation in one of the learned languages, if used among us, would be received with a smile, even in an assemblage of those who are, by courtesy, styled *educated men*—for it would be literally Greek to them: and an illustration, drawn from classical history, could throw no light upon any subject, before one of our popular audiences, even now, when the schoolmaster is abroad, and a "little learning" has become so common in our country.

The indifference to acquiring classical learning, which all must lament; the facility in forgetting

what was once acquired, which so many have experienced; and the imperfect knowledge of the learned tongues, which is generally attained, even by those who go through the ordinary curriculum of our universities, may all be traced, not entirely, but chiefly, to a single cause, and that is the want of a more extended and accurate knowledge of Ancient History, on the part of our graduates, and especially of the histories of Greece and Rome—including in this term *History*, the Mythology, Geography, and Chronology of those countries.

We have capital *school books* for teaching the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, among which none can be found more excellent than a book recently published by a gentleman who is the principal of a classical and scientific academy in North Carolina, entitled "*A Grammar of the Latin Language*, by Wm. Bingham, A. M.;" and the production of a book like this, by a practical instructor of youth, showing so accurate a knowledge of the mistakes that are usually made, and of the difficulties which are generally to be encountered in the acquisition of a dead language in early life, is the very best evidence that we have *instructors* who are admirably fitted for the task of teaching the philosophy and science of the learned tongues. We have all the old classics for text-books, and it cannot be pretended that the *general intelligence* of our youth is below the ordinary standard. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for the causes of our deficiency in classical attainments.

Our youth study, as a mere *lesson of words*, the small portion of the classics, which they are required to go through with, in their academical course. They rarely think of the meaning—they seldom dream of the beauty to be found in their daily tasks. No iteration nor reiteration of the ped-

agogue can point them out, and fix them in the memory; and portions of the poems of Homer—the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon—the orations of Demosthenes, and the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are temporarily prepared for recitation, to be immediately forgotten, because the student hardly realizes that men, women and children have lived and enjoyed, suffered and died, and passed out of memory, whose daily converse was in the Greek tongue. He scarcely knows that a great nation has passed away, that lisped and sported, that married and gave in marriage, that bought and sold, and conducted all the homely intercourse of daily life in this dead language, the crabbed characters of which are now his constant study. Who are these yellow-haired Achæans of whom he reads? Where sleeps the white-armed, ox-eyed women, with their hyacinthine curls, of whom the poet tells? The swift-footed Achilles—terrible in war—what was his former life? And Agamemnon—King of Men—chief over all—why was he such? Where was Mycene, where his palace was? Ulysses, too, so sage in counsel—old Nestor, with his honey-tongue. When had they lived—and where—and where was rocky Ithica, and Pylos with its sands?

If the student had but mastered the mythical and early history of Greece before reading, or while reading Homer, how real would all these old heroes be! How, with all their surroundings, forever fixed in his memory! As immutably as the living facts which surround each boy's infancy.

To further illustrate this matter, take the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the first tragedy of a complete trilogy, of which the "Chœphron" and the "Eumenides" form the other two parts. The scene opens with a solitary watchman

on the palace tower of the absent King Agamemnon. For ten long years, while the warrior kings of Greece besieged the great city of Troy, from that same stand-point, through summer's heat and winter's cold, has watched and waited for the blazing beacon, which, lighted on Ida's heights, was to flash and stream—from headland to headland—from mountain to mountain—from tower to tower—over sacred stream, and grove, and fountain—until it should announce to all Hellas the success of that great expedition. Now, at last, the beacon fires leap from peak to peak, and Clytemnestra, the wife of the absent "king of men," arouses from her guilty dalliance with her paramour, Ægistheus, to announce to her people—

"Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords
of Greece
Stalk in stern tumult through the halls
of Troy."

And while the chorus is still half incredulous, occurs that splendid passage, unequalled for force, beauty, and animation, in which the Argive queen describes the fiery messenger, which so swiftly sped from Ilion to Argolis with the long and anxiously expected tidings.

Agamemnon returns, accompanied by his captive, the royal Cassandra. That ill-fated prophetic inspiration, to which no one ever lends a credulous ear. She is the master terror of the tragedy; and amid all the pomp and joy which welcome the returned king, she shrieks out her ominous warnings, fated ever to be heard in vain—reminding the shuddering audience that it is the descendant of the fated Atreus, who returns to the accursed house of the Atridæ. The smell of the human shambles is in her nostrils—the dripping of kingly gore in her ears—the odor of the charnel house hangs all about her, while she foresees and

oretells the miserable and sudden fate which is about to overtake the hero.

As her visions grow clearer, she foresees, also, her own sad end, so near at hand; and sinking from frantic terror into solemn resignation, and pathetic submission to the will of the gods, she passes into the palace, now about to become her tomb. Her last sad words still linger tenderly in the ears of the audience. The philosophy of a ruined life is summed up in the bitter moment of impending death.

"Alas for mortals! what their power and pride!

A little shadow sweeps it from the earth!

And if they suffer—why the fatal hour Comes o'er the record like a moistened sponge, And blots it out."

And scarcely has the prophetic disappeared when we hear behind the scenes the groans of the murdered king; the palace is thrown open, and Clytemnestra is discovered standing, stern and lofty, by the dead body of her lord—such are the leading points of this wonderful drama.

Now as many students, such as usually attend our universities, its terrible beauty and deep pathos are lost. It is studied by them, but as a heap of subjects, and predicates, and objects, and attributes; of adjuncts, and qualifiers, and connectives, and particles, the logical and grammatical analysis of which, they must thoroughly master, and prepare for the professor. But if there were not a spot mentioned in that grand description of the dance of the light through the startled sky from Ilion to Mycenæ, but was already familiar to the student; if following them down from Tantalus, and Pelops, and Atreus, he had conned the history of the Atridæ; and imbued with the religious spirit of the Greeks, he recognized in the scenes which surround the death of Agamemnon

the struggles of a fated race—full of human crime—darkened by the obscure warnings of the gods—and controlled by the inevitable march of destiny; and in Agamemnon himself, the victim of his sires: if the mythical stories of Clytemnestra and Ægistheus, and Cassandra, were as familiar to the reader as household words, or biblical histories, then, and only then, would the full grandeur of the poem be felt, and the blazing splendor of the fires of immortal genius flash upon him, in the light of which, he would find this drama "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever."

So in reading Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Xenophon, if the student reads the whole of any one of these authors—and under the most favorable circumstances he reads but a small portion of each—but assuming that he reads the whole of any one or more of these authors, still, having no accurate knowledge of the general history of Greece, he finds in his author but a confused heap of names and facts, isolated from his general historical knowledge; he is uninformed as to what events are transpiring during the same period in neighboring empires and kingdoms; the mutual relations and inter-dependence of great events he cannot fathom; and he is furnished with no sufficient data upon which to found any logical reasoning on historical facts. As a natural consequence, not only the events narrated are immediately forgotten, but the mind becomes disgusted at the language in which they are conveyed, and hastens to forget that also; indeed, it would be next to impossible to impress very vividly upon the memory language which conveys no very lucid ideas, nor any indispensably useful information. And most of these evil consequences could be avoided if the student were taught to look for the true connection between causes and effects in reading

history, and to realize and remember that chronology is not a dry and mechanical compilation of barren dates, but the explanation of events, and the philosophy of facts.

And what is here said of Greek classics and Grecian history may, *mutatis mutandis*, be urged, with equal force, regarding Latin classics and Roman history. The student approaches the study of the Latin classics, with no sufficiently accurate knowledge of the history of the country to which they refer. For it is to be remembered that in its broad and proper signification, the term *History* embraces the Mythology, Geography and Chronology of a country, as well as a narrative of its events, and changes of institutions and laws, and an account of the religion, morals, manners, and habits of the people.

This ignorance of the *real* histories of Greece and Rome does not result from the fact that such studies are entirely neglected in our schools. It is true that sufficient preparatory study is not given to such matters; but many young men are to be found who have the *names* of Lyeurgus and Solon, of Pisistratus and Clisthenes; of Leonidas, Miltiades, Themistocles, and Aristides; of Cimon, Cleon, and Alcibiades; of Xenophon, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and Philopæmen, at their tongue's end. Not a few have *vague ideas* of the battles of Thermopylæ and Marathon; of Salamis, Myeale, and Plataea; of Ægos, Potamus, and Cunaxa; of Mantinea, Cheronæa, and Ipsus. Nay, *some* have a *general impression* of the topography of Athens and Sparta, and Thebes, and Corinth; of Smyrna, and Sardis, and Ephesus; of Syracuse, and Croton, and Sybaris, and Tarentum, and of their respective positions relatively to each other. Unfortunately their knowledge ends here.

If asked to give an account of the institutions of Lyeurgus, or of the political constitution propounded by Solon; if required to state the effects of the usurpation of Pisistratus, or the changes effected by the revolution of Clisthenes; if the theme for discussion be the immediate and remote causes of the Persian wars, the origin of the Peloponessian war, the condition of the Athenians under Pericles, or the effects of the battle of Cheronæa, or of Ipsus, they discover, *to their surprise*, how superficial and imperfect their knowledge is.

There is so brilliant a blaze of romance that hangs about the names of Romulus and Numa, of Coriolanus and Camillus—there is so lasting a halo of glory, that glitters upon the crests of Scipio and Pompey, and Cæsar, and Anthony—there is so terrible a cloud of guilt that darkens the fate of Marius and Sylla, and Cataline—that no one could have dwelt, even for a short time, in the atmosphere where the history of Rome is taught without imbibing, almost unconsciously and involuntarily, some knowledge of the Roman world.

The "*re victis*" of the conquering Brennus, as he casts his sword into the trembling scale, and unsuspecting, turns to meet the stern gaze of Camillus; who, all the Roman in him roused, declares, "that it is with iron, and not with gold, that Romans pay their tribute." The gallant Curtius, with mettled steed, in all the bravery of youth and beauty, and his full panoply of war, leaping, as happy as a bridegroom, into the great gulph which threatened to swallow up the seven-hilled city—that yielding thus her choicest gift, the immortal commonwealth might be saved. The undaunted Scævola, with his right hand crackling amid the coals, to teach Rome's enemies how little torture availed to wring from her sons the counsel of Romans. The

grand old senate, in the darkest day of Roman story, when Cannæ had been fought and lost, passing beyond the civic gates, to meet the unsuccessful consul, Varr'o, and thank him in the people's name 'for that he had not despaired of the republic'—present a series of pictures commemorating events, the echo of which will live in every school-boy's memory long after more important matters are forgotten.

But to trace out the changes of the Roman polity, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to republic, from republic to democracy, and from democracy to imperial rule—how many are prepared for this? But to find the causes which developed the mighty power of the Roman Empire—which spread a small civic community in the central portion of the peninsula over the whole of Italy, and extended the imperial sway over almost every portion of the known world, until the Mediterranean sea became but a Roman lake, to ascertain the origin of that mighty force in useful arts, and arms, and laws, which even now is seen in its effects—effects which are boundless in extent and endless in duration—in the remotest times, and the most distant countries—*this* requires a degree

of knowledge far different, both in its character and extent.

In fine, the *real* history of the ancients is little known by our students; and chiefly for this reason, that all history, without accurate chronology and geography, is necessarily dark and confused. Lord Chesterfield's advice never to read history without maps and chronological tables is neglected—the eyes of history are not used for its perusal. To remedy this defect in our system of education good books upon classical chronology and geography, and upon Greek and Roman Antiquities generally, are *desiderata* in our literature. Of mere Manuals, Dictionaries and Catalogues, we have more than enough; but all such subjects, at their first presentation to the student, necessarily appear jejune, dry, and repulsive, and we need books to infuse interest and vitality into them, and to exhibit them in such a shape and light, as will secure their adherence in the memory, and render them easily to be recalled at will. The author who shall devote himself to this arduous task, will merit the profound gratitude of the friends of classical learning every where, and the especial thanks of our American scholars. *Ille mihi erit meus magnus Apollo.*

HON. GEORGE E. BADGER.

I feel it to be my duty to write a few lines concerning the great and good man, who has recently departed from among us, and whose memory North Carolina will ever cherish with a mother's pride and love. I knew him long and knew him well. He was my friend and one of the most esteemed and valued of all my friends, although we were never bound to-

gether by any sympathy of opinion or feeling, in reference to political subjects generally. In drawing his character I shall endeavor to avoid any species of exaggeration. As Judge Strong remarked of Samuel Dexter, he needs no panegyric but the truth. He was certainly a man of honor, virtue and piety, a true patriot, a devoted son of North Carolina, and a

man who was highly exemplary in all his social and domestic relations. It pleased his Maker to bestow upon him extraordinary endowments, and he exhibited commanding ability on every theatre of action, which afforded a field for the exertion of his rare powers. Mr. Badger took his seat in the American Senate Chamber in the day of its great lights. He served with Calhoun, the senator of mighty mind, lofty patriotism, and unsullied purity. There, too, was Webster, "in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect," and who in reference to his manly and patriotic position in 1850, resembled, as has been said, a New England rock repelling a New England wave. There, too, was Clay, whose patriotism and eloquence, in the language of a political opponent, electrified both houses of Congress, and the charm of whose character, in any age, would have rendered him the favorite of history. There were other stars not of equal magnitude, but which still added splendor to the grand constellation. In the distinguished assembly of statesmen, scholars, orators and jurists, he maintained a deservedly elevated position, and an estimate was placed on his splendid genius by his brother Senators, hardly below that of his most ardent admirers at home. As a member of the Executive cabinet, his views were greatly respected by the President and by his associates in office, and at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, he had few equals and no superiors. He was for a short time Judge of the Superior Courts in North Carolina, and dignified the ermine by his talents, his learning and his virtues.

Mr. Badger is best known to me as an advocate and a jurist.—He was a forensic orator of the very first class, and would have been so considered at any bar in the world. He was powerful in argu-

ment, convincing in reasoning, and exceedingly fortunate in illustration. Disdaining small matters he seized on the strong points of a case and pressed them with brevity, but with irresistible power. His words flowed from his lips like water from a copious fountain, and seemed to cost him no exertion whatever, yet they were the most happy and appropriate that could have been selected by study. His diction was chaste, lucid, forcible, and elegant, and so simple as to be readily understood by the most ignorant of his hearers. He had not only the intellectual but also the physical qualities of a great speaker.—He had an excellent voice, a fine person, a noble face, and an eye beaming with animation and intelligence. His delivery was graceful, dignified and impressive, entirely natural to him, and utterly devoid of every species of affectation. His efforts in important cases thronged the court-house to overflowing with an eager multitude from every sphere of society, were listened to with almost breathless attention, and were received with admiration and delight. They certainly had a very great effect upon the minds and hearts of those to whom they were addressed. He knew how to wield with a master hand every weapon in the armory of the advocate. If Mr. Badger was not an orator, in the highest sense of the term, I have yet to form the first conception of what constitutes eloquence. If he was not an orator then eloquence does not consist in vigor of thought, excellence of sentiment, beauty of expression, and in the charm of the best and most becoming delivery. I have been fond of reading the best speeches of the most eminent members of the profession to which I belong, and especially those of Erskine whom Lord Campbell pronounces the greatest advocate that England has produced. There is none

of them in my opinion superior to several which Mr. Badger has delivered at the bar of North Carolina. He was a model of professional dignity and propriety, upright and conscientious in all his transactions with his clients, fair in the management of his causes, and ingenuous and liberal towards his adversaries, especially if they happened to be junior members of the profession. I have dwelt on his fame as an eloquent and accomplished advocate, but he had other high claims to professional superiority. He was a master of the science of special pleading, he was a first-rate draughts-man, he was a lawyer of sound and extensive learning, and had clear, accurate and comprehensive views upon the subject of jurisprudence generally, and especially as to its great fundamental principles. But I may have dilated too much upon considerations connected with his position at the bar, and will proceed to consider him in a point of light more agreeable and engaging to persons generally.

It affords me pleasure to speak of the social qualities of Mr. Badger. His manners were affable and winning, unaffected, and without ostentation. He was one of the most instructive, interesting, and delightful of companions.—Who that has ever mingled with him in the social circle, beneath his own most hospitable roof, or elsewhere, could fail to remember for life the ease, grace, eloquence and force of his conversation; who could have forgotten that ever ready and ever brilliant wit, and that fine flow of talk, which rendered him the ornament and charm of every company, and which delighted the old and the young. Whether he thought proper to remark upon subjects of jurisprudence, politics, or theology, or comment on one of Shakspeare's plays, or Scott's romances, or to

give a sketch of some of the most interesting of the debates during the period of his service in the Senate, or to tell anecdotes as to amusing scenes at the great drama of the bar, or whatever theme might be presented for the exhibition of his unrivaled colloquial powers, he always, by his genius and taste, invested the subject with a fascinating interest, and was listened to with respect and admiration. I am of the opinion that his conversation, in strong sense, readiness and beauty of expression, brilliant wit and amusing anecdotes, resembled in a high degree that of the celebrated Dr. Johnson as recorded by Boswell. Yet he never talked for the purpose of eclat or display, but merely to disburden his mind.—He did not study out, at his leisure, smart sayings with which to dazzle a coterie of admirers, but his conversation was as easy and unlabored as it could be, and in that consisted one of its chief attractions. The pleasant and happy hours which I have spent in the company of this gifted and excellent man are now among the most delightful reminiscences of my life, and I look back upon them with a melancholy interest—as bright gleams of the past. The grave has closed over him, but fond recollection will often bring before me the features of his noble countenance, and the tones of his voice will long linger on my ear. My heart will cherish his memory until that heart shall cease to beat with the tide of life. North Carolina has sustained a very great loss; well may we say in the language of Jeremiah, “how is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod.” If I had never shaken him by the hand, if I had never known him personally, I should mourn over the tomb of the great North Carolinian, who has shed an undying lustre upon the land

of his birth. North Carolina is poor and impoverished, but the desolation of war cannot deprive her of one species of wealth. I allude to the rich jewels of the fame of her sons—those jewels which will shine the brightest in her darkest hour. It has not been the purpose of the writer to prepare a biography, or biographical sketch of Mr. Badger. He will leave that task to some one who wields a pen of superior power to his own. It has been his object

in this article to place before the people of North Carolina his estimate of the genius, learning and virtues of his lamented friend. I will merely add that Mr. Badger was born in New Berne, North Carolina, on the 17th of April, 1795, was educated at Yale College, and died at his residence in Raleigh on the 11th of May, 1836, and that his remains now repose in the city cemetery at Raleigh.

W. E.

Raleigh, June 8, 1836.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN English yacht is making its way amongst the vessels of different nations which crowd the harbor of Beyroot. On its deck is seated Sir Alfred Mowbray and his now intimate friend, Lionel Benjamin. Very venerable looking men they are both, and the soft breeze from the shore of Syria plays among the waving grey locks of Sir Alfred, and tosses the golden curls of a cherub-faced little girl about five years of age, who leans upon his knee and gazes, with a rapt expression, towards the land.

"Now, my darling pet," says Sir Alfred, "can you show me the British flag, amid all these ships?"

Slowly the large, thoughtful eyes are withdrawn from the shore and sweep around the crowded harbor. Then a bright smile breaks from the angelic, baby face, and a little dimpled finger is pointed to the crimson folds which float from an English frigate.

"Now the American flag," says the delighted great-grandfather. The little creature looks eagerly from mast to mast, and seems quite puzzled.

"There is no American flag here," she at length replies, positively.

"Yes, yes, *mignonne*, there is one. It is just before you."

"Those stripes and stars—no, that is not the American flag, for I have a toy American flag which Sir John Talbot sent me from Richmond, and it is not at all like that."

"Oh you little rebel," said Mr. Benjamin, laughing, "the Yankees would put a rope around your plump little neck, if they could catch you, and hang you as they did Mrs. Surratt."

"Did they hang Mrs. Surratt?" asked little Mildred, "and do they hang all the Southerners?" her rosy cheeks becoming somewhat blanched.

"No, no," said Mr. Benjamin, "they only hang a few to punish the guilt of all."

"Guilt!" said the child, her eyes flashing, "Sir John Talbot says they are the best people in the world, and that the poor Africans, whom they call slaves, had improved so much—they were so much better than the black people in Africa. And he says some of their leaders were perfect saints."

"Well my little enthusiast, I suppose some of their leaders would be acknowledged as saints as well as heroes in any age or country."

And the Southern people," addressing Sir Alfred, "I am inclined to think *are* the best people in the world, but God never sends great national punishments without great national guilt."

"And in what did their national guilt consist?" asked Sir Alfred, with an air of interest.

"In the words of one of their own people, who quoted from our prophet Ezekiel, 'In pride, fullness of bread and abundance of idleness.' Their institution of slavery had a good effect on the people in many respects, and a bad one in other respects. It induced idleness, and this would not have been the case if it had been kept in scriptural bounds. The Bible says, 'Of the heathen shall ye buy bondmen and bondwomen, and they shall be your children's inheritance forever.' Now this is plain, direct, explicit. England violated this precept when she freed the heathen slaves in her colonies. And time has proved it a mistake! But the slavery of the Bible was a mild, paternal sway. The great annual festivals were to be shared by the man-servant and the maid-servant. I have seen the celebration of Christmas in Southern America which was my beau-ideal of a joyous family festival. There is no scripture warrant for *selling* a slave. They should be inalienable property.—The Arabs never sell their slaves. They and their families belong to the owners, father and son, for generations. Their interests, religion and pleasures are the same, but the true Bedouins never intermarry with them. The slaves accept their inferior condition with happy contentment. One of these slaves, when asked by a traveler if their masters ever sold them, exclaimed in indignant surprise, 'Sell us! *istugfar Allah!*—God forbid!' A mild form of slavery is by far the best condition for a degraded race. They need protection, and they need an impel-

ling force to make them do their duty, in making subsistence for themselves and others. All history proves this. The "beneficent whip," (according to Carlyle) is not so hard to bear as the pangs of hunger.

Sir Alfred smiled and said, "If you are right, and I believe you are, we must conclude that an immense amount of philanthropic effort, fervid writing, impassioned speaking, including curses and imprecations, have been wasted, or worse than wasted, by the abolitionists of England and America."

"You say if I am right, Sir Alfred—there is no *if* in the case, when that book which all christian nations acknowledge as the word of God, decides it. We may buy from heathen, but we have no permission to buy from christian masters. The relationship of master and slave, once formed, in a christian country, should be dissolved only by death. Whenever men become prepared for freedom they will be free, as inevitably as oil rises above water, or as water finds its level."

"I believe this firmly," replied Sir Alfred.

After landing with their large retinue of English servants, tents, and every convenience for traveling, Mr. Molyneux preceded his party to the suburbs, where their numerous tents were pitched, and Adele, (now Mrs. Molyneux, and the mother of the beautiful little girl we introduced on board of the yacht,) and Mrs. Alfred Mowbray (Sarah Benjamin) with two fine children, soon made themselves at home in these novel and delightful surroundings. Alfred Mowbray has grown stout and portly—a John Bull of the best class.—Charles Molyneux is the same, except that his gay, light-hearted expression has given place to a tender softness of glance which falls upon his wife and child with almost idolatrous fondness.

Mr. Benjamin has been living in Palestine for six years, and is returning from a visit to England. The Hebrew Christians had formed a colony and located themselves in one of the beautiful valleys which branch from the magnificent plain of Esdraelon.

On the morrow when they set out on their journey southward, the children were vastly delighted at their oriental mode of traveling. Mrs. Cecil was still a beloved and honored member of the household, and little Mildred Molyneux and Charlie and Eva Mowbray thought nobody told such beautiful tales, or was in any way so interesting as 'Mamma Cecil,' as she had taught them to call her. She now entertained the little ones with touching scripture histories connected with the holy spots they were about to visit, and glowing tales of the crusaders, the English Richard of the Lion-heart, the renowned knights of St. John, and in later days, tales of French and English conquests. Palestine was more than a fairy-land to these children: it was indeed a Holy Land.

Adele and Sarah both felt towards these sacred precincts as if approaching *home*—the earthly home of Jesus, and how sweet, how dear was the beauty of landscape of this most loved of all lands. As they journey through the splendid plains of Esdraelon with its vast carpet of flowers and grass, and the holy mountains around Tabor, Gilboa, Carmel, and Little Hermon: Tabor, supposed to be the mount where our Lord talked with Moses and Elijah, and of which David sang "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name," and of which Jeremiah prophesied, "Surely as Tabor is among mountains and Carmel by the sea, so shall He come." And Carmel, where the wealthy

and churlish Nabal, with his beautiful wife, Abigail, dwelt in the lordly home of his ancestors, and made feasts 'like the feasts of a king.' Carmel, of which Isaiah spoke so eloquently, "The desert shall blossom abundantly—the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, *the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.*" Carmel where the powerful King Uzziah kept his vine-dressers, "for he loved husbandry."

They reached the entrance of the valley, where the Hebrew Christians dwelt, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A fortified wall had been built across this entrance, and admittance was obtained through a guarded gateway. The valley was spacious and beautiful, and a broad and well kept road lay before them, as soon as they had passed the gate. It was unlike anything of the sort they had seen in Palestine. To the right was an elevated plateau, backed by steep picturesque mountains, and on this plateau the church of the now numerous colony was built, and surrounded by stately buildings. Adele was surprised at their number and splendor. The church itself looked as if belonging to that age which produced an architecture so beautiful that it was said the angels assisted the labors of men. The graceful arches of grey stone seemed to spring from the soil as freely as the mounting spray of a fountain. Adele thought involuntarily, in looking at it, of the Angels Choir of the grand old Lincoln Cathedral. She had almost a passion for beautiful architecture, and often when she had stood in the Cathedral of Lincoln gazing at the interior so gloriously replete with unearthly beauty, the idea had occurred to her that the very soul of the good old bishop St. Hugh (Burgundas)*

* St. Hugh Burgundas is said to have been so intent upon his work that he carried mortar and stones upon his own shoulders to the masons.

was built into these lines of beauty. Whose soul had found expression in this church, Adele longed to know. All its forms and lines of grace pointing towards heaven—was it profane to imagine it an embodied prayer?

"Who designed this church?" she asked of Mr. Benjamin, who was riding beside her. At that moment a venerable man, with a pure, noble face, approached, and Mr. Benjamin whispered, "This is the architect, Rabbi Ben Israel."

The old Rabbi greeted them with warm cordiality, and Adele soon began to ask questions about the church.

"He looked towards it with reverence and love, and said:

"Had I been young, dear lady, my time, I trust, would have been better employed than spending weeks and months in planning even a church. There is so much more important work to do for our race, that had I not been too old and feeble for active parochial duties, I would have thought my time misemployed. The bishop gave me the work to do, and I prayed God that each line I drew might express gratitude and praise to Him. I was an accomplished draftsman and had seen most of the celebrated churches of Europe. God answered my prayer, and blessed my efforts, and I feel that my church expresses what I strove for. But oh how inferior are the noblest conceptions of the human soul to that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"What buildings are those in the back ground of the church," asked Adele.

"The hexagonal building is the treasury, where the first fruits and tithes are stored for the use of the poor and the clergy. Those buildings embosomed in trees and shrubbery are the homes of the families of the bishops and deacons. These are large and hand-

some, as you see, but it is not for useless show. The destitute widows and orphans of our people find a refuge under the roof and at the table of the bishop and the deacon. In this way he knows that they are provided for. He is the shepherd of the flock, and he is not to trust the feeble and destitute to the care of others.

The large building on the left is a college for educating our sons: a similar one on the right is for educating our daughters. All this business of educating is entrusted to the bishops. Their pay consists of the first fruits and tithes, and they consider it ample."

While he was still speaking, a silvery chime rang out from the steeple of the church.

"The hour for evening prayer," said the aged Ben Israel, and the valley which a moment before seemed to rest in perfect solitude and Sabbath-like stillness, became suddenly alive with animated groups of young men and maidens, old men and children, matrons, with little ones at their sides, and aged mothers in Israel tottering onward to the sanctuary. Our cavalcade stopped at the gate near the church and dismounted. Mr. Benjamin and Sarah hurried down a lovely and romantic path, which was a near way to Mr. Benjamin's mansion, to meet the family whom they knew would be coming to the evening prayer.—They have not far to go. Mrs. Benjamin, Eva, Joseph, now a well grown youth, and old Leah are coming up the path. Sarah bursts into tears of joy as she embraced her mother and Eva. But little is said, for they all turn towards the sanctuary.

At the gate of the church Mrs. Benjamin embraces Adele with a mother's fondness, and clasps the three children to her breast successively. Mrs. Cecil is also welcomed with overflowing joy. They enter the church—the services are short and simple—a portion of

scripture, a hymn and a prayer. How touching it was to Adele to hear these lines read in a Jewish church: "For I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And the devout air of all was very sweet and beautiful.

When the service was over, our party all went to Mr. Benjamin's. Adele knew he was a man of wealth, and it was not the expense which he had lavished upon his home which surprised her, but that so much could have been accomplished in the short space of six years. The grounds, the mansion, the woods, (which was the natural growth of the spot, however,) looked almost as old as those of Lanstead Abbey. The house was built of cut stone, and looked like a real old English homestead, of almost palace-like dimensions.

Adele's first thought on reaching any new locality was to see if her grandfather was comfortable and happy. She saw him pacing slowly up and down a broad terrace which overlooked the extensive and beautiful valley, studded with villas which nestled amid fields, groves, orchards and gardens, in a wilderness of cultivated and polished beauty. As she followed her grandfather, to overtake him, she heard him murmuring to himself, "The land of Jesus! the home of Christ! blessed, blessed land." Adele placed her hand within his arm, and looking up into his face with eyes overflowing with happy tears, she said, "Yes, dear grandpapa, less than twenty miles from here is Nazareth, the home of our Savior's childhood, and his dear feet may often have pressed this very sod! That blue mountain which we see from this spot, Mr. Benjamin tells me, rises just above the village of Nazareth. In a few days we will visit it."

Mr. Alfred looked long and earnestly at the mountain as

though his mind were filled with sweet, devotional, happy thoughts.

He then said, "My love, I thought I could never feel to any land as I did towards England, but there is something in this beautiful country, with its sacred associations, which fills my heart with a quiet, soothing happiness, such as I imagine a child to feel on returning home after a long absence."

"That is just the expression of my own feeling, grandpapa. It seems to me like coming home.—If the country were not so beautiful, however, I do not think we would have this feeling to such a degree. It is so sweet, and although strange in many of its aspects, so home-like."

"We will find many parts of the country looking desolate and ruined. This valley has been improved; but however dreary and barren it might be, it is still the land where Jesus lived and died," replied Sir Alfred.

The large hall to which they were summoned to dinner was like the dining hall of an old baronial castle. The artistic taste with which every thing was designed and arranged, united with a home-like sweetness of atmosphere, filled Adele with a strange pleasure. The tall open windows, shaded from without by the peculiar oaks of Palestine, overlooked a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The roses and geraniums to which she was accustomed at home, bloomed here with a new luxuriance and beauty of tint which she had never seen equaled.

After spending some days here, and visiting the estates around, Sir Alfred and Mr. Molyneux expressed themselves delighted with the modes of farming in use. All, except the clergy, were engaged in agriculture, and what surprised them more than anything else, was that men of wealth, as most of the colonists were, engaged in the active duties of the

farm (for the first five hours after morning prayer) as busily as any common laborer. Their hired laborers were mostly the poor of their own race, and they treated them like kinsmen.

The antique (*looking*) baronial dining hall was the place where the whole establishment dined, as in good old English times.

The master, his family and guests occupied the upper end of the long table, while the dependants occupied the other; but as their ancient laws required, they were all bathed and attired in clean garments as soon as the work of the day was over. And their social intercourse extended no further, except in the interchange of kind offices, when occasion required, for the family and guests then withdrew to the drawing rooms, where the remainder of the evening was usually spent. Mr. Benjamin and his son Joseph performed their regular five hours of field labor, plowing, reaping, or sowing. Joseph then changed his work dress for one of finer material and repaired to the college, where another five hours were spent in study. He then joined the family at dinner and spent the rest of the day in recreation. The common laborers spent ten hours in the field.

The life of Mr. Benjamin and his son was the same as that of all other gentlemen and their sons in the colony. Five hours of active field labor—five hours of study, reading, writing and business, and the remainder of the day in social enjoyment. Their field labor did not at all impair their appearance as gentlemen.—They were the handsomest of a handsome race. They had every advantage of dress which wealth and good taste could bestow, and their constant use of pure (i. e. running) water gave their complexions an exquisite freshness and beauty and their hair and beard an unsurpassed gloss and softness.

Alfred Mowbray, who, since his marriage, seemed to consider himself responsible for the whole Jewish race, was charmed beyond measure to find so great a number of cultivated gentlemen, and enlightened agriculturists; for in English estimation, next thing to being a gentleman is being a successful cultivator of land. All of an English gentlemen's instincts seem to be those of a landholder.

Molyneux was also in raptures with the habits of the colony.—“Their work makes them strong and vigorous, and yet their habits of study are such that their minds are cultivated to an unusual degree. You will find they do not merely read, they study. And did ever six years of labor transform a desolate valley into such a perfect Eden before? The American poet, Poe, talks of marvellous beauty of landscape being produced by the ministration of angels. I can scarcely imagine greater beauty than this produced by the ministration of cultivated, intellectual men.”

“Yes,” said Sir Alfred, smiling, “this colony was formed as Solomon's temple was built—by bringing together materials which had already been carefully prepared.

The reason that the architecture of the middle ages surpassed all others was that the great and noble took it into their own hands literally. The Egyptian pyramids were built by slaves; they express little beyond brute strength. The Greek temples were built by artists, men of soul; and the Gothic churches were built by christian praying men, who strove to embody prayer and praise in stone. So I believe when the mind and soul of man is brought to bear upon the culture of the earth, they will impress upon its face a beauty of which we now have but little conception. Mind will lessen labor until the earth will teem with fertility with but little toil. It is a curious circumstance that those

trees upon which men, in the early ages of the world, (when we think God's impress upon the soul was not so much effaced as at present) depended for food, were trees the most picturesque and beautiful in form. There is a harmony between man's wants and his tastes, which should convey to us the most instructive lessons.

Macauley, with that powerful weapon, his pen, demolishes Southey, because the poor poet, following his instincts, tried to convince his countrymen that whatever is not beautiful and graceful in outward form, is not good for mankind, physically, mentally or morally.* I am the most practical of men, as my past life proves, but I am now inclined to agree with the poet and differ with the gifted utilitarian.

Southey did not love black furnaces, smoky factories and iron-monger's shops. The poor fellow preferred green meadows, sparkling rills and shady groves. And Macauley kicks him therefor into contempt and confusion of face. But we venture to say if the same

amount of mind which had been put into those ugly furnaces and factories had been put into the cultivation of the soil, the generous soil would have returned a larger dividend. The men who made their bread out of the factory, might have made it out of the soil with much less labor."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Benjamin, "and there is something utterly repugnant to my mind in the idea of men spending their whole lives in working to support their bodies; no time to cultivate their immortal minds."

"But your laborers, sir," said Mr. Molyneux, "work ten hours a day, while in some places the work hours are reduced to eight."

"Yes," said Mr. Benjamin, "but they work only five days in the week, while other laborers work six. Still we are looking forward to the time when their work hours will be reduced. We have still so much to do here that we cannot afford this reduction at present.

(To be Continued.)

* Southey's Colloquies on Society.

THE HAVERSACK.

During the war, the Southern papers exulted in the fact that while Gen. Lee at Fredericksburg stood by the side of a working battery of artillery, Gen. Burnside was in the Phillips house on the opposite side of the river and miles away from his struggling and discomfited troops, directing their movements by the aid of "a powerful field-glass" and "orderlies commanded to ride very fast." But to many a thoughtful Southern mind, there was more cause for sorrow than for boastfulness in the difference of positions held by

the opposing Generals, while the battle was raging. It proved how vastly superior to ours was the discipline of that Army which could make such repeated, desperate and fruitless assaults, when its commander was beyond the range of the most powerful Whitworth gun. On the contrary, the Southern officer, like the Roman, had to be a *leader*: his men would *follow*, but they could not be *driven*. Hence the enormous slaughter of Southern officers: there has been nothing like it, nothing making any approach to it in all the wars

of mankind, from the first shedding of blood down to the present war. Discipline with us was always so lax as scarcely to deserve the name. Straggling from the very first was enormous; the soldier marched with his command or not pretty much as he pleased, went home and came back very much as he felt inclined. A premium having thus been put upon straggling, it was not long till it degenerated into desertion. In its turn, desertion, which was of rare occurrence in the first year of the war, increased by degrees, because seldom punished, until it finally assumed frightful proportions.—This loose state of things was not due to an insubordinate spirit in our troops. They would have submitted to any degree of just restraint or healthful discipline.—The fault lay in the neglect of officers to enforce orders, not in a wanton spirit of disobedience on the part of the men. But disregard for authority having been once established, a most free and easy state of things existed between rulers and ruled. The badge of the *officer* was but little regarded; he was respected or despised as a *man* and not as a commander. The qualities of the *individual* were those, which won the admiration or provoked the sarcasm of the soldiery. We will give a few anecdotes showing this, remarking that among the many causes which led to the failure of the Confederacy not the least important is that illustrated by the relative position of Lee and Burnside at the battle of Fredericksburg.

In the Army of Lee, of Johnston, of the Trans-Mississippi, or in some of the numerous Departments of the South, there was a General officer, who had established a reputation as a good fighter, but who had a morbid desire to be popular with the men. The craving for popularity had made him claim on one occasion the *honor* of suggesting the issue of a *hominy*

ration to the men. And he was by no means neglectful in improving every opportunity for informing them of their indebtedness to him for the favor. The same thirst for applause caused him to wish for a sobriquet, which would the more identify him with the men and endear him to them. So one day he intimated as delicately as might be, his wishes to some privates who had been under him when in a subordinate position.—These men readily assured him of their willingness to gratify him, but asked for a little delay that they might select a suitable cognomen. The delay was granted and a day appointed for the return of the ambitious hero. Punctual to the moment, he was there and thus gracefully introduced himself and his subject. "Well, boys, I suppose that you have been thinking over the thing, which *you hinted* to me about the other day. I reckon that I ought not to have any more scruples about it, or feelings of false delicacy, so I will leave the matter with my friends." Jackson is called "Old Stonewall," Loring is called "old blizzard," and Dick Taylor, "fighting Dick." I don't know why it is but some of the boys over there *will* call me 'fighting ———.' The boys not taking the last hint, so delicately given, replied, "we have been thinking of our great obligation to you for that nice ration you got us the other day, and so we have all agreed to call you "old hominy!"

It is said that the largest dictionaries on the continent do not contain some of the words, which the astounded General used on that occasion.

A private soldier sends us the subjoined anecdote, which is to the same purport as that given above. During the siege of Petersburg in '64 and '65, an officer was thought to be too fond of his bomb-proof, when the mortar shells were in the air. One day, there being a lull in the storm of

shot and shell, a fatigue party was sent out to work on the trenches with their sentries to give notice of the approach of a dangerous visitor, by the cry "look-out, a shell!" Our hero took advantage of the quiet to make a regular spread-eagle speech to his men. Now the rebel soldiers had a great contempt for speechifying. They had heard many eloquent, thrilling speeches before the war, but some how or another, the orators had nearly all stayed at home. Hence the universal belief with them was that a good war-talker was a poor fighter. The working party, then, listened impatiently to the fiery appeals made to their courage and patriotism, without ever deigning to stop the regular ply of spade and shovel. Human endurance had been tested to the utmost when a low conversation began between John L. and Tom B.— "Aint you getting sick Tom?" "Yes, powerful, let us make him dry up." "Agreed." John L. turned his face to the sky and cried in tones of the greatest alarm "look-out, a shell!" The word "liberty" was in the mouth of the eloquent speaker, but it was only half uttered, when a hasty bound placed him safe in the bomb-proof. The *shell* did not explode, but a whole Brigade of *laughter* did and so loud and so animated that the Yankees thought that it was the old rebel shout before a charge. We take it for granted that Tom B. was never made sick in that precise way again.

The red-breeches of the Zouaves made quite an impression upon our men at the outset of the war and their application of the word "red-breeches" was often ludicrous enough. But probably no more singular use of it was made than we once heard on a night visit to the trenches at Petersburg occupied by a N. Carolina Brigade. The enemy was keeping up a slow mortar firing and the shells with their burning fuses were making

parabolas in the air, very beautiful to behold at a distance. As one of these fiery messengers was burning and creaking in the sky, the sentinel on the look-out gave the warning cry in long drawling tones "here-comes-one-of-them-red-breeches-devils-again." The crash that accompanied the last word announced the arrival of the *serial Zouave*.

When Gen. Butler was "bottled up" in Bermuda Hundreds on the 20th May, 1864, no troops were more expert in the bottling up process than Gen. ———'s, N. C. Brigade, who on that day gloriously commemorated the 89th Anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. As soon as Butler's rifle-pits had been taken, Gen. ———, who had greatly distinguished himself by his skill and gallantry put his men to work to intrench the new position. The Gen. wore a white straw hat and as he was greatly exposed while laying off the line of work, the frequent whizzing of minnies by his ears announced that his head-gear was the target for the sharp-shooters from the opposite intrenchments. His watchful and anxious men were not slow to perceive the danger of their leader and its cause and they earnestly entreated him to take off the too conspicuous "panama." He complied with their wishes, but unfortunately there was only a smooth surface on the crown, "where the hair ought to grow," (as says the touching song) and the increased vehemence of the fire showed that the reflection of the sun's rays from the polished cranium was guiding the deadly rifle with alarming precision. An old man devotedly attached to his chief saw and understood the critical situation and unable to restrain himself, he went up to the General and said, "put on your hat again, General, it only makes it worser, *its all shiny on top like a looking-glass.*"

A General Officer had gained quite an unenviable notoriety for *bucking* marauders and stragglers. This was a very common punishment in the old U. S. Army during the Mexican war, and consists in seating the offender upon the ground, tying his hands together by the wrists, drawing them over his knees and thrusting a stick under his knees so as to rest tightly upon the hollows of the arms just opposite the elbows. A man thus tied is in a most painfully constrained position, and the punishment is sufficiently severe without being attended with dangerous consequences. One morning as

the troops were filing out of camp, this officer attempted to leap his horse over a wide ditch, but the opposite bank gave way and the horse was thus thrown upon his haunches in the mud and slime of an unusually filthy ditch. The animal was extricated at length, but his tail and hind-quarters were smeared all over. However, there was no help for it and the officer rode on to get to the head of the column, but he heard from one end of the line to the other, "look there!—the old fellow has been bucking his horse as I'm a sinner!"

THE GEORGIAN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

A South Carolina Chaplain furnishes the incident below, which is related in his own words.

During the siege of Fort Sumter, the point upon which the fire of the enemy was poured, varied from day to day, and the danger to the members of the garrison varied accordingly. On the day of my story, the sea face had been undergoing very severe treatment; and the shells that were paring it down, and the masses of brick and mortar hurled from their bed, flew thick and incessant over all the open space within. Places for cooking under shelter had been provided for the men, and they had been forbidden to cook upon the parade-ground. But the dislike of the darkness and crowd and heated atmosphere was so great, that the tough boys of the 12th Georgia Battery were continually breaking bounds, and running a risk of which they seemed insen-

sible, but which lookers-on saw to be frightful.

One old man started across the said open space, frying pan in hand, to establish himself and his kitchen in a favorite corner; a parrot shell, just grazing the wall, rushed by and dashed his pan to atoms. "Look-a-thar, now!" was his only comment; and he trudged back, got another pan, and started again. This time, the shell flying over his head, buried itself in the debris in front of him, and exploded—heaving out a perfect hailstorm of bricks, masses of mortar, pieces of broken guns or carriages; in a word, *wreck* of every description. When the "thick cloud passed," there stood the old Georgian, unharmed, but nonplussed; his frying pan utterly demolished. "Wall, if *that's* the way you're gwine to sarve a feller, I mought just as well quit!" I believe he did "quit."

SIX NAMELESS HEROES.

It is said that on six different occasions, when the trenches of Petersburg were subjected to mortar fire, men were found to seize load-

ed shells and throw them over the work, and thus render them harmless at a risk to themselves one shuddered to think of. I

have never been able to learn the name of even one of them. I have heard, however, that *one* such case occurred in the British army in

the Crimea, and the gallant fellow was promoted on the spot. Cannot those six names be recovered?

A NAME WORTH RECORDING.

No man who took part in the closing defence of battery Wagner will ever forget its two last days, Sept. 5th and 6th, 1863. The physical exhaustion, the dark bomb-proofs and their precarious condition, the terrible foul air, reeking of blood and death, the groans of men delirious and dying were fitted to shake the stoutest nerves. There were men, however, who never quailed: as, for instance—

One of the Columbiads was dismounted by a shot, while loaded. It was thrown completely over by the blow, lay pointing at the door of the magazine; and the carriage took fire. The smoke being seen, the enemy at once concentrated their fire there, to prevent its be-

ing extinguished, and drove away the surviving men from the gun. Two officers, seeing the extremity, rushed up to try and prevent the explosion. Water, of course, could not be had, and they fought the fire with sand, but soon found they must have help or fail. They called for volunteers, but at first in vain; the complication of perils was too appalling: until *Private McConnel*, Co. C. 25th S. C. V., heard how things stood. He immediately ran to their assistance, got the fire under, and saved the garrison and the Fort. For this gallant deed he was formally thanked by the commander of the Fort, and the officer commanding his regiment.

We were once witness to a remarkable piece of coolness in Virginia. A six gun battery was shelling the woods furiously near which stood an humble hut. As we rode by the shells were fortunately too high to strike the building, but this might occur any moment by lowering the angle or shortening the fire. The husband was away, probably far off in the Army, but the good house-wife was busy at the wash-tub regardless of all the roar and crash of shells and falling timber. Our surprise at her coolness was lost in greater amazement at observing three children, the oldest not more than ten, on top of a fence watching with great interest the flight of the shells. Our curiosity was so much excited by the extraordinary spectacle that we could not refrain from stopping and asking the children, if they were not afraid. "Oh no," replied they, "the Yankees aint shooting at us, they are shooting at the soldiers!"

From an officer of Humphrey's old Brigade of Mississippians we received during the war, the incident below showing the appreciation of the Mississippi boys for the gallant youths, who kept out of the Army.

The Brigade was at a halt by the road-side with stacked arms, when a *nice* young man rode by well-mounted and well-dressed.—He was instantly greeted by a hundred voices each charging him with using some of the many tricks, by which, under the exemptions of the Conscript Bill, the Government was cheated out of soldiers. "He's a twenty-nigger chap," cried one. "No, he looks too poor for that, he's the overseer," cried another. "He's a pot-ash biler." "Wrong there, Jim, he's been poking around camp picking up old hides to soak in a tan yard." "Maybe, he's a magistrate, take off your hats, boys, to the squire." "Hallo, Mister,"

shouts a bare-foot lad, "have you got a contract for shoeing soldiers?" "He gave a bale of cotton to the conscript officer."—"Nary a bale, he bribed the fellow, with his mammy's old settin' turkey hen." "Mister can you click them things in the telegraphy office." "Send Susie Ann a lock of my hair over them thar wires." Our young hero with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showed, by boldly challenging the whole Brigade to single combat, that other motives than fear had kept him from the battle-field.—Thereupon, young — stepped out and with a polite bow asked pardon for the rudeness of the Brigade, "the boys will have a little fun, but they mean nothing by it, they have been long away from civilized society, roughing it

in camp,—hope that you will pardon them, stranger, since they are true soldiers, fighting for our beloved country; tis not often they do such outrageous things." The citizen much mollified answered courteously, "well I suppose that I was foolish for getting mad at their jokes, and I am glad to hear that they do not often play such tricks upon inoffensive travellers." "Very seldom indeed," replied the polite soldier with a bland smile, "never indeed to my certain knowledge unless some cussed fool comes riding along, and then they cant help it, you know."

Our informant did not tell us what comfort was afforded by the last consolatory remark, but we think it probable that the youthful warrior never passed Humphrey's Brigade again.

MISTAKEN SYMPATHY, OR MISTAKEN FIGURES.

COL. T., who fell fighting gallantly at the first battle of Manassas, related an incident, which occurred at a reception given to some Indian Chiefs in the principal city of his native State, as a remarkable instance of mistaken sympathy. A romantic young lady, whose mind was deeply imbued with reading the "Sorrows of Werter," and other novels of the exquisitely sentimental school, approached a stalwart savage, whose sombre visage indicated suffering of some kind, and addressed him thus: "Why droops the eagle eye of the forest chief? Is he brooding over the wrongs of his race? Does the memory of the red warrior revert to the past, when his proud ancestors roamed through the mighty forests and enjoyed the primeval glories of nature, now so sadly marred by

the axe and plough of the unsympathizing rustic?"

The answer of the forest chief with the drooping eagle eye was a little startling to her refined sensibility. "No! white man gib Injun too much whiskalce. Injun big drunk last night; Injun sick; bye-bye Injun puke; Injun well again—ugh."

We have read a great deal of the cruelty inflicted upon the slaves of the South. This, it is alleged has driven multitudes of male slaves into insanity and suicide; and in case of females, has produced blindness, deaf and dumbness, idiocy and deformity in their offspring. If this allegation be true, we of the South ought to repent in dust and ashes; we ought to humble ourselves before God and to implore Him to avert from us as a people the calamities which

our oppression has so richly deserved. If the charge be not true, we ought to be allowed to justify ourselves before the whole universe. Nor ought the efforts at self justification to be construed into an act of disloyalty, and an attempt to incite rebellion. But that there may be no reason to suspect us of anything naughty, we will confine ourselves to extracts from a loyal book, the "Preliminary Report of the Eighth Census," edited by a thoroughly loyal man, Jos. G. Kennedy, Esq., under the direction of the thoroughly loyal Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith, Esq.; printed by the order of a thoroughly loyal and rebel-hating Congress, within sight of the loyal

Capitol of the "best Government the world ever saw." We have from this loyal and very valuable book compiled a table showing the population of the six New England States, and of twelve Southern States lately in rebellion against the Government aforesaid. We have excluded Delaware, Kentucky and Missouri because they have not been so specially the subjects of the charges which we are endeavoring to controvert.—We have included Maryland, though not represented in the deceased Government of the so-called Confederate States, because from her geographical position and connection with these States, she was peculiarly identified with them:

STATES.	POPULATION.			INSANE.	
	FREE.	SLAVES.	AGGREGATE.	FREE.	SLAVES.
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	None.	1,231,066	2,105	
Connecticut,	460,147	None.	460,147	281	
Rhode Island,	174,620	None.	174,620	288	
Vermont,	315,098	None.	315,098	693	
New Hampshire,	326,073	None.	326,073	506	
Maine,	628,279	None.	628,279	704	
	3,135,283		3,135,283	4,577	
Maryland,	599,860	87,189	687,049	546	14
Virginia,	1,105,453	490,865	1,596,318	1,121	58
North Carolina,	661,563	331,059	992,622	597	63
South Carolina,	301,302	402,406	703,708	299	18
Georgia,	595,088	462,198	1,057,286	447	44
Florida,	78,680	61,745	140,425	20	5
Alabama,	529,121	435,060	964,201	225	32
Mississippi,	354,674	436,631	791,305	236	36
Louisiana,	376,276	331,726	708,002	132	37
Tennessee,	834,082	275,719	1,109,801	612	28
Arkansas,	324,335	111,115	435,450	82	5
Texas,	421,649	182,566	604,215	112	13
	6,182,083	3,608,299	9,790,382	4,429	358

These figures, drawn from loyal sources, show that while the slaves in the twelve States enumerated above exceed the population of New England by near 500,000 they have 4,224 fewer cases of insanity; or in other words, the Eastern States, with a half

million less of population, have nearly thirteen times as much insanity. They show, moreover, that godly, learned, rich and free Massachusetts, with her religion to calm the troubled mind and soothe the perturbed spirit, her stores of learning to please and

divert from melancholy, her freedom to protect from the maddening influence of oppression, has, nevertheless, six-fold more madness in it, than is found among the down-trodden slaves in these twelve States, though it has only about one third the number of inhabitants. But the comparison is still more unfavorable to Massachusetts if we come to the Cotton States, which have been the special objects of denunciation. Thus Massachusetts has one stark raving mad man or woman for every 584 inhabitants, but among the negroes of South Carolina there is only one case of insanity for every 12,556 slave inhabitants; in Florida one for every 12,349 slave inhabitants; in Arkansas one for every 22,223 slave inhabitants.—So that the virtuous, upright and intelligent freemen of Massachusetts are shown by this most unimpeachable authority to be 21 1-7 times crazier than the negroes of Florida, 38 1-19 times crazier than the negroes of Arkansas, and 38 1-2 times crazier than the negroes of South Carolina. We use the word crazier in a strictly *statistical* sense, and mean thereby simply a greater tendency to run wild, to become mad, to act foolishly.

Vermont is in a still worse condition than Massachusetts, having actually one maniac out of every 455 inhabitants!! But as the distinguished Senator from the latter State has made the assault upon the South, which we are combating by facts and figures, we have given his representatives alone the comparison with the negroes of the South.

Again, if we will compare the free population, both North and South, with the slave, we will find a far greater proportional insanity among the former than among the latter. Thus, New York, with her 3,880,735 free inhabitants, has 4,317 insane persons, or one for 899; Pennsylvania, with 2,906,115, has 2,766, or

one for 1,050; Ohio, with 2,339,511, has 2,293 or one for 1,020; California, with 379,994, has 456, or one for 833. Virginia has one case for every 986 free persons.—South Carolina one for every 1,006 free persons. Minnesota and Kansas are more exempt from this dreadful calamity than any of the States of the Union, but even they are more subject to it than are generally the negroes of the Cotton States. Minnesota, out of a population of 173,855, reports 25 cases of madness, or one to 6,954. Kansas, out of 107,203 inhabitants reports 10 cases, or one to every 10,720.

Let us place side by side the six New-England States and the negroes in the six extreme Cotton States. Connecticut has one case in every 1,637 inhabitants; Maine one in 892; New Hampshire one in 644; Rhode Island one in 607; Massachusetts one in 584, and Vermont one in 455. Florida, on the other hand, has a ratio of one crazy negro out of every 12,349 slave inhabitants; Alabama one to every 13,596 slave inhabitants; Mississippi one to every 12,129 slave inhabitants; Louisiana one to every 8,965 slave inhabitants; Arkansas one to every 22,223 slave inhabitants, and Texas one to every 14,043. South Carolina, as we have seen, one in every 22,356 slave inhabitants.

It is remarkable that South Carolina, the largest slave-holding State, relatively, has a smaller ratio of insanity among the negroes than is to be found any where in the U. S., either among whites or blacks. So rare is this malady among the negroes at the South that we never have known a single case of it in our own personal knowledge, although we have passed two-thirds of the allotted period to man's existence of three score years and ten. Few of our oldest inhabitants have ever seen two crazy negroes in the whole period of their lives.

A comparison of insanity among the free persons of the same six extreme Cotton States, with New England, will show the influence of the fun-loving, frolicsome negro, upon those by whom he is surrounded. Florida reports one case in 3,934 inhabitants; Alabama one in 2,351; Mississippi one in 1,503; Louisiana one in 2,851; Texas one in 3,765; Arkansas one in 3,955.

Mr. Supt. Kennedy has shown New England to be the craziest section of the United States, and Vermont and Massachusetts to be the craziest portion of the craziest section. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

If we next examine the statistics of suicides, we will see that Massachusetts has the pre-eminence in this department of human enterprise. Mr. Kennedy reports 110 cases of suicide in this highly moral State in his Report of 1860; 30 in Connecticut, 31 in New Hampshire, 14 in Rhode Island, 21 in Vermont, and 33 in Maine. Among the Southern States, he reports 15 in Maryland, 31 in Virginia, 15 in North Carolina, 8 in South Carolina, 21 in Georgia, 4 in Florida, 21 in Alabama, 21 in Mississippi, 21 in Louisiana, 30 in Tennessee, 3 in Arkansas, and 30 in Texas.

We regret that the report does not discriminate between the whites and the slaves of the South, for then it would be seen that all the cases belong to the former class.

We most emphatically affirm that we never knew or heard of a single case of suicide among the slaves of the South. But the Report, as it is, will answer our purpose.

By looking back at the table, it will be seen that Connecticut and Arkansas are nearer to each other in point of population than any two States, one North and the other South. But Connecticut has 31 suicides and Arkansas but

3—ten times fewer. We have not a particle of doubt, moreover, that these three cases were of whites.

South Carolina, Arkansas and Florida added together give 1,279,583 or 48,517 more inhabitants than Massachusetts; but this pious and cultivated State with this deficiency in her number of inhabitants reports 95 more cases of suicide; in other words, she excels the other three States in a seven-fold ratio; and we cheerfully accord to her the praise due to her superior energy. Connecticut and New Hampshire each reports as many cases as Virginia, but Virginia has $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the population of the former, and $4\frac{3}{4}$ times that of the latter, and is therefore beaten by them in that business, in the same ratio.

Vermont reports as many cases as Mississippi, but Mississippi has more than twice as many inhabitants. Maine reports as many as North Carolina, Arkansas and Maryland all three combined with a population of 2,115,121—i. e. $3\frac{1}{2}$ greater than that of Maine. Vermont reports as many suicides as Georgia, but Georgia has $3\frac{1}{2}$ times more people within her borders.—Rhode Island is nearer to Florida in point of population than to any other Southern State, but in Rhode Island one out of 12,473 commits suicide, while in Florida the ratio is one to 35,106.

But it is said that comparisons are odious, and we have no disposition to extend these figures. We have taken up each of the New England States and compared it with one of its sinful sisters, and have let the figures tell their own tale. But as Mr. Sumner is specially virulent towards South Carolina, owing probably to his having been compelled on one occasion to chastise a gentleman from that State for offensive language used in debate, it may be not out of place to compare poor South Carolina, with the curse of slavery upon her, with his own glorious

State, which contains that venerable Rock upon which Liberty leaped when she first touched the American shore in her flight from a foreign land—that wonderful Cradle in which her first born was rocked—and that splendid Monument which commemorates the exploits of her heroic dead.

These reliable statistics of Mr. Supt. Kennedy show that one man or woman out of every 11,191 in the free, enlightened and godly State of Massachusetts cuts his or her throat, blows out his or her brains, lays his or her body across a railroad track, pours poison down his or her throat, or in some other way shows his or her determination to live no longer in the State of the Rock, the Cradle and the Monument. But in wicked South Carolina, the ratio is only one to 87,963! In Louisiana, where the poet has so touchingly said that "the sweat of the sugar has been made bitter by the sweat of the slave," the ratio is only one to 33,714; while in Arkansas, right in the heart of the Cotton States, it is only one to 145,150.—[See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

We were never dabblers in politics, and do not mean to meddle now, but it seems to us that the Administration party North are too bitter towards Massachusetts, on account of her national policy, which they call suicidal—striking at the life of the nation.

Now all the world knows that men usually execute publicly the plans and designs formed at home. Why then blame Massachusetts for carrying her domestic policy into the councils of the nation?—The censure is manifestly unreasonable. Besides the most enlarged charity should be exercised towards the State that has one mad man or woman for every 584 inhabitants. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," what a fermentation must such a big pile

make! [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery]

But we are not discussing moral or political questions. We are examining the statistics to see whether the slaves have been driven into suicide, as alleged.—We have seen that 240 cases were reported from the six New England States and but 220 from twelve slave States, with a population more than three times greater.

Now we do not believe that one-tenth of these 220 cases occurred with negroes. Ask the oldest inhabitant you meet, if he ever knew of two well-authenticated cases among the negroes in his own country. We think but few can reply in the affirmative.—Moreover, we see again the influence of the mirth, jollity and light-heartedness of the negro reacting upon his master, and removing that gloom which is the precursor of insanity and suicide. The States which have the fewest negroes relatively to the white population report relatively the greatest number of suicides. Thus Maryland has nearly twice as many cases as South Carolina, but South Carolina has the largest slave population, having 315,217 more slaves than Maryland.

In fact, South Carolina, which has an excess of slaves over free-men, has a smaller proportion of suicides than any State in the Union except Arkansas. Mississippi, the only other Southern State in which the slaves outnumbered the whites has 9 fewer cases than Texas, a small slave-holding State relatively; although it has 187,090 more inhabitants than Texas.

Compare in like manner Tennessee with Georgia—States whose aggregate population is nearly the same; North Carolina with Virginia, &c. The general law will be found to be as above, though Arkansas forms an exception.

Next let us examine the statistics of blindness as found on page 44. We there find it stated that the proportion of blind slaves to all other slaves is one to every 2,616, and that the proportion of blind to the whole population is one in 2,470. The slaves then are thus shown to be far less subject to blindness than the free population. But the following table will set that forth more clearly:

STATES.	FREE BLIND.	SLAVES BLIND.	STATES.	FREE BLIND.
Maryland,	264	34	Massachusetts,	498
Virginia,	557	232	Connecticut,	152
North Carolina,	392	189	Rhode Island,	85
South Carolina,	171	120	New Hampshire,	142
Georgia,	297	188	Vermont,	165
Florida,	15	21	Maine.	123
Alabama,	204	114		
Mississippi,	147	116		
Louisiana,	112	118		
Tennessee,	437	117		
Arkansas,	118	26		
Texas.	119	31		
	2833	1306		1275

Now by dividing the number of slaves in these twelve States—3,608,299 by 1,306—the quotient will be 2,763: and by dividing the number of inhabitants in the New England States—3,135,283 by 1,275, the quotient will be 2,459.—So then the sharp-sighted down-easter is more subject to blindness than the mal-treated slave; there is one blind person for every 2,459 inhabitants in New England, while only one among 2,763 slaves.

These statistics are the more remarkable in as much as ninety-nine out of every hundred of the slaves were engaged in agriculture; and this has been found to be unfavorable to vision. Mr. Kennedy tells us that “a larger proportion of blind persons is found to exist in the agricultural districts of Great Britain than in the manufacturing and mining districts and large cities.” It may be interesting to compare the above figures with the statistics of Great Britain. In England and Wales, the proportion of blind persons to the rest of the population is one in 979; in Scotland one in 960; in Ireland one in 878. Total in

Great Britain and Ireland one in 950. The wealthy and highly favored subjects of her majesty are nearly three times as liable to blindness as the poor slaves of the South, and this too notwithstanding the fact that the latter were engaged almost exclusively in agricultural pursuits. [See Summer on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

Now let us examine the matter of deaf-muteness. The most recent reports from Europe give an average of one deaf-mute to every 1,311 inhabitants. In the free population of the United States, the ratio is one in 1,925; but among the slave population, it is only one in 4,900. The free population is therefore more than 2½ times as subject to this malady as the slaves. But the figures are still more remarkable, if we go to the Cotton States, where the slaves are more numerous and where there is a smaller infusion of white blood.

The States South of North Carolina report but one case among 6,920 slaves. We thus see that the free inhabitants of Europe are 5½ times more subject to deaf-

mutism than the poor slaves of the South. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

We will next look at the statistics of idiocy and will institute a comparison between the negroes in six cotton States and the free population in six New England States, which claim (and we will not dispute the claim) to be the most intellectual portion of the whole United States.

STATES.	POPULATION.	NO. OF IDIOTIC.	PROPORTION OF
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	712	1 in 1,720
Connecticut,	460,147	226	1 " 2,033
Rhode Island,	174,620	101	1 " 1,723
New Hampshire,	326,073	336	1 " 970
Vermont,	315,098	263	1 " 1,193
Maine.	628,279	658	1 " 954
Total.	3,135,283	2296	1 " 1,355
	SLAVE POP.	NO. OF IDIOTIC	PROPORTION OF
South Carolina,	402,406	121	1 in 3,325
Georgia,	462,198	183	1 " 2,525
Florida,	61,745	16	1 " 3,859
Alabama,	435,080	134	1 " 3,246
Mississippi,	436,631	76	1 " 5,745
Louisiana.	331,726	104	1 " 3,189
Total.	2,129,786	634	1 " 3,359

This table shows that the tendency to idiocy is nearly three times as great in New England as in the six cotton States named above. In fact, every comparison between the ignorant man in bonds and the intelligent man of New England has been unfavorable to the latter. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

In the whole United States, there were in 1860, 18,865 idiotic persons or 1 in every 1,666 of all the inhabitants, free and slave. But the ratio of the slave population exclusively was one in 2,503. And here again we observe a more favorable condition of things in the cotton States. In Georgia, it was one to 2,525; in Alabama one to 3,246; in South Carolina one to 3,325; in Louisiana one to 3,189; in Florida one to 3,859; in Arkansas one to 4,629; in Texas one to 4,933; in Mississippi one to 5,745. But in Maryland the ratio is as low as one in 1,406; in Virginia one in 2,293; in Tennessee one in

1,850; in Kentucky one in 1,454; in Missouri one in 1,824, and North Carolina as low as one in 1,373.

Now it is very strange that the great cruelty alleged to have existed at the South did not drive the poor negro to suicide and insanity. It is strange that it did not produce deformity, blindness, idiocy and deaf-muteness in his offspring.

A long course of ill-treatment and ill-feeding will dwarf the size and impair the strength of a race. But where is there such a specimen of the physical man as was once to be found on the slave plantations of the South? The Irish are reckoned the strongest men in Europe, but they are deficient in strength and endurance compared with the negro. Some fifteen years ago, a hundred Irish ditchers were employed on the James River and Kanawha Canal and at the same time a hundred negro-men, "field hands," not accustomed to ditching, were set to labor with them. A rivalry

sprang up between the parties, and they did their utmost to excel one another. But it was soon seen that the untrained negroes could do far more work than the Irish. No one, who has seen the stevedores of Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans lifting or carrying burdens, will believe that they have sprung from a half-starved and ill-used race. The fact is the negro was the best-fed, the best-clothed, the best-cared for and the least-worked laborer on the globe. Our sins in regard to him (and they were many) were rather sins of omission than of positive transgression.

His physical wants were well supplied, but his moral condition was neglected. On the large plantations, the master was satisfied to entrust the immortal interests of his slaves to his Chaplain, while he gave his personal attention to their food, raiment and shelter. On the smaller farms, the pious head of the family neglected to gather his negroes with his children around the family altar.—The Lord commended Abraham for caring for the spiritual condition of his whole family, bond and free. “For I know him that he will *command* his *children* and his *household* after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment.”

We claimed for slavery that it was a patriarchal institution, but it was only so where the religious duties of the slave were as strictly enforced as were his secular duties. Since we failed to come up to the full measure of our obligation, we have been punished for our neglect. Nor do we believe that our people are relieved from that obligation now. We fear that the days of happiness and peace for the poor negro are over forever. In passing through Georgia and the two Carolinas, during the Christmas holidays, we missed the fun and frolic which had so universally prevailed at that sea-

son in times past. We missed the loud laugh, the merry faces, the banjos, the fiddles and the dancing. A careless, unthinking, unreflecting race, never accustomed to taking thought for the morrow were suddenly called upon to attend to their own wants and make provision for the future. The mental effort has been too great for those wholly unused to exercise their minds: and their haggard, care-worn countenances betray the over-exertion. The man, unhabituated to work with his own hands, sinks under the task which the day-laborer would regard as a trifle. And so thought for the future has proved too heavy a burden for the freedmen. This element of unhappiness has been but little commented upon, though it has been so prolific of suffering and death. We rejoice that our people feel the truest pity for the unfortunate creature, and as far as their own prostrate condition will permit, are ready to lend him a helping hand. We are more hopeful too than many in regard to the future of the negro. There is no reason that he should disappear as did the Indian, who once roamed over our land. He is surrounded by friends, who have cared and provided for him from his cradle. The Indian was engirdled by enemies. Nor need he relapse into barbarism, like the negro of the West India Islands. Neglectful as we have been of our Christian obligations, the negroes among us have generally been taught the plan of salvation and the great cardinal truths of religion. They are generally, too, outnumbered by the whites and are therefore under better influences than those, who have so sadly deteriorated. We trust, therefore, that the future is not so fraught with ruin to the colored race, as many of our wisest and most far-seeing men suppose. But however that may be, it is the duty as well as the policy of the South to stimulate,

encourage and cheer all who are disposed to earn honest livelihoods. And we are confident that the great mass of our population recognize these truths and act upon them.

In conclusion, we would briefly notice a positive transgression charged against the South—the separation of husbands and wives. This is certainly a great and grievous sin. But there has been far less of it than generally supposed, and seldom indeed without extenuating circumstances. Debt on the part of the master, ill-doing on the part of the slave, or removal to another locality have usually been the cause of this evil.— Besides, there is less sensibility on this subject with negroes than is generally supposed by those unacquainted with them. If a husband had a good home with a kind master, he would generally not choose to follow his wife belonging to a different master, should the last named move away to some other section.

Some years ago, a servant of Col. M——, of Yorkville, South Carolina, refused to follow his wife and ten children to a different State, saying that he had a good home where he was and he did not know what might befall him after he had abandoned it. Col. M—— offered him some pocket money and a mule to ride, but all in vain. And so we have known a wife refuse to leave her mistress to go with her husband.

In our own observation, we have never known a solitary case of separation for the sake of a good bargain—the mere greed of gain. Such an act would have been as thoroughly execrated in this section as in any part of the world.

But what has struck us with astonishment in this matter is that this particular charge against the South should have been brought by the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts.

In looking over the files of that loyal newspaper, the *New York Observer*, the other day we came across the following paragraph.

DIVORCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

About sixteen hundred divorcees have been decreed in Massachusetts in six years, of which 584 were for desertion, 553 for criminal conduct, 132 for cruelty, and 142 from other causes. It is known that 1,316 were decreed in five years that ended May 1, 1865, and at the same rate, during the last eleven months, it may be assumed that the grand total is not far from 1,600.

We find this item afloat in the papers. It is probably prepared from official sources. If so, it is a sad and fearful comment upon the state of things. It is nearly five a week, from year to year.— And this does not include those cases of separation which are the result of mutual agreement to disagree, when the wife or husband takes the law into her or his own hands, and *departs*. This is the plan recommended by some of our strong-minded women as the proper remedy.

In divorces and adultery, Massachusetts is again ahead of all the states of the Union. Poor, wicked South Carolina is far, far behind. Since the first organization of her State government in 1776, there has never been a single divorce granted.

Now all these 1,600 separations were voluntary, for Massachusetts is a free State. We do not believe that there have been that many *constrained* partings of negro husbands and wives in the same period in any one of the Southern States.

Nor would it be extravagant to say that there has not been that number in fifty years in any Southern State from the mere motive of gain on the part of the master.

We know full well the stereotyped answer to the facts and fig-

ures given above. The Massachusetts special pleader replies that insanity is a mark of mental activity—that the prevalence of madness is the true measure of intellectual culture. "Boston is the Athens of America," therefore Boston is very crazy. Massachusetts is the Publishing House of the United States, therefore Massachusetts is full of madness. The beasts of the field do not run mad, they have too little brains. The wild man of America and the savage of Africa do not become deranged, their mental development is too low. Very well, let your proposition be admitted to be true. It is not because the Southern negro has been treated kindly you say that he does not run mad and cut his throat; it is not because of his freedom from care for to-day and from anxiety for to-morrow; but because his intellect is too feeble for insanity. He is too much of a beast, too much of a savage to have sense enough to become crazy. His mind has not been stirred up enough, by your exciting books, and your raving lecturers to be prepared for madness. Is this beast and savage then with his low grade of intelligence prepared to become a citizen of these United States? Is he prepared for the privilege of the elective franchise? Is he prepared to decide upon questions involving the rights, property and destiny of millions of intelligent, educated and refined white men and women?

The statistics of insanity in Great Britain show the domestics of the family, the "governesses," and "servants of all work," to be more subject to this awful visitation of heaven than any other class. Of the 400,000 "servants of all work" in Great Britain exclusive of Ireland, but few have been known to find an ultimate refuge in the Poor-House. The Lunatic Asylum had afforded that melancholy protection. Uncer-

tainty about the future, incessant drudgery, little time allowed to meals, late hours at night and early in the morning, petulance, ill-temper and scolding on the part of employers—all these causes combined to produce a fearful prevalence of insanity among these unfortunates. The freedom from disease among the domestics of the South would seem naturally to prove freedom from the causes, which have produced it among the domestics of Great Britain. If so, the "Barbarism of Slavery" is demonstrated to be a stupendous libel upon Southern masters.

If the other view, however, be the correct one that the negro is too much of an idiot to become a madman; then he is not fit to be a voter. It matters not which horn of the dilemma, the Jacobin may take. The first proves him to be a slanderer; the second, to be as little qualified to be a statesman as the negro is to be a voter.

The amazing amount of suicides in Massachusetts is attributed to the same causes, the constant strain upon the mind of that highly intellectual people. The overworked brain produces gloom, misanthropy and hatred of life. If that be so, 'tis a melancholy comment upon human learning. 'Tis a poor recommendation to mental culture; at least, after the Massachusetts pattern. It is a strange philanthropy, which seeks to force the same sort of education upon others. It is, probably, a mistaken benevolence to propagate among the poor negroes of the South, an awful malady almost unknown among them hitherto.—Let this cerebral excitement be confined to Massachusetts. In view of the fruits which it yields, we fear that there are people in every State of the Union, who would not be sorry to see it carried to the highest point provided it never go beyond the borders of that highly cultivated State. For our own part, we deplore both

cause and effect. Nor do we believe that the true reason has been assigned for the condition of things in Massachusetts. No amount of *healthy* mental activity will produce insanity and aversion to life. The mind of the redeemed will be expanding ceaselessly throughout eternity, and next to its enjoyment of the presence of Deity will be its delights in its own tireless energy. Unnatural lust for gain, disappointed hopes, thwarted ambition, morbid philanthropy and sickly sentimentalism are and have been in every age the exciting agents in the production of madness and self-destruction. If the mind be nobly employed, the greater its activity, the greater will be the happiness of the man. The perversion of intellect with its fearful train of evils claims the sincere pity even of those, who have been most bitterly maligned.

Before the writer became an Union man, he had a very warm feeling for Massachusetts. In the days of his rebellious proclivities, he remembered that the first standard of revolt against the Government was raised in 1786 by one Daniel Shays of Massachusetts. Before his views on the subject of secession were changed by the Union artillery and musketry of the Middle and Western States he remembered with grateful emotions that the Legislature of Massachusetts had been the very first to use the word "secede," and that one of her distinguished Senators was the author of the celebrated saying "let the Union slide." Now as the scent of the roses will still hang around the broken vase, so a tender regard for Massachusetts will still hang about the broken down rebel. Out of the fullness of the sweet memories of the past, we would venture to give a few hints to the great and good Senator from Massachusetts, the author of that kind, christian and charitable pamphlet, "The Barbarism of Slavery." It is a free-

will offering on our part and no constrained oblation and will doubtless, therefore, be more grateful to his refined sensibilities. Mr. Supt. Kennedy has shown, revered sir, your State to abound in the ills, which you so much deplore among the negroes and that it is addicted, moreover, to adultery, divorce and suicides. These may be small evils, but still they *are* evils and might excite some emotion in your large heart. Would it not be well to turn your mighty intellect to correcting these minor troubles, before you attempt to reform the world? "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much." But it is a precedent condition to his faithfulness in great matters that he should be faithful in the small and the insignificant. May it not be reasonably expected that you will remove the few impurities around your own homestead, before you attempt to cleanse the Augean stables in the eleven disloyal States? Sydney Smith defines benevolence to be the feeling, which prompts A. to urge B. to relieve C. And some one has said that godly repentance in your philanthropic State consists in mourning for other people's sins. The phrase "great heart of humanity" is said to have originated in the same locality and to mean a stomach nauseated on account of the mis-deeds of our neighbors. Now although this unhappy war has somewhat estranged our section from yours yet the South cannot forget that your people were the original authors of the slave trade, of armed rebellion against the U. S. Government, and of the doctrine of secession. She cannot forget that your own favorite and distinguished hero, the laurel-crowned victor of Bethel and Fort Fisher, the first man to leap on shore under the rebel batteries at Hatteras, voted in the Charleston Convention constantly and persistently for our own Mr. Davis, as President of the United States.—

The many bonds of union, thus established long ago between the rebellious South and your own great and glorious State, still leave behind enough of kindly feeling to prompt the wish that you may one day be relieved of the qualmishness of stomach above alluded to in the same manner as Col. T's

Indian Chief. And when you begin to feel better, and before you have gained strength enough to pull the big beam of sin out of our eyes, may you employ your convalescence, in delicately removing the little, wee, tiny, monadic mote of error from your own.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

A welcome to thy minstrel skill
Dear Friend of happier days:
Thy notes are sweet, but sweeter still,
The love that prompts thy lays:—
From sorrows deep, and cherished long,
Thou wouldst my thoughts unchain,
And by thy soft enchanting song
Awake a brighter train.

But vain it is thy harp to strike!
My woes thou canst not drown,
Unless the strain, Ceeelia's like,
Can draw an angel down,
Until I see my daughter fair,
Lost Pleiad of my soul!
The burning tears of my despair,
Must ever, ever roll.

Nor would I, if I could, revive
From my distraction wild;
I love the grief that keeps alive,
The memory of my child;
And if my heart, by hope betrayed
Should court a vain repose,
How poorly were the fault repaid
By all that earth bestows.

The morning star that fades from sight,
Still beams upon the mind;
So doth her beauty leave the light
Of memory behind;
Tho' lost to earth, too early gone,
By others seen no more,
She is to me still shining on
And brighter than before.

The smile she wore when last we met,
The tear she shed at parting;
The kiss upon my eyelids set,
To keep my own from starting,

Like bright remember'd dreams of bliss
Are lingering with me yet;
That smile, and tear and sealing kiss
I never can forget.

And you my friend, who knew her worth,
And loved that worth to praise—
And how amidst the ills of earth,
She walked in beauty's ways—
Will not condemn the grateful tears,
The ever flowing stream,
That keeps a loveliness like hers
In memory fresh and green.

No—let me still in silence keep
My vigil o'er her tomb;
And with my tears, forever steep
The flowers that o'er it bloom;
Tho' all the world should pass it by,
A place remembered not,
'Tis meet that I should linger nigh,
And bless the hallowed spot.

The sacred love—the holy woe—
Awakened by the dead,
Are like the fragrance of the rose,
When all its bloom is fled;
And as beside the grave we stand,
The mournful thoughts that rise,
Are whispers from the spirit land,
Sweet voices from the skies.

Then leave, O leave me to my grief,
Too wedded now to part;
'Twill duly work its own relief,
By eating out the heart;
But still my daughter, pure and bright
To me shall re-appear,
My life must be a sleepless night
With no bright star to cheer.

DEFENCE OF THE CAVALRY.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow a brother soldier to correct a very common misapprehension in regard to the Cavalry, to which you give utterance in the July number of your Magazine? I know that you would not intentionally make any reflection, upon any one in the Confederate service, and that you have been led into error, solely through ignorance of facts. To correct the error into which you have fallen, let me give you some facts, which will speak for themselves. In your notice of Colonel Von Bocke's memoirs you use the following language: "But the losses in the Cavalry, would at no time compare with the losses in the Artillery, still less in the Infantry. Individual brigades and divisions suffered at times heavily. But take the whole Confederate Cavalry, and place its losses by the side of an equal body of Infantry, we doubt whether it would be one fifth so great, perhaps not so much." Now I cannot speak of the whole Confederate Cavalry, as I was attached during the war to that of the A. N. Va., and of course I can only compare the losses of the latter, with those of the Infantry. But I can give you some data, as to that, from the very highest official sources. If you remember there was but *one* division of Cavalry, during the campaign of which you speak, that of 1863, when Penn. was invaded and the battle of Gettysburg was fought. The Med. Director of the Cavalry told me, that by official returns in the hands of the Med. Director of the A. N. Va., *his division had lost more in killed and wounded than any other division in the army, except one.*—

When you recall the hard fighting done by the Infantry, in this severe campaign, the statement I have made proves that the Cavalry were not unworthy compeers of that glorious Infantry. One other fact and I have done. The brigade to which I belonged, Hampton's, composed of the 1st and 2d S. C., the 1st N. C., the Cobb, Jeff Davis, and Phillips Legions, had during that campaign twenty-three field officers. Of this number, *twenty one were killed or wounded*, besides Gen. Hampton, who was wounded at Gettysburg. In the last fight of this brigade, that of Aug. 1st, 1863, at Brandy Station, where they had commenced the campaign by their bloody and glorious fight of June 9th, *every field officer was wounded*, as he successively took command of the brigade. Col. Baker of N. C., first, then Col. Young, Cobb Legion, then Col. Black 1st S. C., and lastly Lt. Col. Lipscomb, 2d S. C. I cannot give you the numbers of the gallant men who were wounded fighting so well on those bloody fields, but the list was a mournfully long one. Long enough to prove that they had already "learned to do close earnest fighting, like the Infantry." I hope that some record of the services and losses of the Cav. Corps, A. N. V., will be preserved to show what this command has done and has suffered. But for the present I only give you the few facts stated above to correct the misapprehension you, in common with so many Infantry officers, entertain as to the fighting and the losses of the Cavalry.

Very respectfully,
A CAVALRY OFFICER.

MAJ. GEN. STERLING PRICE.

The greatest war of modern times has ended. The four years of war, just passed have been the most eventful in History. The genius and power displayed by the contestants in this mighty struggle, have astonished the parties engaged, and have been likewise, the amazement of the whole civilized world. The time has been great in events; great in the development of resources,—mines of wealth have been opened, almost unknown, certainly, in their vastness and depth, unknown to the possessors themselves. It has been great in the production of machinery, gunnery, and all the enginery of war, great in martial energy, strategy and prowess; great in human endurance and heroic resolve, yet far greater still, in the promotion and exhibition of the great men, it now holds aloft in historic view.

We say this great conflict has ended. The mighty hosts are disbanded. The farmer has returned to his plow; the mechanic to his workshop; the professional man and artist to his office and studio. The quiet pursuits of peace are being filled with all the energy characteristic of the people lately in war, illustrating the unexampled versatility of American character. Martial Law, with all that surveillance and oppression which ever marks such an era, has visibly disappeared. Freedom of speech, and freedom of locomotion, are restored privileges to a once bonded people. Much of the bitterness, engendered by the terrible conflict, embodying principles so antagonistic has passed away. The smoke and blaze of battle, no longer feed passion or fatten prejudice; but the honest man, the real patriot, the student of his kind, and the lover of the

good and great, we opine, now desire calmly to survey the field of strife, and anatomize its controlling spirits, willing, yea anxious, to pay justice to faithful conviction, dearest patriotism, alike in the hero, the general, or the statesman, whether he be Federal or Confederate. Who with the soul of a man, though he be the most unconditional advocate of the Union of the States, can fail to have his loftiest admiration kindled, in studying the life and characters of such men as Lee, Jackson, the Johnsons, Beauregard, the Hills, Cleburne, Forrest, and Price? For here we find Washingtonian dignity and virtue, genius, piety, science, energy, valor, dash and love of country in most eminent relief.

We purpose a review of one of the Confederate Army, Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, uniting in his single person, as we think, a strong portraiture of the three characters—hero—captain—statesman. Sterling Price was born in Sept. 1809, in Prince Edward county, Virginia, the glorious old Dominion, which has given so large a proportion of immortal names to American History. The very name of Virginia, touches the tenderest chord of sympathy in every patriot bosom; for whether we view her in the Revolution of '76, in the three quarters of a century succeeding, or in the grand drama, which has just closed, she is the same, noble, earnest, majestic, immortal. Manhood, in its loftier sense, has always been to her, more precious than sight to the eye, melody to the ear, and health and life to the sick and dying. The Union of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution, she has ever considered as the palladium of civil and religious liberty.

Yet that Union, she felt was only a Union, when the Constitution and its sacred guarantees, were inflexibly adhered to. She loved the Government our Fathers, her sons, had made, and like Cornelia pointed to it as her richest jewel. On the commencement of the difficulties inaugurating the war, even long before, her stoutest efforts were made to avert the threatened calamity. She was ever a devoted, Constitutional Union State—loving with undivided affection, yet she loved honor and her own unsullied name far better. Her favorite and ablest sons were selected to arbitrate, intervene, counsel, compromise, aye to crush the rising giant of discord. All know the result of those efforts—how puny, how futile! The great Abolition Party, with the laugh of the inebriate at the bed of death, reviled and spurned her earnest appeals for peace and adjustment. Sorrowfully, yet with the firmness of conscious rectitude, she embraced the great sisterhood of States, which with less consideration had proclaimed their Secession, and sink or swim, survive or perish, resolved to defend her ultimatum, and fight for Constitutional Right. True to those instincts and energies which had prompted her action in '76, she has always since been jealous of encroachment, and poisoning herself upon the guarantees of the Constitution, has demanded her rights, nothing more, nothing less. When assailed, she has always promptly met the invader, assuring him that life was only desirable, when honor was unlimited, and character was irreproachable. With plumage like the sunlight, and courage like a Cæsar, she nobly dared to do a deed, she believed Marion and Sumpter would avouch, and which even these six millions of freemen would hail and point to, as the glory of the past, as the hope of the future, as the harbinger of justice, and the un-

erring token of a national prosperity. She was forced into secession, by a refusal to treat, by the stiffest denial of those rights she had been used to enjoy, by the cordial junction of all her Southern allies—still revering—loving—adoring that ever memorable structure she had been so efficient in erecting. "To err is human, to forgive divine." What people, what State, what individual with similar antecedents, similar attachments, similar surroundings, amid the veriest storm of passion, which ever shackled a manly people, so tenacious of right, so allied to honor, would have taken a different path? Thou glorious mother—mother of States and statesmen—mother of the truest, the most dutiful and gifted sons and daughters, that ever blessed a parent's heart, rest undisturbed in all the solemn, yet gloomy grandeur, as that one only State unapproached and unapproachable.

My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame;
A feeling, which for years of fame,
I would not, could not crush!

We have thus alluded to Virginia, her motives and action, because Sterling Price was himself a Virginian—by birth, instinct, sympathy and education;—and because, there is just at this point a remarkable analogy between the two. He too loved his country, her institutions, her flag—all that belonged to her. He was an intense lover of the Union, and so long as that Union in its integrity existed, he stood firmly by it against all appliances whatsoever. But like Virginia—he felt that that Union had lost its soul—was a disemboweled body, a mockery of justice, and an instrument in the hands of arbitrary power.—When coercion was decided upon at Washington, he left his original stand point, as no longer tenable by an honest man. He well re-

membered that Virginia's sons, aided by Clay, Hamilton and others, in the august convention, which formed the constitution, when the doctrine was brought before its body, tabled and silenced it, as unwise, preposterous, impossible. From these fountains of wisdom, he had drawn his ideas of Government and its powers, and like a proud Virginian, had planted himself immovably upon them. Our readers may not be aware, that with such filial devotion, as has been named, Gen. Price entered this contest. He became a candidate for the Constitutional Convention of Missouri from the Chariton county district, as an unyielding friend of that Union, Virginia so yearned for. In this canvass, he unreservedly, and with that ability he has always displayed, urged the most temperate and conciliatory measures, dwelling upon the virtues and glories of the Union, and praying his hearers to be cautious, and under no circumstances to endanger the liberties of the country, by the rashness of secession. He looked upon the Union then, as the Union our fathers had made—a Constitutional Union; and having faith in, and respect for it himself, felt that all Americans would feel and act as he did. It was not therefore, until he saw Virginia driven into secession, the South in revolution, the North and the administration of the country defiant, resolved against concession or compromise, and firmly bent upon military coercion, that he abandoned his first position, sacrificing home, property and peace, to battle and die, if need be, for principle and justice. Oh! that at this time, some Clay, Minerva-like, could have sprung forth, with pacificating wisdom. What blood and treasure, suffering and woe, would have been spared our distracted country!

Gen. Price received a plain English education. When quite a young man, poor but enterprising,

he removed to Missouri, and settled in Howard county as a farmer, afterwards removing to Chariton. His practical sense, and fine business qualifications, united with great popular address, soon drew him into public attention. He was repeatedly sent to the Legislature,—and on his first appearance there, as on every succeeding return to the same body, he was with applause elected speaker. In 1844 he was elected to Congress. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, he entered the army, resigning his seat in Congress, and returning home, where he raised a regiment, and was appointed by President Polk to its command. His career as an officer during the war, was brilliant. He had independent command, and never was defeated, fighting the enemy in 8 or 9 battles. His siege of Taos with 300 men was memorable, taking the place with trifling loss, 1300 prisoners, its arms and supplies. He was rewarded with a Brig. General's commission, and made Military Governor of Chihuahua. His record had given him a national fame, and especially added to his already extended influence in his own State. In 1852 he was elected Governor of Missouri, and in the discharge of its duties, engraved his name on its annals, as the best and most efficient chief magistrate she had ever had. With an unusual share of administrative ability, he had industry, with a Jackson will, but the genuine, "*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*" Afterwards he served the State as Bank Commissioner. A new convention having been called to revise the constitution of the State at the session of 1860—1 he became a candidate for Chariton as before stated. At the organization of that body, he was chosen President, so great was his reputation as a presiding officer, being universally regarded by the ablest Parliamentarians as the best in Mis-

souri, if not the first in the nation. Throughout his entire public life, he maintained a character for eminent ability and spotless integrity—no man in the State had more of its confidence. At this particular juncture he comes upon the stage as one of the great actors of the war.

It was in May, after the development of the coercive policy of President Lincoln, that under a law of Missouri, the State Guard was formed, with Sterling Price as Maj. Gen. commanding. Making his head quarters at Jefferson City, he proceeded in the arduous task before him. Throughout the deliberations of the Convention, of which he was President, and up to the very moment, when he found the programme of that body, was the abolition of slavery, and military coercion on the part of the General Government, he had upheld the Union of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution, as one and the same thing, and indestructible, so long as the organic law was sustained. Secession he ever maintained as a heresy, but the government a contract between the States, to be broken by the inherent right of revolution. At this point he conceived the Constitution had been infringed, its obvious precepts annulled, the Southern States as a consequence to be oppressed, and their rights long recognised to be taken from them. The time for masterly inactivity had passed, such passiveness only tightened the coils of the enemy, with the prospect of relief more remote. All efforts at adjustment had been abortive, blood had been shed, and war, full panoplied war, faced the nation. With such views of the constitution, as an honest man, he could not hesitate. With all the earnestness of his nature, he enlisted for the war, in behalf of the South. Determined even yet, to maintain peace and order, in his own State,

he essayed on terms in a treaty with Gen. Harney,—a treaty of national disbandment and neutrality. He proceeded to carry out his part of such agreement, but the Federal Government soon abrogated it on their side. Capt. afterwards Gen. Lyon, was placed in command. Camp Jackson at St. Louis was captured, Jefferson city was marched upon, and evacuated by Price, who retired to Boonville. Here he prepared for resistance. Troops, volunteers flocked in, improvised for the occasion, raw, undisciplined and unarmed, except with the common fowling piece of the country and such ammunition as could be hastily gotten up. Just before the arrival of Gen. Lyon, at or near Boonville, he was prostrated with sickness, too unwell to leave his bed. The command devolved upon Col. Jno. S. Marmaduke, and Lieut. Col. Horace H. Brand, with an inferior force, inferior arms, no artillery, and contending against United States regulars. The troops, deprived of the presence of Gen. Price, in pursuance of Gov. Jackson's orders, made but a feeble resistance, and after fighting with small losses on either side, the Governor thought it unwise to continue the engagement, and ordered a retreat and disbandment of the forces, to meet again at a point on the Arkansas line in South Western Missouri. Gen. Price was conveyed to Lexington, and in a few days was sufficiently recovered to travel in an ambulance, and with a few staff officers and friends, in this way moved on to Coastin prairie in South West Missouri. Here he raised and received recruits, until by the last of July, 1861, he he had partially armed and equipped about six thousand men.—Without a quarter-master, commissary, ordnance or medical bureau, no treasury, no arms, no ammunition, save the double barrel shot gun, and squirrel rifle,

the powder horn and shot pouch of the sportsman, he organised this rough, unpromising force, into regiments and brigades, and placed himself in communication with Brig. Gen. Ben. McCulloch, and urged an attack upon Gen. Lyon then at Springfield. Gen. McCulloch was at that time at Bentonville, Ark., with some 5000 Confederate soldiers. After considerable correspondence, and several interviews, the attack was agreed upon. Gen. Price therefore moved his force at once to Wilson's creek, ten miles from Springfield. We may here remark, that a purer patriot never went to battle than Ben. McCulloch. Yet with all his gallant devotion, there was a want of faith, a temporising timidity, which many regarded as peculiar in the man, as it was unfortunate for the cause. He seemed to distrust volunteers, to fear the nerve of the hardy Missourian, and laughed at the buoyant pretensions of the shot gun and rifle, contrasting them with the regular soldier, and well appointed arms and equipments of the United States. Gen. Price, on the contrary, well knew the enterprise and spirit of the volunteer patriots around him; he well knew the effectiveness of "buck and ball," he well knew the rough and broken country with its dense chaparral, he well knew the vital importance of taking time by the forelock, and preventing a re-inforcement at Springfield. He had faith in his own State, and hope and country and military prescience, animated him to consider defeat an impossibility. Forgetful of self, and regardless of that glory, which is the soldier's most coveted reward, he voluntarily tendered the command of the whole force to Gen. McCulloch, thus thinking he would insure a more hearty co-operation, and stronger confidence in the Confederate troops, who were unacquainted with him, and at the same time believed McCul-

loch invincible. The time set for the attack was the 10th of August, and the two armies, Price with 5000 men, and McCulloch with about the same number, to march upon Springfield, by different roads. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, the march having been set for 8 o'clock that night, the weather was so threatening, and Price's men having no cartridge boxes, other than vest and pantaloons pockets, fearing the powder would become wet, it was determined to wait on the clouds, but to sleep on arms, and be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Gen. McCulloch had withdrawn his pickets late in the afternoon, and when this delay occurred, Gen. Price, with his usual caution, called his attention to the fact, and urged him to send out others. This was not done, hourly expecting a movement, but none was made. At six o'clock next morning the whole command was surprised. Lyon and Seigel were upon them, men were shot down as they rose from their blankets, and several encampments were entirely in the hands of the enemy. They were literally surrounded, Lyon on one side, Seigel on the other. McCulloch went to the Confederate forces, Price to the front, where General Rains, one of his own officers, was striving to hold Lyon in check, while aid could be rallied and sent him. Col. Horace H. Brand, and Capt. William H. Brand were both captured, the first by Lyon, the second by Seigel, in delivering the early orders of the day, showing the completeness of the surprise, both front and rear. But it is not our purpose to report the battle. Suffice it to say that Sterling Price, by the most reckless devotion of his own person, his commanding cheers to those hardy woodsmen, and his presence before companies of men in 40, 50 and 80 yards of the deadly musket,

saved the day, made him, in all eyes, a hero—the hero of the day, and Wilson's Creek ever memorable as one of the bloodiest battles and most signal victories of the war. The force estimated was about equal—and these estimates of the Federal strength were derived by the writer from officers captured; the loss, however, of the Federals was fully one half greater than that of the allies—Price and McCulloch.

After the battle McCulloch felt it to be his duty to return to Arkansas, though Gen. Price entreated him to unite with him in an expedition against Fort Scott and Lexington. Undaunted by this flat refusal at a critical period, with a soldiery now tried and proved, and a General they in return idolized, and a complement of 3000 muskets (Gen. Price taking the captured small arms, and McCulloch the artillery in division) he boldly moved on those two points. He fought and defeated the enemy at Fort Scott and Dry Wood, and then dashed on to Lexington, determined to capture its garrison of 4500 men, before it could learn of his advance in time for Gen. Fremont to reinforce. This he did most brilliantly, with a loss of 74 men killed and wounded—fighting for two days and a half. He could have taken it in one-fifth of the time, by a charge, but preferred slower progress, just as certain, and with small loss—steadily, therefore, he resisted the importunity of officers and men to charge.

Here we see a man, flying with 50 retainers across his State, an empire in itself, almost from one corner of it to another, before a victorious and thoroughly appointed army, raising in a few weeks, a force of 5000 men, arming, equipping and feeding them, without resources, but from captured stores of the enemy, win-

ning a great battle by his own genius and headlong courage, establishing his popularity in the hearts of his command, equal, if not beyond precedent during the war, marching back to his starting point, and capturing an army and its entire outfit by an unconditional surrender. We maintain that here was the most substantial proof of both heroism and generalship. But if he proved himself the lieutenant and hero, shall we not claim him as the lover of right, and the patron of honor? Col. James A. Mulligan, or, (as he indignantly denied it, being always the gentleman and brave soldier,) Col. T. A. Marshall Jr., robbed the Farmer's Bank, at Lexington, of near a million of money, a large portion of it coin. On receiving these officers after the surrender, Gen. Price required a return of the money. Col. Mulligan denied any knowledge of it, but through Col. Marshall, all save \$15,000 was returned. Gen. Price ordered Col. Brand to see it counted over to the officers of the Bank. Yet this man of justice, with a soul alive to every sentiment of rectitude, has been called a marauder and thief!

“—— but on his crest
Sat honor plumed.”

President Davis told Gen. Price at Richmond, that he honored him more for this one act, than for any other in his victorious career. A noble mind appreciates a noble action. He well fills Horace's immortal sentiment.

“Not the lawless rage of citizens commanding him to adopt wicked measures, nor the stern look of the menacing tyrant, shakes from his fixed intention, the man who is firm and just in his purpose; nor the stormy south wind, turbulent ruler of the restless Adriatic, nor the mighty hand

of Jove, when hurling his bolts. Should the shattered orb itself fall upon him, its ruins would strike him undismayed."

The career Gen. Price had now run, with the fear and respect he had inspired in the Federal armies, had made his name a tower of strength, and a host in every tent, in every assemblage throughout the Confederacy. At this juncture no soldier stood higher—no not one. His mission to Lexington from Springfield, was but half fulfilled. He had gone there to take the place, obtain supplies and recruits, and sweep down like an avalanche upon St. Louis, uniting with Maj. Gen. Polk and his Confederate forces. Two facts checked the progress of this brilliant conception;—the one the order to Gen. Polk from the War Department for the Tennessee campaign, the other, his own failure to receive a large supply of musket percussion caps from Brig. Gen. McCulloch according to promise. He could not move upon St. Louis for the want of co-operation by Gen. Polk; he could not remain where he was, for the want of caps, threatened by Sturges on the North, and Fremont on the South. There was not three rounds of caps to the man. Hence he was forced to evacuate the place, and retreat towards Springfield—not even having time to organise fully 10,000 volunteers, who were then ready to enlist under his banner. The precious fruit of this almost bloodless victory, turned to ashes in his grasp, much to his own chagrin, even more so to the lamented Polk, who had so zealously seconded him in all his purposes. He left Lexington on the 30th Sept. crossed the Osage, and encamped on Sac River near Osceola. The terms of enlistment of his men was expiring, all were willing to re-enlist, but home and family, and their clustering endearments, rose to view, and each must re-

turn if but for a day. His command was thus reduced by the 20th December from discharges, to less than 5000 men, and he was threatened on all sides; by Lane from Kansas, by the forces from the North of Lexington, and by those coming out from St. Louis by Rolla. At this time he received 2500 recruits under Col. John T. Hughes, who were escorted into camp by Col. Clarkson, whom he had sent to meet and aid them in coming out. He now moved to Springfield, and again put himself in communication with McCulloch's forces, then under command of Cols. McIntosh and Hebert. His own force rapidly ran up to 9000 effective men, mostly infantry. His aim was to hold the State of Missouri, because of the richness of the country, and its mammoth capacity of subsistence; because of the priceless value of the Granby lead Mines, and because he most especially desired to confine the destroying tide of war to its limits, and leave Arkansas and the South free and unharmed. He could not do this unaided and alone. His force was too small to resist one of the best appointed armies ever put on foot by the United States. He argued the subject fully and repeatedly, in the most masterly manner, with McIntosh and Hebert, McCulloch then being at Richmond. He appealed to Albert Sidney Johnson, to the Richmond Government, and entreated the co-operating aid of the Confederate forces, there hoarded and rusting on the confines of Arkansas, while he was standing picket for the whole Trans-Miss. Department. He declared his willingness and ability to hold Missouri, to keep the Federal forces at bay, exhibited the tempting granaries and fat bullocks of the country; urged the great importance of holding the Granby Lead Mines, the rich returns the armies of the Confederacy would receive from the fearless yeomanry of the

State, and his own costliness as a boarder to the South—to say nothing of the loss of territory, the moral effect of backward movements, and the terrible ravages to the country by a hostile force. All to no effect. The Confederate authorities, McCulloch, McIntosh and Hebert, seemed blind to the situation. But the hour arrived—Curtis, Seigel and Davis advanced. Price as he advised his allies he would do, retreated, and Springfield and Granby fell luxuriously into Federal arms—no more to be reclaimed. He here conducted one of the most successful retreats on record. Millions of stores, wagons and teams, lead and cattle, and other property was carried out, not \$5000 being lost, or 50 men—marching and fighting for four-and-a-half days and nights, and exhibiting an endurance and energy which astonished all, compelling the enemy themselves to say “old Price could beat the world running after a fight, or away from one.” There was no catching him, or if they did come up with him they caught a Tartar, and met a mountain steadiness and ferocity, seldom the traits of a retreating column. But we cannot follow him minutely farther—suffice it to say, at the eleventh hour, the Confederate forces joined him, but the golden moment in ever present splendor before them, had fled forever. With sullen yet patriotic pride Price encamped on the Boston Mountains, within arms length of McCulloch and his forces. Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn had been placed in charge of the department, and learning the situation he ordered Gen. Price to assume command of the joint forces, and take the offensive. We are pained to say McCulloch refused to obey, taking the ground that a Confederate Brig. Gen. ranked a Maj. Gen. in the State service, in which all authority was against him. All for his country and the cause, nothing for himself, Price

dispatched Van Dorn to come without delay, and assume command in person, he could not jeopardise the interests of the service, under the circumstances by doing so, feeling that perfect harmony was indispensable. Van Dorn arrived, the plan of attack was soon settled, a joint one by Price and McCulloch, the enemy then resting at Pea Ridge. The army was put in motion, and encamped on the 5th March at Elm Springs, attacked Seigel next day at Bentonville, drove him out, and but for a false guide of Gen. McIntosh's, the whole force of 4000 would have been captured. Gen. Van Dorn remained that night at McCulloch's Hd. Qrs., and at his urgent request so changed the plan of battle, as to allow McCulloch to attack with his force on the South, while Price was to move as before around on the North. Total error—Price on the North, McCulloch on the South, the enemy between them, only three miles apart, yet in order for either to reach the other, twelve miles had to be travelled, by reason of the mountainous country. Price with 7300 men, McCulloch with 9000, either weakened, or pushed to extremity, could derive no aid in proper time from the other—an inferior force surrounding a superior one. Van Dorn rode up on the morning of the 7th, and informed Price of the change, who at once deeply regretted it, and urged its disadvantages.—Van Dorn yielded, courier after courier was dispatched McCulloch, but it was too late. He was in action—aye at that very moment, both he and the impetuous McIntosh were martyrs to imprudence, in rashly exposing themselves.—McCulloch's command by the loss of its leaders was disorganised, and there the battle was soon over. Price with his 7000 veterans contrived to assail the unbroken Federals, now all united, and during the entire day, drove them

from point to point, sleeping that night in the encampment of the enemy of the same day, and feeding from his commissariat supplies. Daylight brought a return of the awful conflict of the day before, with like results. But with all the splendid dash of Van Dorn, he was not prepared to see men perform miracles. He said he could not believe those 7000 men could fight as they had done forever—he feared the dying out of vital energy. Alas, for Confederate arms that he thought so! Price could not convince him of their unshaken firmness,—and the retreat was ordered. Half an hour more, and the day would have been as glorious for Confederate arms as Wilson's Creek! The army left the battle field with joy and gladness, believing it was a change of base, and the dawn of sure victory. It was hours before they were undeceived—how sad the discovery, how bitter their regrets! The gallant Van Dorn was the only man whipped in Price's army! Here ends the career of this remarkable man, as Maj. Gen. of the Mo. State Guard, during which time by his unerring judgment, his fertility of resource, the dash and daring of his marches, and his amazing and improvising capacity, he extracted the largest applause, North and South, and with the exception probably of Stonewall Jackson, he begat and held to the very last hour of the war, a warmth of attachment in his immediate command surpassing by no officer in the service.

President Davis, great and good, as the people of the whole South know him to be, seemed never to appreciate, the colossal merit of Price. A man of military education himself, he thought all leaders in the army should have the same aids, and except where the ability of a man was such as boldly to strike his own mind, he rarely, if ever, rewarded it with superior or independent command.—

Up to the present hour, he had ignored the claims of Price. But popular demand, army clamor and Congressional urgency, were too great longer to withstand, and the Major General's commission was ordered. Not, however, as was desired with independent command in Ark. and Mo. We honestly believe that this was one of the most unfortunate mistakes of the war. With such command, Price we think, controlling McCulloch, would have held Missouri, with its untold wealth, in men and economical resources; Pea Ridge would never have been fought; Springfield and Granby would never have been given up; the army of Fremont would have been captured or dispersed; Helena could not have been taken and occupied. The results of all which would have been, a new lease of health and vigor to the whole Western army of the Confederacy.

The fame of Gen. Price, due to him from his Missouri and Arkansas campaigns has scarcely begun. The merit and boldness of his plans, are known to the public. They must be analyzed from the stand point at which, with the aiding lights alone of the moment, he formed them. When his correspondence is opened, and before the world, it will gaze with admiring wonder, on a breadth of view, on a solidity of judgment, on an energy of purpose, and above all, a stalwart majesty of character, which will give him no retired niche in the temple of worth. His judgment of future events, based on the hypotheses he makes, they based on the facts surrounding him, show an intuitive knowledge grand and Napoleonic.

From this day forward, he never held independent command. A pioneer in energetic thought and action, his was not a genius to prosper under the harness of but the fewest men. Surely not, when tutored by the blundering vanity, or the mulish imbecility, (their

best indorsement) of a Pemberton or a Holmes. "They were in great power, spreading themselves like a green bay tree, but they soon passed away, and lo, they were not."

Though Southern arms were unsuccessful at Corinth, he alone won a fame, not eclipsed by that of his greatest victims. We cannot follow him to Iuka, and Farmington and Abbeville and Helena—they are not necessary, either to the purpose of this sketch, or his great name. But wherever he went, wherever he camped, especially wherever he fought, the people cheered with a zest and the soldier dared and bled and died as he would do under few other leaders. With the loftiest respect, "Old Pap," had a deeper hold on the very heart of the soldier than any man in the Confederate army. His greatest fault was leniency as a commander; at times it became censurable, greatly so, by throwing discipline into disrepute. We suppose none will deny, that the healthiest orders were issued from his Hd. Qrs. and the failure of discipline in a large number of cases, was due more to his subordinate and brigade commanders, than to himself—yet he held them by too loose a rein. So far as the conduct of the war is concerned, it was guided by humanity and the law of Nations—he fought on the same principle as Lee fought. The enemy transgressing the rules of civilized warfare, gave him no license to do wrong. In truth with no religious profession, he yet feared doing wrong, as much as any man we ever knew. It is unnecessary to say he was brave—the sears of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge, and the universal acclaim of every battle in which he was an actor tell of that. His iron nerve, was never doubted; not the impetuous ecstacy of Murat, nor the cold prerogative of Macdonald, but an intimate blending of the two. He

may well be classed with Ney or Lannes, Polk or Hood—the bravest of the brave. It is not the design of this sketch, to analyze critically the elements of character, going to form and complete the man. As to his merit in civil life, that does not entirely belong to the purpose of this article, which is simply to give a general, yet accurate idea of those splendid proportions brought into view by the war. Sufficient has been said to show that he earned for himself the plaudits of the people for whom he fought, with the titles of Hero and Captain. He so impressed himself upon the State Guard in 1861—2; he made the same impression upon the Confederate troops with whom he served; he exacted the severe respects of the army and government of the United States, as well as the most grateful and honoring notices from the Congress of the South. This verdict will not, we believe, be set aside. He was emphatically a people's man, accessible to all, the division or brigade commander, the modest lieutenant, or the humble private—and to each he gave respectful audience. Just and honest before the war, he still stands before the world—friend and foe—an honest man. Like most men, unsealed to flattery, he may have under estimated, and over estimated men, thereby, and doubtless did—we think so—but never with premeditated injustice.

Gen. Price has gone to Mexico, if reports are true, with the purpose of making it his home and country—nay, not his country—for we hold it impossible that any man, with his brain and affections, can shake off both educated and natural patriotism. He cannot do it. His heart, like every great or brave heart, in the land we love, yet yearns for the glory and prosperity of the great nation, from which, he is said to have expatriated himself.

"A poor unmanly melancholy sprang from change of fortune," cannot so afflict his noble nature. Disappointed in his hopes he may be distrustful of his reception by former friends and neighbors, yea doubtful of his pardon by the General Government. We do not so regard the prospect. Gen. Price has honestly and well taken a leading part, in the great revolution, the entire South stood so manfully to achieve. He has forfeited the respect of no one, save the blind partisan, or the bloodthirsty puritan. On the contrary he has won upon their sympathy and regard; for duty performed commends itself to the heart of every well regulated child of Adam.—He has committed no outrage, no act of his life can bring the blush of shame to his cheek, or disturb the most extravagant conscience. We differ with all those, who look for refuge to another land, another nationality. The South staked her all upon the issue just decided. She lost. She is willing to pay the penalty, has paid it—and is still paying it. She has nearly resumed her old place in the government, and her soldiers have determined, under the wise policy

of President Johnson, to accept in loyal faith his generous amnesty, faithfully to serve the United States, and strive to promote all solid ends of government, as freely, as fully, as manfully, as during the past four years they fought for separation. So we speak and feel, and so shall we act. Now is the day and the hour when such manhood as Gen. Price possesses this nation needs, in carrying out her new policy. Let him return. Let him go cheerfully to his old home, with form erect, that face blooming with honest pride, and like Lee and Johnson, strike again for the national and social progress of his own, his native land.

Say not with the Greeian misanthrope,

"Come not to me again; but say to Athens
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom one day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

W. H. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This article contains strictures upon officers which we do not endorse; and our pages will be open for a reply from their friends.

GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-like son—
Second unto none in glory, equal of her Washington!—
Gazing on his line of battle as it wavered to and fro,
'Neath the front and flank advances of the almost conquering foe:
Calm as was that clear May morning ere the furious death roar broke
From the iron-throated war-lions crouching 'neath their clouds of smoke;
Cool as though the battle raging was but mimicry of fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle and each regiment a knight.
Chafing in reserve beside him two brigades of Texans lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day.
Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmoved they silent stand,
Longing—eager for the battle, but awaiting his command.
Suddenly he rode before them as the forward line gave way,
Raised his hat with courtly gesture—"Follow me and save the day."
But as though by terror stricken, still and silent stood that troop
Who were wont to rush to battle with a fierce avenging whoop;

It was but a single moment, then a murmur through them ran,
 Heard above the cannon's roaring, as it passed from man to man,
 "You go back and we'll go forward," now the waiting leader hears,
 Mixed with deep impatient sobbing as of strong men moved to tears.
 Once again he gave the order "I will lead you on the foe;"
 Then through all their line of battle rang a loud determined "No!"
 Quick as thought a gallant Major, with a firm and vice-like grasp,
 Seized the General's bridle, shouting, "Forward boys, I'll hold him fast."
 Then again the hat was lifted, "Sir, I am the older man,
 Loose my bridle, I will lead them," in a measured tone and calm.
 Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excitement hot,
 In a quivering voice the Texan, "you shall not, sir, *you shall not!*"
 By them swept the charging squadron with a loud exultant cheer,
 "We'll retake the salient, General, if you'll watch us from the rear."
 And they kept their word right nobly sweeping every foe away,
 With that grand grey head uncovered watching how they saved the day.
 But the god-like calm was shaken, which the battle could not move,
 By this true spontaneous token of his soldier's child-like love:

TENELLA.

REVIEW NOTICES.

REAL AND IDEAL. By John W. Montclair, Philadelphia, Frederick Leypoldt, 1865.

We have been kindly furnished with a copy of this book of poems containing 119 pages. It is well-bound, well-printed, and has such a general excellence in its finish, as to excite our regret that there is no work like it done at the South. We have no Publishers who could execute so neat, accurate and tasteful a job. The volume is accompanied with a pencil note, "please notice and extract." We have discharged the former part of our duty and are glad that the remaining one is confined to extracting. The style, the spirit and calibre of the author can be better shown by extracts than by folios of criticism. In looking over the table of contents, we selected "Stars and Stripes" as the theme most likely to kindle the poetic fire in a loyal soul. We give three verses from this poem.

"Never more shall labor languish,
 Paralyzed by tyrant might;
 For our "Stars," they are unfurled
 To dispel want's cloudy night.

Fierce barbarians must not plunder
 Nor may lorded serfs defy;
 For our "Stripes" shall flash upon them,
 Like the lightning from the sky.

And when traitor foes are gathered
 Where the battle's thunder roars
 Let the blue-gemmed badge mount
 higher
 Than the bird of freedom soars."

In regard to the meaning of the first two lines in the first stanza, we are not very clear. But we are confident that labor has never before languished at the South, as it has since these same "Stars" have been unfurled at every county court-house. Whether it has been "paralyzed by tyrant might," the "blessed Bureau," or natural indolence, we are not able to decide. The author uses a bold figure when he represents "want's cloudy night" as being dispelled by the "Stars" painted on a banner. Those who have followed in the wake of Sherman and Sheridan have not been able to see things in so poetic a light. Of our own personal knowledge, we have known women and children to subsist for days upon corn trampled on the ground where the

Cavalry had fed their horses, and had been so thoughtless upon going away as not to destroy it. The second verse puzzles us entirely. Who are the "fierce barbarians," so finely warned not to plunder? If intended for the "bummers" of Sherman, it was kindly meant, but came too late. Who are the "lorded serfs" directed not to defy? He surely cannot be so disloyal as to speak in this disrespectful manner of the freedmen. We earnestly hope not. Moreover, we are puzzled to know how these stripes on a sheet of bunting "can flash like lightning from the sky" unless, indeed, it be sheet lightning is meant. Who are the "traitor foes" in the last verse? Does he mean the late or the present rebels, soldiers or Jacobins? An idle question, it may be, since Jacobins never go "where the battle's thunder roars." But all this may have been a poetic battle—a war of hate and words, in which Jacobins could safely be champions.

It is not right probably to bring poetry down to the measure of sober facts, but when we read about the "blue-gemmed badge" soaring higher than the bird of freedom, we concluded that the man meant that the "ould flag" was to go up higher than the eagle flies. If that be the meaning, what becomes of the color-bearer? The post of color-bearer has never been a very safe one to either rebel or union soldier, but its terrors will be fearfully increased with these lofty flights.

In a sad, prophetic spirit, the author has a touching piece called "Dead Authors," concluding

—"and each page

Tells of rash men drowned in oblivion's sea

By the avenging muse of Poetry."

If this had been the concluding poem it would have been the most appropriate in the volume. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE SIGNET AND JOURNAL. A Monthly Magazine devoted to Free Masonry, Science and General Literature.

This neat and well-printed Magazine is published at Macon, Ga., for five dollars a year. Single copies 50 cents. It has 48 pages of reading matter. The articles are chiefly those relating to the Order, but treated in a manner to be of general interest. It deserves and doubtless receives a wide circulation. Georgia is taking the lead of the Southern States in her effort to establish a home literature. May her exertions be crowned with abundant success.

"THE SAVANNAH JOURNAL OF MEDICINE, published at Savannah, Ga., Volume V. This is a Bi-Monthly Journal, containing 72 pages of original, selected and editorial matter." Price \$4 a year.

A medical friend in whose hands this Journal was placed for critical examination has expressed his high appreciation of it.

THE MEDICAL REPORTER. A Semi-Monthly Record of Medicine and Surgery. St. Louis, Missouri.

This contains 23 pages of reading matter. Price \$3 a year.—Our judgment in medical matters is but little worth. We, however, have been pleased with the Journal, and not the least of its merits to our mind is that it is so freed from technical jargon that any one can understand it. The article on Trichiniasis interested us greatly, and we understood the greater part of it. Two or three words were too long for us. We had been reading a horrible account of the dissemination of this dreadful disease, by one John Clapson, for the purpose of making money. A more cool, deliberate, desperate piece of wickedness was never perpetrated than this wretch was guilty of for the

sake of gain. We know nothing of his history, but have no doubt that the villain was a Jacobin of the purest water, that he has turned up the whites of his eyes a thousand times over the sins of the South. A betting man might safely lay a wager of a thousand dollars against a penny that John Clapson belongs to the straitest sect of the Southern-hating Jacobins. Who will give us his *birth-place* and his political opinions?—We think that we know the former as well as the latter.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, conducted by an Association of Ministers, is published Quarterly in Columbia, S. C. Price \$3 for each volume of about 400 pages.

This very able Quarterly is the organ of that branch of the Presbyterian Church in the United States which recognizes the Lord Jesus Christ as the Head of the Church. The number before us contains five articles, each of marked ability. The last article is by the Rev. Jno. B. Adger, D. D., and is called "Northern and Southern Views of the Province of the Church." It sets forth very clearly the great fact that while the South acknowledges Christ to be the Sole Head of the Church, the Northern Presbyterian Church owns the authority of Cæsar in matters spiritual. The difficulty just now, we apprehend, is to decide who Cæsar is—President, Congress, or Judiciary. This question seems to perplex them at this juncture, and we hope that it may turn away their thoughts for a little season from the sins of the Southern people.

The first article, from the pen, as we suppose, of Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of Raleigh, N. C., is called "Puritanism and Presbyterianism," the object being to prove that these are widely different things. It is certainly strange that such a disclaimer should come

up from the Southern Presbyterian Church after the lapse of two centuries, during which almost every American book, from the folio to the primer, had taught the glory of Puritanism. But an extract will best show the spirit and the meaning of the writer.

"Puritanism, as it exists here, was the transplanting of the Puritanism or Independency of England; Presbyterianism, mainly of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish—as different an element from the other as the Celt from the Saxon. Puritanism is English character intensified by English tyranny, and transplanted to New England, there to enact a new chapter in the history of the great English race. Presbyterianism is Scotch and Scotch-Irish character, and has many of the features of that race, which has been urging a war of resistance to English aggression from the days of Bannockburn, Dunbar, Ayrsmoor and Londonderry, down to the exodus of the Free Church of Scotland; whose whole history has been one struggle for Christ's crowned covenant. Presbyterianism was an organized institution in Scotland a century before this existing form of Puritanism was born, and was as different from it in age, in origin, and in principle as John Knox was from Oliver Cromwell. It is asserted by many, and changes have been rung on the assertion in every form of utterance, that the great struggle which lately convulsed our country, was only a renewal of the contest between Puritan and Cavalier—that the North is the embodiment of the spirit of the Puritan, whilst the South is that of the Cavalier, and that the English Cavalier is the father of all that is chivalric and heroic in the Southern character.

"Against this assumption we enter our solemn protest, in the name of all history, as a cruel injustice to some of the noblest names of the past. We do not desire to discuss the English Cavalier, or to determine his precise place in history. But the simple truth is that the English Puritan and the English Cavalier are both types of the same essential English character, and if we judge of both by their acts, either in the old world or in the new, either under Cromwell and the Charleses there, or under the men who burnt witches in Massachusetts, and those who fined and imprisoned Baptists and Presbyterians in Virginia. We prefer to have neither for our masters, for they both have been hard masters when they had the power. And as we protest against the Puritan assumption that he embodies all that is good at the North, so we protest against the Cavalier assumption that he embodies all that is noble at the South. Both are specimens of the self-same English spirit, which can see nothing good in any direction that does not trace its origin to England.

"By what right of historic truth is this assumption made for the English Cavalier? Were the Huguenots of Virginia English Cavaliers? And must we reckon as mere ciphers in the history of the Old Dominion that gallant band in whose baptismal registry we read such names as Maury, Fontaine, Lacy, Mumford, Flournoy, Dupuy, Duval, Bonduant, Trent, Monteure, Ligon, Legrand and others, whose living representatives remain to do honor to their fathers? Were these French Presbyterians nothing because they were not English Cavaliers? And shall we reckon for nothing that sturdy stream of Scotch-Irish, which, starting from Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania, poured its conquering tide of hardy emigrants along the Valley of Virginia, westward to Tennessee and Kentucky, eastward to the Carolinas and Georgia? Shall we ignore that living girdle of Presbyterian valor that stood "like a stonewall" between the howling savages and the settlements of Eastern Virginia; that furnished such men as Andrew Lewis and his contemporaries; that has furnished as much eloquence and heroism as any race in our land, in the Prestons, McDowells, Breekinridges, Campbells, Shelbys, Seviars, Browns, Hoges, Waddells, and others; that has bequeathed some of the most honored names of the past and the present; that poured out its blood on every great battle-field of our land in both Revolutions; that has given to our annals such names as John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and our own immortal Stonewall, and others, whose memory the world will not soon let die? Shall those men of West Augusta, where Washington resolved to make his last stand for liberty if driven from every other spot, shall they pass for mere ciphers because not English Cavaliers? Were the Scotch-Irish of North Carolina nothing, who issued the Mecklenburg Declaration and shed the first blood of the Revolution on the banks of the Alamance? Were the Huguenots of South Carolina nothing who bequeathed to our history such names as Laurens, Marion, Horry, Manigault and others? Were the Scotch-Irish of South Carolina, who sent to the field such elders as Pickens, Williams, and scores of others, and who sent even ministers from the pulpit that poured their blood on the battle-field in that great contest, merely ciphers because not English Cavaliers? And were the early settlers of Georgia, of the Gulf States, or the States of the South-West either English Cavaliers or ciphers? Is it then fair to history, or fair to the memory of the heroic dead, to assign this monopoly of chivalry to the English Cavalier? Is it not rather a repetition of that same English spirit of boastful assumption, which, having made Plymouth Rock the blarney stone of the North, would rear a similar monument of self-laudation on the sands of Jamestown? Give, then, to Puritan and Cavalier their rightful due, both of praise

and of blame, as far as they deserve them. But let not the double injustice be done, that these assumptions undoubtedly do commit, of charging on the Presbyterian the sins of the Puritan, and decking the Cavalier with the hard won honors of the Presbyterian. They all deserve both commendation and censure, for they were but fallible men. We do not pretend to assign their share to either class, but only affirm that the English Cavalier does not differ from the English Puritan by any broader line of blood or of race, than both differ from the Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and French Presbyterian, (the three classes) from whom mainly have come the Presbyterians of this country."

We are sure that no apology is needed for making this long and eloquent extract from so valuable a work as the Southern Presbyterian Review. We hope, too, that after reading the lucid statement above, no candid person will think of identifying the Presbyterianism of the South with the Puritanism of New England.

The Review is in the 16th year of its life. Gen. Sherman in the "war for the Union and the great interests of humanity," burned its office and press, thereby causing a suspension of publication for one year.

"THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MESSENGER" is the title of a new Monthly started in Yorkville, S. C. It is, of course, devoted very properly to the interests of its own church, but it has articles which commend themselves to Christians everywhere. We make an extract which we are sure will find a hearty response all over the South:

"We owe it to ourselves, to the negroes and to society to improve them. But how shall this be done without the means and without the opportunity; the negroes can do but little for their own improvement. It devolves upon others—upon us. Many of these negroes are yet members of our families. They are our servants. Something might be done for their improvement by a system of teaching at home. Many might be taught to read by requiring them to use their leisure hours in studying, with some help on the part of members of the family. Some may object that this would require sacrifice, and would not pay. So does every good work of a moral and religious

kind. Yet we dare not shrink from the task."

The price of the Magazine is \$2,00 a year, and it contains 30 pages of reading matter.

It is a singular fact that while Southern arms have signally failed to establish the principles of State Rights, the *Old Guard*, edited by a gentleman born in Maine, and published in the city of New York, should throw its banner to the breeze, inscribed with the watchword, "The political principles of 1776 and 1787." It is grateful to the Southern heart to find a Monthly published in the same city with Harper's caricature upon Southern society, which is kindly disposed towards our ruined and impoverished people. There is a noble generosity and disinterestedness about this enterprise, which appeals strongly to us to support it, so far as our poverty will admit. Had the Editor pandered to the passions and prejudices of the war, he would have gained fifty subscribers where he now can scarcely get one. But whatever may be the political sins of the South, ingratitude has not been one of our characteristics, and should a brighter day ever dawn upon us, we trust that the *Old Guard*, the *Metropolitan*, the *News*, the *World* and the *Day-Book* will not be forgotten. By the way, we are sorry to say that the engravings of the Southern Generals, Longstreet, Hampton, &c., in the *Old Guard*, do not give them so becoming a presence as justice requires. If our *handsome* leaders are thus dealt with, the *ugly* ones had better beware.

The copy before us of this monthly contains 63 pages of excellent matter, on well-selected subjects. Price 25 cts. a number.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, published at Athens, Ga., has been placed upon our table. The copy before us is No. 6 of Volume XXIV. This brief announcement is the most eloquent eulogy that can be pronounced upon this admirable monthly. How many thousands of dailies, weeklies and monthlies have perished, while it has been carrying on its work of practical usefulness. If the Southern farmer needed such a guide under our old system of labor, he doubly wants it now, and we hope to see in each number valuable suggestions adapted to the changed relations of the country. It has 20 pages of reading matter exclusive of advertisements. Terms \$2,00 a year.

THE AMERICAN FARMER, published by James Young, 144, Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., for \$2,00 per annum,

Is the oldest agricultural journal in the United States. It is neatly gotten up in pamphlet form, and has 35 well-printed pages of valuable matter. The July number of the Farmer, (the one we have seen) is full of important information. There is not a page of it which does not contain something which should be known and remembered. We have been specially interested in the article on top-dressing, and the re-print of Prof. Henry Tannier's Prize Essay on "Cultivation and Manures as Fertilizing Agents."

EDITORIAL.

We are much gratified to learn that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has a new novel in press, the hero of which is the Rev. Mr. Fritz, of the Freedman's Bureau, the phi-

lanthropist of New Berne, N. C. We hope that she will give the birth-place of this Reverend gentleman as well as that of Lagree of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A few years have wrought a wonderful change in men's opinions. We learn from Howitt's Journal that when George Thompson of England, who first sowed the seed of abolitionism on this continent, landed in New York in 1834, the hotels in that city refused to receive him. From thence he sought an asylum in Boston, but even there he was repeatedly mobbed, "a gallows was erected before his door and rewards were offered for his abduction."

Who could recognize in the Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge of the last five years, the same man, who defied the Abolitionists in Exeter Hall and wrote the letter to Mr. Seward deprecating the agitation of the slavery question and predicting that the South would take up arms in self-defence? If we go still further back, we find Geo. Whitfield saying, "Blessed be God for the increase of the negroes. I entirely approve of reducing the Orphan House (in Savannah) as low as possible, and I am determined to take no more than the plantation can maintain, till I can buy more negroes."—Boston cruisers soon supplied his want by fresh importations from the coast of Africa. The South has always been conservative, opposed to violent changes and slow to imbibe revolutionary ideas.—Great charity should be exercised toward her for being more slow on the subject of slavery than her more progressive neighbors. They gave up the institution when they found it no longer profitable and then providently sold their slaves to her. She clung to them so long as she believed that a patriarchal relation and mutual attachment existed between master and slave. But she gave them up with but little regret, when she found that they had become debauched and demoralized by the

influences brought to bear upon them during the war.

A friend furnishes us with an interesting fact in regard to insanity. His only son, the last survivor of four victims to the war, became insane partly through the effects of a gun-shot wound. He was promptly removed to an Asylum and his father writes that he is rapidly recovering.—The grateful parent wishes it to be generally known that the Supt. of the Insane Asylum at Staunton, Va., has said that 90 per cent. of the patients had recovered, who had been put under him for treatment within a month or two after the first decided manifestations of derangement. In this terrible malady, as in every other matter, delays are dangerous. We learn that Dr. Storer of Boston has written an able book, in which he attributes nearly all the cases of insanity among woman to bodily disease. The two facts here given should be widely known and acted upon.

A friend in St. Louis, Mo., writes to us that they are getting up a Fair and Tournament in that City for the relief of the suffering poor of the South. The noble City of Baltimore was the first to give the helping hand and the sympathising word to our impoverished people. In the name of suffering humanity, we thank these earnest, working philanthropists. Ten thousand times ten thousand grateful prayers are ascending to that God who marks every good deed, that He would remember them as they have remembered us. While their thoughts are turned towards the misery of our beloved South may they think of Him, who had not where to lay his head, and may they through his atoning blood find pardon, peace and holiness, and in the end, eternal life.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. VI.

OCTOBER, 1866.

VOL. I.

DIXIE.

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride,
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed,
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
The banner of the Stars and Bars!
The cannons lay our warriors low—
We fill the ranks and onward go
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie!—Oh, how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie—harder part!
To stay the hand—to still the heart—
To seal the lips, enshroud the past—
To have no future—all o'ercast—
To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved Land! beloved Song,
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrin'd within each Southern soul—
As Time's eternal ages roll;
Made holier by the test of years—
Baptized with our country's tears—
God and the right for Dixie!

June 13, 1866.

VOL. I.—NO. VI.

FANNY DOWNING.

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THE LOWER COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

WHAT IT HAS BEEN.

Although all were the direct offspring of one mother, each of the English colonies in North America was distinguished by some predominant trait in the character of the emigrants, and in the occasions and motives that drove them from the old world to the new. Thus New England was colonized by fanatic puritans escaping from the bigoted rule of the Stuarts; while Virginia was settled by English subjects of a different temper, who clung to the royal cause after it was lost in the old country, until they too were crushed by the arms of Cromwell. Pennsylvania was settled by Penn and his persecuted Quakers; Maryland by Lord Baltimore and his oppressed Roman Catholics; New York, originally planted by Holland, became by conquest, English in character and name; and the English colony of South Carolina, the domain of certain courtiers of Charles II, was early leavened by the influx of French Protestants fleeing from the intolerance of Louis XIV, and of Rome.—These are but instances, not an enumeration, of the differences characterizing the English settlements on the American coast.

As the chief communications and commercial dealings of the colonies were with the Mother country, there was no great intercourse between the colonies themselves tending strongly to assimilate them to each other. Since then, the political union and consequent commercial and social intercourse between the people of the different States, for more than eighty years, tended to stamp upon them an enforced similarity.—Yet natural causes; differences of climate, of geographical features,

and of social organization, successfully resisted this tendency.—Of these causes of difference, the chief was the great geographic or climatic fact, that the negroes, so largely imported into the country, proved in the North valueless in bondage, and afterwards rapidly died out in freedom—while in the South they proved profitable and prolific in bondage, yet shewed a similar, though not so rapid a tendency to die out when set free.

Although the presence of a large negro population in servitude was a characteristic feature, common to all the Southern States—yet as in nature no tree has two leaves exactly alike, neither did a social uniformity pervade the South. In the countries of the old world, it is difficult to make a day's journey in any direction, without remarking a different shade of character in the country and the people; and even in this new country, although its people are assimilated by their origin from a common source, and by the intermixture of the population by migration; yet many regions and even neighborhoods, especially in the South, acquired and retained a unique stamp, which resisted the wear and abrasion of intercourse with the rest of the world—but which has now been crushed out by war, devastation, conquest, and the upturning of society to its roots.

Now that they have perished, we would preserve a trace of the features of some of these provincial communities, while they are yet fresh in the mind's eye and stamped on the hearts of some of this generation. The children of those who have fallen in defence of their pleasant homes, now deso-

late, and of those who have been driven forth from their ruins to seek new and remote habitations, may at some future day dwell with interest on the portrait, however rudely drawn, and be glad of the light shed on the traditions of their race. Such a picture may also aid him, who feels no personal interest in these regions, in forming his estimate of the extent of the ruin that has fallen upon the country.

The tide water portion of Virginia, the lower country of South Carolina, and the parishes of Louisiana, settled by the French, are distinguished at once by their local peculiarities, and by the utter and probably permanent ruin which has fallen upon them. The communities that flourished there may seem yet to retain vitality, but truly belong to the past. Hoping that more skilful hands may give us representations of what these portions of Virginia and Louisiana have been—we will endeavour to draw a picture of the lower country of South Carolina. The source of social peculiarities there must be traced from the early history of the colony.

Eight courtiers of rank and influence obtained from Charles II, a grant of all the territory in North America lying between latitude 31 and 36. This charter conveyed not merely title to the land, but all the powers of government—saving the King's supremacy.—Among these Lords Proprietors were three men whose names are still justly conspicuous. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon—famous as a statesman, and more famous as an historian. George, Duke of Albermarle, the General Monk so prominent in the restoration of the Stuarts—and Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury, a man of vast abilities, which he used most unscrupulously in a long and versatile political course. Through his influence, a yet greater name became connected with

the early history of South Carolina. John Locke, who lived much with Shaftsbury, as his physician and secretary, drew up a constitution for the colony, which seems never to have been fully acted upon.

The Lords Proprietors sent out their first expedition in 1670, and love of adventure, discontent with their condition at home, and hopes of better fortune in a new country, of which they knew nothing and imagined every thing that could be desired, furnished colonists in abundance. The first settlement was begun on the waters of Port Royal. But the open and indefensible character of this port, and its vicinity to the military posts in Florida held by the Spaniards, who claimed the whole country, and looked upon the English as intruders, led in one year to the transfer of the colony to the west bank of the Ashley river. But the point between the mouths of Ashley and Cooper rivers was finally selected as the site of the town.

As usual in such cases the results of the enterprise long disappointed the hopes of both the Lords Proprietors and the colonists. The country was low, flat, intersected by many rivers and swamps, and covered with a dense forest; the climate moist, the heat of the sun tropical, and the air malarious. The clearing and draining of land required immense labor before it could be brought into cultivation—the ordinary grain crops of Europe did not thrive in this region—and the European laborer soon lost his health if not his life from the effects of the climate. It was long before enough grain was grown to feed the colonists. The trade with the Indians in skins and furs, and the naval stores obtained from the pine forests long furnished the chief exports.

The colony had to be sustained by frequent detachments of emi-

grants from England. Among these were many indented servants—needy men at a loss for the means of living at home—who had been induced by want to sell their services for a period in payment of the expense of bringing them to a new country. Many of them were mere boys, not a few of whom had been kidnapped, and were sold by the masters of vessels to the colonists for a term of years. Of this improvident class, exposed to hard labour in a treacherous climate, with masters interested only in their immediate toil, and not in their permanent welfare, it is probable that few survived their term of service.

More than an hundred and sixty years had elapsed since the Spaniards first brought African slaves to St. Domingo. The want of laborers adapted to the climate was urgent in South Carolina; and with the permission and encouragement of the English government, negroes were soon imported in considerable and increasing numbers. Rapid progress now began to be made in clearing and cultivating the best lands, and in a few years the colony became a large exporter of agricultural produce and of the products of the forest. Many Indians too—prisoners taken in war, most frequently children whose fathers had fallen in battle—had been reduced to bondage. Like the negroes they were employed in the labors of the field; but the red race proved less docile and available than the black—they were found more fit for herdsmen and hunters than field laborers, and died out in a few generations. Many families of negroes were partially descended from them.

The migration from England continued; and within fifteen years after the first planting of the colony, it received a valuable accession from a new source. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes—which had given a limited tolera-

tion to the Huguenots or reformed religionists in France—the dragonnade, by which Louis XIV, sought to drive this portion of his subjects back into the bosom of the Romish Church, drove a multitude of the boldest and most conscientious of them out of the country. Many of them sought a refuge in Protestant England and her colonies. Many families came to South Carolina about 1685. They were a valuable reinforcement to the infant colony struggling with internal difficulties, and surrounded by enemies. Most of the Huguenots belonged to the educated classes, for it was among such chiefly that the reformed religion in France, never popular with the masses, had been propagated. They belonged too to the warrior class, for during a large part of the 16th and 17th centuries, although but a tithe of the nation, they had striven not unsuccessfully on bloody fields and in stubborn sieges to maintain their religious liberties. Though many of them came as ruined exiles, others brought with them no little wealth. Their constitutional temperance as Frenchmen gave them too in this hot climate no small advantage over the English around them, who generally adhered to a diet and other habits of life better suited to their native than adopted country. Almost all the French names distributed through South Carolina can be traced to this source. Having turned their backs upon their own country for conscience sake, most of them seem to have hastened to Anglicize themselves. They made little or no effort to keep up in their families their mother tongue. We know of one instance in which the emigrant rigidly prohibited his children uttering a word of French. Many became at once members of the church of England—a French version of the English liturgy facilitating the adopting of its rites; and far the

greater part of their descendants will now be found within the pale of that church. By change of language and religious rites, and by intermarriage with English families, they rapidly ceased to be a distinct people. Among many of their descendants there is little of the Frenchman left but the name. But in some rural neighbourhoods, where several Huguenot families settled, and have remained in the same vicinity, individuals are still found of unmixed French descent, and their physiognomy and other characteristics indicate their origin. Taking into consideration the smallness of their number, not exceeding three hundred, the Huguenots who came to South Carolina perhaps succeeded better and contributed more to the prosperity and population of the country than any other class of colonists.

The Proprietary government lasted 49 years; a troubled period, yet during which the foundations were laid of many of those peculiarities which until lately continued to characterize the lower country.

Although the Proprietary government studiously provided for universal toleration in religious belief, yet care was taken to plant the national church in the colony. The territory was divided into parishes, vastly larger indeed than the small parishes of populous England, and these continued to be the civil divisions in the lower country until the State government was overthrown in 1865. A church was built in each, and in many cases glebe land appropriated for its support. The Society in England for the propagation of the Gospel contributed largely to the planting of the English Church, and the Bishop of London seems to have embraced the colony within his diocese, and sent out the clergymen who served the parish churches.

The rank and wealth of the Lords Proprietors, the aristocratic features of the government, and the growing agricultural wealth of the country, induced many Englishmen of birth and education, some of whom were akin to the Proprietors, to settle in the colony, still however looking back to England as their home. Many of these obtained grants of large tracts of land, not a few being baronies of 12,000 acres. The importation of negroes enabled them to bring large plantations into profitable cultivation. Thus originated a class of large proprietors, men of education, of well known families, often holding high office under the government, and occupying the highest social position in the colony. Some few of the least fertile and valuable of those baronies yet remain undivided, having been in the hands of the same family for more than 150 years.

The colony had to struggle against many evils—Indian wars, the hostility of the Spaniards at St. Augustine, much civil and religious dissension among themselves, and much dissatisfaction with the Proprietary government—until 1719, when, partly through a popular revolution, the colony reverted to the crown. South Carolina became and long continued to be a favourite with the Mother country. Under the mistaken notions of political economy, prevailing in those days in England, and still clung to elsewhere, bounties were paid on many articles which she exported largely, especially the products of the forest. The cultivation of indigo soon became a source of great profit, and rice became a yet more important crop. Stimulated by the policy of the government and the liberal credit given by English merchants, negroes were purchased in large numbers. Many of the largest landholders were Englishmen of good families in Eng-

land, for many such under the patronage of the Lords Proprietors had sought their fortunes in the colonies. There soon came to be a class of landed gentry whose incomes were derived—not as in older countries from rents—but directly from the agricultural produce of the best portions of a virgin soil.

Some few of the largest proprietors lived chiefly in England, but far the greater number resided permanently in the colony. But they were hardly less Englishmen on that account. One of the first uses the thriving colonist, of French as well as English origin, made of his prosperity, was to send his son and not unfrequently his daughter to England for education, and no expense was spared to procure them the best instruction. We know of instances in which the boy was sent away at seven years old, and came back the graduate of a university, and a professional man. This continued from the first prosperity of the colony down to the revolution.—Partially interrupted by the troubles of that period, it was continued in some measure for many years after the end of the war. Having been educated in England was the standard of social position. In colonial times making a voyage to England was called going home, and this by persons born in Carolina.

Down to the day of the revolution the influx of settlers from Great Britain continued, and a large proportion of them were educated men. If a boy was sent to school in the colony it was probably to an English school-master. If a physician was called in, he was probably a Scotchman, and graduate of Edinburgh. The Bishop of London, and the Society for the advancement of Christianity, sent out English parsons for the parish churches; and the dissenting congregations imported English or Scotch ministers for their pulpits. Most of the men of business were

English or Scotch. English architects planned and English mechanics built the old and solemn parish churches, and the solid and stately mansions of great proprietors, some of which still or lately adorned the country around Charleston. Of some of the most striking of these latter, the torch of war has lately left only the blackened walls.

The colony was almost exclusively agricultural, few of the natives engaging in any other pursuits. Of the number of young men educated in England few embraced any professional pursuit, with the exception of that of the law. Many of the youths sent out to England, some of them the heirs of large fortune, appear to have completed their education by keeping their terms at the Temple. There were instances of this for some years after the close of the revolutionary war.

All the conveniences of life, all the productions of art, machinery, tools, arms, clothing, furniture, carriages, all foreign articles of consumption—except the products of the British West Indies, came direct from England, even the wines of France and Spain and Portugal. The production of crops and the preparation of them for exportation engrossed almost all the labor of the colony.—There was however one of the constructive arts that flourished there. The abundance, cheapness, and excellence of the chief materials used in ship building led to the establishment of several ship yards; the trade with England and the English West Indies gave them employment; and there were more ships owned in Charleston before the revolution than at any time since. The intercourse between the Mother country and the colony was not only great but constant. Everything that came from England was considered the best of its kind, and preferred accordingly. The colo-

nist was clad from English looms, shod with English leather, rode on an English saddle, on a horse with an English pedigree, or drove a vehicle built in England. His table was, as far as practicable, laden with English delicacies.—English furniture ministered to his convenience while he lived, and an English tombstone (they are still numerous in old church yards) was laid over his remains when he died. The very loaf on his table was made from English grown wheat, and the local phraseology still bears a trace of this. Within a year or two, we have heard negroes on the plantations ask for English flour.

The colony grew rapidly in prosperity and importance. The command of labor increased by the importation of negroes and their natural and rapid increase; new and fertile lands were daily brought into cultivation; the proprietors were advancing in numbers, wealth and education, and many of those features of society began to appear, which are developed by wealth, education and influence continued in the same family for several generations. But the mass of the people, especially in the country, were not in the same thriving condition. The climate told severely on the poorer and laboring classes. The paradise of vegetation, a rich soil, in a hot climate, with a moist atmosphere, is the grave of human life—at least to Northern races. Even the planter in good circumstances, sheltered by a spacious and well built house, protected from the vicissitudes of the climate by the most suitable clothing—invigorated by nourishing food, exempt by his condition from exposure and severe bodily labor, visiting his fields on horseback, and directing his laborers from the saddle—even he suffered severely in his own person and those of his family from the malarious atmosphere of his fertile domain. If his life was

not suddenly cut short by it, he grew prematurely aged—and was an old man among his neighbors before he reached fifty. A search among the tombstones of the last century, in the country church yards, shows that few reached that age. But with his poor neighbor, who earned a scanty living by the labor of his own hands, it fared far worse. Badly sheltered by an humble roof, meanly clad, poorly fed, and exposed to every evil influence of the climate, the scorching sun, and the chilling dews—when exhausted by daily toil, he sooner sunk under the poison.—Labor became impossible; whole families died out; and others of stronger constitutions who lived on, had to seek other means of living, than labor in the field.

As the country became more cleared, and a larger portion of the richer lands were brought under cultivation, the climate became more unhealthy. After some time, it was observed that the planter, who had naturally established his homestead in the vicinity of the richest soils, suffered more severely in health, than his neighbor, who being engaged in the preparation of tar, pitch and turpentine and lumber for the market, found his home on the dry and barren pine ridges, which intersect the country on the coast.

Hence grew the custom, that while the planter chose the most fertile soils for his fields, he selected the highest, driest, and most barren spot, in these pine woods for his summer residence, and carefully preserved the surrounding forest in its primitive condition as the best safe-guard of his health. To find such a spot he had often to go several miles from the fields that grew his crops; early in summer he abandoned his mansion on the plantation. The labors of the field were performed by his negroes, who could live on the spot without suffering from

local causes of disease; for in numerous localities, throughout the South, the same air that breathes pestilence and death to the white man, brings health and vigor to the black. To the planter well mounted, a few miles were nothing. From his summer house, he could easily superintend the labors of his negroes, and the tillage of his fields.

His poorer neighbors abandoning the attempt to cultivate the richer and more malarious soils, settled in the less fertile but more healthy pine woods, where cultivating a few acres for bread, which he often failed to make, rearing some few cattle and hogs for market, he earned a scanty livelihood.—Some of the more intelligent and energetic of these men became great stock breeders, owning large herds of cattle, which ranged over the uncleared country, finding food in winter in the swamps and canebrakes, and only occasionally driven up to the pens, to be marked and branded, or to be driven to a market. Even in our day, there are men owning a few acres around their own homesteads, who have many hundreds and even some thousands of cattle habitually pastured on the uncleared land of their neighbor. A larger number of the poorer class found employment as overseers on the plantations of wealthy planters, where, exempt from hard labor, and living in abundance, they were somewhat shielded from the worst effects of the climate; and often receiving liberal wages, they sometimes laid the foundation of their own fortunes. But in general the overseers of the lower country proved a short lived class—and our observation leads us to the belief, that there is a waste of life among the poorer whites of the rural districts which has been only supplied, formerly by immigration from abroad, latterly by migration from more healthy regions in the interior. The experience of

generations has proved that a white peasantry, the tillers of the soil, cannot permanently sustain itself in the tide water region of South Carolina; and the remark probably applies to a large portion of the Southern States. The climate of Charleston itself has not been so unfavorable to the European race. Although a disease, intensely malignant to strangers, occasionally prevails there during the latter part of the summer—yet among the acclimated natives, as large families are raised, and as many instances of extreme age are met with as in other countries. Still the heat of the climate for half the year has always proved a serious obstacle to the industry of the laboring classes. Charleston therefore, like the country around, was full of negroes, to whom almost all unskilled labor was assigned. But a prosperous community needs and affords profitable employment to a variety of agents, many of them engaged in pursuits requiring intellectual culture and professional skill. There were in the colony a numerous professional and commercial class, deriving their support indirectly yet exclusively from the agricultural wealth of the country.

Thus long before the revolution the population of this region had assumed a definite classification, which it has retained to our day. The negroes almost exclusively formed, or supplied the place of a peasantry—the tillers of the soil—and furnished the unskilled labor of the community. The holders of lands and slaves, formed a class of themselves, upon which all other classes were more or less dependant. They were numerous, wealthy, many of them highly educated, the sons of rich and educated men—and some of them sprung from families of note in England. Their influence predominated in the colony, and they gave the tone to society. The

most successful and eminent professional men, hastened to add the position of the planter to their original pursuit—while few natives, born to a competence, engaged in any other occupation, than agriculture, except occasionally, the practice of the law.—There seems to have been much mental activity in the colony, and not a few men of family and fortune adopted this profession, as the best stepping stone to political power.

Although the career of the colony had been one of progress, it was not one of peace. It had partaken of the triumphs and disasters of the British wars with France and Spain. It had been involved frequently in bloody contests with the Indian Nations combined against them. The militia of the colony had been repeatedly and for long periods under arms in defence of their homes, or in remote enterprises, by sea as well by land. They had achieved brilliant successes and experienced grievous disasters. In that age the military spirit of the people was not suffered to die out for want of excitement. They had also been agitated by violent civil and religious dissensions; for the government, or those who wielded its powers—were frequently out of favor with a large portion of the people. The dissenters from the church, were numerous, and more than one attempt was made to disfranchise and oppress them. Many of these evils originated in the colony. Great Britain on the whole proved a nursing mother to her offspring, who received efficient protection, important favor, and generally, justice at her hands.

When the disputes arose between the colonies and the Mother country, which led to the revolution—it might have been expected that the class of native Carolinians who had been educated in England, who prided themselves

on their English origin, and studiously imitated the habits, manners and style of living of the English gentleman, would have shown extreme reluctance to severing the ties that had hitherto bound them to England. It did not prove so. On the contrary this very class, with some exceptions, were most anxious in urging on the contest, and took infinite pains to convince those who from narrowness of education, were less capable of judging of the merits of the quarrel, of the necessity of resistance. This was the class which filled the colonial assembly, that renounced the royal government, and which officered the troops which resisted the royal arms. They were doubtless convinced that the measures of the government were aggressive on the rights of the subject, and if not already oppressive, violated the principle which constituted the best security against oppression. They felt that no government, and least of all a parliamentary government, seated at a remote distance from a country, can sufficiently understand and sympathize with the rights and interests and character of the people of that country, to govern them well or do them justice. The first essential of a good government, is that it should be located in the midst of the people it is to govern. There, whatever its form may be, it will somewhat represent their feelings and interests. The true offence of the British government was that it was a foreign government, seated on one side of the Atlantic and governing a people on the other, who had no longer the same interests, and who had grown out of their knowledge.

But another motive, unavowed, greatly influenced this class. The colonial gentleman sent to England in boyhood, educated at the same school and college with English youths, most of them no better born or richer than himself,

on seeking to mingle in society in England, found that he was not considered exactly the equal of his associates. They were Englishmen, he but a provincial, and he was made to feel the distinction. On returning home he found that when he sought a post of honor or profit in the gift of the crown, it was generally bestowed in preference on some Englishman, perhaps newly sent out to fill the place. Many highly educated young men returned to the colony with feelings of no little bitterness against the old country, and in many cases mortified pride, and disappointed ambition, inflamed the patriot's zeal.

The effect of the revolutionary war was for a time unfavorable to society in South Carolina. Besides the demoralizing effects of a seven years' war, marked by many disasters, the country long felt the loss of many highly educated men. Many clergymen, physicians, some lawyers and others, being natives of the old country, adhered to her in the struggle.—Some natives too of the colony, of the first position, preferred abandoning their homes to abandoning their allegiance to the British crown. That offshoot of the church of England planted here, now no longer the established church, suffered greatly for a time from the loss of most of its ministers and other causes of depression, and other churches also suffered in the same way but in a less degree.

The character of the government had hitherto exercised no little influence on the social condition of this region. Political influences had now a different tendency, but did not operate so strongly as to change rapidly opinions and customs that had been taking root for a century. In the colonial government, the republican features already predominated, and the State of South Carolina, moved more slowly towards

pure and radical democracy, which has since been confounded with republicanism. Unlike most of the other States, especially the new States, South Carolina had resisted innovation and retained some things in her institutions which others hastened to abolish.

In South Carolina, by a peculiar arrangement, by which both population and taxation were represented, and by the right of an owner of a freehold, in an elective precinct to vote there, though not a resident—property still had a voice in legislation. And so it should; for the security of property lies at the foundation of government.

In South Carolina, the judges yet retain their seats for life, unless removed by impeachment.—This gave dignity and independence to the bench, and made it an object of ambition to the leading members of the bar. Few things are better worth paying well for than ability, and integrity, in the administration of justice. In South Carolina legislation did not seek every occasion of multiplying popular elections. Thus the Governor of the State and the electors of President and Vice President of the U. S. were chosen by the legislature, and not by the people. And truly a popular election is not in itself a good thing, but rather a necessary evil. In South Carolina, more of the principles, and provisions, of the English common law, continued of force than in any other State, embracing much that has been swept away in England itself, by the sweeping legislation of the last few years. While in other States legislation and custom has been facilitating the dissolution of the marriage tie—in South Carolina there never has been a divorce from the bond of matrimony—where the marriage had been originally legal. Doubtless the ability to obtain a divorce had occasioned a multitude of cases calling for di-

forcement, while the sanetity of the marriage tie lies at the very foundation of society and morals.

But the social peuliarities of the lower country, originated chiefly in natural local causes which continued to operate without reference to changes of government.

This region, intersceted by many rivers and water-courses, embraced much very fertile, and yet more very poor, land. The fertile and improvable lands, were devoted almost exclusively to two branches of agrieulture. On the fresh water alluvions, especially, those on rivers within reach of the rise and fall of the tide, rice was cultivated. On the higher lands, and on some small portions of the salt water alluvions, that species of cotton was cultivated which for length and fineness of fabric is only excelled by the product of the silk worm. In both of these branches of agriculture, but especially the first, owing to the character of the elimate, and the kind of labor employed, to the elaborate and expensive preparations of the land, buildings, and machinery—necessary for the most complete cultivation, and preparation of the erop—only large farmers succeeded—and small farmers failed. In faet a plantation, and especially a ricee plantation, was a community in itself. The proprietor employed as overscer, some white man, selected for character, intelligenee, and experience in rice planting and the management of negroes, and his wages were generally high. From among the negroes, one or two men were selected, for their intelligenee, trustiness, and skill in the cultivation of the crop.—There was need of one, two, or more carpenters, aecording to the size of the place, and others had to be set apart, for special duties. There was often some job to be done, which required the eom-bined strength, of ten, twenty, or more hands. The plantation re-

quired therefore, the outlay of much capital, and the eommand of much labor, and large plantations, with one or two hundred negroes or more, admitted of better management, and more thorough cultivation, than the smaller. There was much that was attractive in the position and pursuits of the planter, to induce the son to follow the oecupation of the father, and as the negroes multiplied almost as, and in many eases more rapidly than the white population, and there was still much new and fertile land to be brought into eultivation, the wealthy planter, often left several sons to follow his footsteps. Many estates there have remained in the same family for several generations and some from the first planting of the colony. But often a change in cultivation had caused a change of residence, and in many eases the descendants of the planter and of his negroes, who were in the last century employed in cultivating indigo, or tobacco, in one neighborhood, had abandoned the old homestead, and were cultivating a ricee or cotton plantation many miles off. Some of these abandoned neighborhoods, have returned to a state of wilderness. The deserted homesteads of a score or two of wealthy families, have rotted to the ground or been destroyed by the annual fires which, lit by the herdsman, sweep through the forests in the spring of the year. We have seen the tombstones of the old ehureh-yards disturbed and overthrown by the dense growth of the forest, and a herd of eattle taking shelter under the roof of the parish ehureh, the solid walls of which resisted the annual fires and the hand of time. Still there has been a permanenee of society, of habitation, and of oecupation, in strong contrast with the general eharacteristics of the country at large. From an early period in the existence of the colony to this day, the same family

names frequently re-appear in society, and in public life, and even the negro population was largely the descendants of negroes born on the same estate, and held by the same family as their grand-sires. We know families lately owning three or four hundred negroes who have not purchased one in one hundred years.

The climate drove the planters from the plantations, for five months in the year. The salu-

brity and other attractions of some neighboring spot drew many families to it, and thus grew up in the pine forest and on the seashore, villages inhabited only in summer, and only by a better class of people. But Charleston became the summer residence of many of the richer planters. There they enjoyed the advantages of education for their children and society for themselves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BROWN BRIDGE.

The Brown Bridge spans the streamlet, and
The evergreens, from hand to hand,
Arch the road-way's snow-white sand.

A Picture ! and I loved the same
Till MARY there to meet me, came,
And left my picture, but a frame !

An *oval* such as might entwine
The mild Madonna of a shrine
From some old Master's hand, divine.

And ever since, in passing there,
The same sweet phantom haunts the air,
With azure eyes and floating hair.

Grow on, ye evergreens, and throw
Soft shadows on the dust below ;
And ye dark waters, murmur low

Of *other* streams, *not* dark or wide,
So Mary, with my joy, that died,
Shall meet me on the *other* side.

F. O. TICKNOR.

July 26, 1866.

GEN. D. H. HILL'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

GENERAL :

I have the honor to report the part taken by my command in the operations around Chattanooga, terminating in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th September, 1863.

I reached Chattanooga on the 19th July and was assigned to Hardee's old troops, consisting of Cleburne's and Stewart's Divisions. They were encamped on the Chickamauga about Tyners Station.

The Yankees soon made their appearance at Bridgeport, and I made arrangements to guard the crossings of the Tennessee. A regiment was posted at Sivley's ford, another at Blythe's ferry, and Wood's brigade at Harrison. On Fast Day, Aug. —, while religious services were being held in Chattanooga, the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river and commenced shelling the town without giving notice. Our pickets and scouts (if any were out) had given no warning of his approach. Some women and children were killed and wounded by this not unusual act of atrocity.

A few nights before, Clayton's brigade had been moved up to Birchwood, three miles from the mouth of the Hiawassee, and Gen. Clayton was instructed to send an officer up the river until he met our cavalry pickets and endeavor to effect a connection with them. Gen. C. reported to me that he found no pickets for forty miles, the great mass of our cavalry being at Kingston. This report was communicated to the Commander-in-chief and the cavalry pickets were moved down, so as to connect with Clayton. The shelling of Chattanooga revealed the fact that the enemy was in our immediate front and I ordered Cleburne's division to Harrison, and had it distribut-

ed so that every ford and ferry from the mouth of the Chickamauga to the mouth of the Hiawassee was guarded and covered by rifle pits and batteries. It had been the design of the enemy to interpose a column between Knoxville and Chattanooga and thus isolate Buckner, while Burnside should appear on his flank. But, after trying all the crossings and finding them guarded by vigilant and determined men, he was constrained to abandon his original plan.

Breckenridge's division having come up from Mississippi was assigned to my corps, and Stewart's division was soon after sent up towards Knoxville to join Buckner, Stovall's brigade of Breckenridge's division was posted at Sivley's ford, and as the enemy still threatened a crossing, Hindman's division of Polk's corps was sent to our support. On Sunday August the 30th, we learned almost accidentally through a citizen that the corps of Thomas and McCook had crossed at Caperton's Ferry, beginning the movement the Thursday before.

This was the natural point of crossing for the enemy, as it was near to their depot at Stevenson, and gave them a good road on our flank and rear. Buckner's command, was brought down from Knoxville and the Commander-in-chief resolved to abandon Chattanooga. The reason given by him for this evacuation was that the enemy was getting in his rear and might seize the crossings of the Oostanaula and starve his army, as he had no movable pontoon train. The movement began on the night of Sept. the 3d, my corps taking the lead, on the Lafayette road. The mass of the enemy's army was supposed to be at Trenton in Will's Valley, but as our

cavalry soon lost the almost impregnable position of Look-Out mountain with but small loss on either side, the enemy began to pour down into McLe More Cove. I was accordingly ordered by the Com'd'g General to picket the gaps in Pigeon mountain. This duty was entrusted to Gen. Cleburne, while Breckenridge was left at Lafayette in charge of the trains of the army.

About daylight on the morning of the 10th Sept I received the following order from the General Commanding.

Head-Quarters, Army of Tennessee,
Gordon's Mills,
Sept. 9, 1863, 11 3-4 P. M.

GENERAL HILL :

I enclose orders given to Gen. Hindman. Gen. Bragg directs that you send or take as your judgment dictates, Cleburne's division to re-unite with Hindman at Davis' X Roads to-morrow morning. Hindman starts at 12 to-night and has 13 miles to make. The Commander of the columns thus united will move upon the enemy at the foot of Steven's Gap said to be 4 or 5000.

If unforeseen circumstances should prevent your movement, notify Hindman.

A cavalry force should accompany your column. Hindman has none.

Open communication with Hindman by your cavalry in advance of the junction. He marches on the road from Dr. Anderson's to Davis' X Roads.

Signed W. W. MACKALL,
Chief of Staff.

I immediately replied to this note notifying the Com'd'g General of the late hour at which it had been received, and stating that Gen. Cleburne had been sick in bed all day, that two of his regiments which had been picketing above Harrison had not yet joined him, that one of his three brigades had

to be relieved from picket at the Gaps, and that these Gaps had been heavily obstructed by our cavalry, and some hours would be required to open them up.

Inasmuch, too, as Cleburne would have nearly, if not quite as long a march as Hindman, I believed the intended junction would be impossible, and certainly no surprise could be effected. These reasons appeared satisfactory to the Com. Gen. as he made no complaint in regard to my not making the movement, and met me the next day with his usual cordiality. Gen. Buckner at Gordon's Mill was directed to make the movement, instead of Gen. Cleburne, and the language of the order to Gen. Buckner recognised the impracticability of the order issued to me. "Gen. Hill has found it *impossible* to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division." In fact, Gen. Hindman had made his night march, and reached the neighborhood of the enemy, almost by the time I received the order to move to effect a junction. As there could be no direct communication with him, the following note did not reach me from him until the afternoon.

H'D Q'RS. &c., at Morgan's on
"Cove Road" four miles from
Davis' X Roads.

Sept. 10th, 1863, 6 A. M.

GENERAL:

I expected you would open communication with me by the time I reached this place, but, as yet, hear nothing from you. If it be true, as I learn it is, that the road from Lafayette to Davis' X Roads is blockaded at Dug's Gap, and the Catlett's Gap road also blockaded, I fear it will be impossible to effect the intended junction. Your better information will enable you to decide as to that.

There are rumors here that a Federal division is at and near Davis' X Roads, and another at

Bailey's X Roads. Col. Russell, commanding a cavalry regiment of Martin's brigade has gone forward to ascertain the facts. I deem it inexpedient to move beyond this place, till I learn that you are in motion and that we can safely unite.

Very respectfully,
Your ob't servant,
T. C. HINDMAN, Maj. Gen.

On the morning of the 11th, Cleburne's division, followed by Walker's, marched to Dug Gap. It was understood that Hindman and Buckner would attack at daylight; and these other divisions were to co-operate with them. The attack, however, did not begin at the hour designated, and so imperfect was the communication with Hindman, that it was noon before he could be heard from. I was then directed to move with the divisions of Cleburne and Walker and make a front attack upon the enemy. The sharpshooters of Wood's brigade under the gallant Maj. Hawkins advanced in handsome style, driving in the Yankee pickets and skirmishers, and Cleburne's whole force was advancing on their line of battle, when I was halted by an order from Gen. Bragg. The object was, as supposed, to wait until Hindman got in the Yankee rear. About an hour before sundown, I was ordered once more to advance, but the enemy soon rapidly retired. Their rear was gallantly attacked by a company of our cavalry, but made a stand on the other side of Chickamauga creek, under cover of a battery of artillery. Semple's magnificent battery was ordered up and in a short time silenced the enemy's fire with heavy loss, and his rout was complete. I had in the mean time communicated with Gen. Buckner in person, and by an Aid, with Gen. Hindman, and had arranged to connect my line of skirmishers and battle with theirs, so as to

sweep everything before us. The prompt flight of the enemy and the approaching darkness saved him from destruction. This force proved to be the advance of Thomas' corps—the main body being opposite Steven's Gap in Look-out Mountain.

This day and the following, my signal corps and scouts on Pigeon Mountain reported the march of a heavy column up the cove to our left. These reports were communicated to the Com. General, but were discredited by him. On the morning of the 13th, all the troops, except my two divisions, moved up to Lee & Gordon's Mill to attack Crittenden's corps, isolated at that point. The attack however was not made.

At 8 a. m., Lt. Baylor of the cavalry reported to me, with a note from Gen. Wharton, vouching for his entire reliability. Lt. Baylor stated that McCook with his corps had encamped at Alpine the night before and that his column was moving on to Lafayette. Our cavalry pickets had been driven in on the Alpine road the evening before, a few miles from town and I had directed Gen. Breckinridge to supply their place with infantry pickets. Soon after the report of Lt. Baylor, a brisk fire opened upon the Alpine road about two miles from Lafayette. Upon reaching the point, I found that two regiments of cavalry had attacked the skirmishers of Adams' brigade, and had been repulsed with considerable loss. Gen. Adams was satisfied from the manner of the advance that this force was the vanguard of a heavy column. I therefore brought down a brigade (Polk's) from Cleburne, on Pigeon Mountain, and prepared for battle. The enemy's cavalry had, however, captured the infantry picket, and upon McCook learning that the men belonged to Breckinridge's division, he became aware, that Bragg had been reinforced and began a precipitate re-

treat. The report of Lt. Baylor and the advance upon Lafayette did not satisfy the Com. General that McCook had been in our vicinity. He emphatically denied on the night of the 13th that a single Yankee foot soldier had crossed Pigeon Mountain. He stated, however, in council next morning that McCook was at Alpine, Thomas in McLe More Cove, and Crittenden at Lee & Gordon's Mill. The enemy's right was therefore separated from the left by some sixty miles with a difficult mountain to cross; and the centre was more than a day's march from either wing. Our own force was concentrated at Lafayette and could have been thrown upon either corps, without the remotest possibility of being molested by the other two. The attack however was delayed for six days.

The withdrawal of McCook from Alpine and the appearance of a heavy force in front of Catlett's Gap on the 16th, induced me to re-inforce Deshler's brigade at that Gap, by the whole of Breckinridge's division.

I was directed on the 17th, to move my corps at daylight, on the next morning in rear of Gen. Polk's corps towards Lee & Gordon's Mill. A demonstration was to be made at that point, by Gen. Polk, while the rest of the army should cross lower down on the Chickamauga. Cleburne's division was drawn up in line of battle at Anderson's house on the 18th, and Breckinridge's was sent to guard the crossing at Glass' Mill. Just before sundown, our cavalry pickets were driven away from Owen's ford, some miles above the Mill, and the enemy crossed over a considerable force. I hastened there in person with Adams' brigade, but the enemy did not advance upon it. The next morning, Adams' brigade was withdrawn to Glass' mill; and I determined to make a diversion at that point. Helm's bri-

gade was crossed over and opened with ten guns upon the enemy. An examination of the ground subsequently showed that our fire was unusually accurate and fatal—the ground was still strewn with unburied men, and eleven horses lay near the position of the enemy's battery. Our loss was slight. In the afternoon, I received an order to report in person to the Com. General at Tedford's ford, and to hurry forward Cleburne's division, to the same point. Soon after Breckinridge was ordered to relieve Hindman at Lee & Gordon's Mill.

I found upon reporting to the Com. General, that while our troops had been moving up the Chickamauga, the enemy had been moving down and had thus out-flanked us and had driven back our right wing.

Cleburne was ordered to take position on the extreme right and begin an attack. He did not get into position until after sun-down, but then advanced in magnificent style, driving the enemy back some three-fourths of a mile. He captured three pieces of artillery, a number of caissons, two stands of colors, and upwards of three hundred prisoners. His own loss was small, and fell chiefly upon Wood's brigade, which had to cross an open field, and encounter log breast works upon the opposite side of it. Capt. Semple and Lt. Key ran their batteries under cover of darkness to within sixty yards of the enemy's line, and opened with happy effect. The other batteries of the division were placed by my direction on the right flank, so as to enfilade the enemy's line.

I have never seen troops behave more gallantly than did this noble division, and certainly I never saw so little straggling from the field.

The action closed between nine and ten at night, further pursuit in the darkness was not thought

advisable. After re-adjusting our line (considerably deranged by the fight) and conferring with Gen. Cleburne and each of the brigade commanders individually, I left at 11 o'clock to find Gen. Bragg at Tedford's ford, where the orders for the day, stated that his Head Qrs. would be. It was near five miles to the ford, but as I had no orders for the next day, I deemed it necessary to find the Com. General.

On my way, I learned from some soldiers, that Gen. Breckinridge had come up from Lee & Gordon's Mill. I dispatched Lt. Reid of my staff to find him, and conduct his division at once to Cleburne's right. About midnight, Lt. Col. Anderson, Adj. Gen. reported that my corps had been placed under command of Lt. Gen. Polk, as wing commander, and that the Gen. wished to see me that night at Alexander's bridge (three miles distant.) I was much exhausted, having been in the saddle from dawn to midnight, and resolved to rest till three o'clock. At that hour, I went to Alexander's bridge, but failing to find the courier whom Gen. Polk had placed there to conduct me to his tent, I rode forward to the line of battle, which I reached a little after daylight on 20th. Gen. Breckinridge had not yet got into position, as Gen. Polk had permitted him to rest the night before on account of the wearied condition of the men. Repeated and urgent orders had been issued from the corps H'd. Qrs., in regard to keeping rations for three days constantly on hand. But owing to difficulties and possibly to want of attention, some of the men had been without food the day before, and a division had its rations for that day unissued, but cooked and on hand. Orders were given for their prompt issue.

At 7 25 a. m., an order was shown me, just received from Lt.

Gen. Polk and addressed to my division commanders and directing them to advance at once upon the enemy. The reason given for the issue of the order directly to them was that he (Gen. Polk,) had not been able to find the corps commander. I immediately replied to the note, saying that Brig. Gen. Jackson's brigade of his corps was at right angles to my line, that my men were getting their rations, and that they could finish eating while we were adjusting the line of battle. Gen. Polk soon after came on the field, and made no objection to this delay.

At 8 o'clock, Gen. Bragg himself came on the field, and I then learned for the first time that an attack had been ordered at daylight. However, the essential preparations for battle had not been made up to this hour, and in fact could not be made without the presence of the Commander-in-chief. The position of the enemy had not been reconnoitered, our own line of battle had not been adjusted, and part of it was at right angles to the rest, there was no cavalry on our flanks, and no orders had fixed the strength or position of the reserves. My own line had been arranged North and South, to correspond to the position of the enemy and be parallel to it. Cheatham's division was nearly, if not exactly at right angles to my line, and was pronounced to be right by the Commander-in-chief. This same division was subsequently discovered by Lt. Gen. Polk after the battle had begun, to be in rear of Gen. Stewart's division, and was taken out by him and placed in reserve. Moreover, Kershaw's brigade of McLaw's division was found to be between Stewart and Cheatham.

About 8½ a. m., a report came from the extreme right that a line of the enemy was extending across the Reid's Bridge road and nearly

at right angles to our line. Gen. Adams was directed to press back their line of skirmishers. This was handsomely done, and a personal reconnoissance made with Genl's Forrest and Adams proved that our line extended beyond that of the enemy, and that his flank was covered for a great distance by infantry skirmishers and that no cavalry was visible. During the night before, I had discovered the practicability of outflanking the enemy, and therefore placed Breckinridge on the right of Cleburne, so that he might turn the log breast-works, which the enemy could be heard working at, from the close of the action until after daylight. My corps was now the extreme right of our infantry force. Gen. Forrest had brought up his cavalry to guard our flank, and had dismounted a portion of it to act as sharp shooters. A general advance was ordered and as the right was to begin the action, Cleburne was directed to dress by Breckinridge.

As soon as the movement began, a staff officer was sent to Lt. Gen. Polk with a note, reminding him that the corps was in single line, without reserves, and if broken at one point, was broken at all points. Breckinridge advanced at 9½ a. m., with Adam's brigade on the right, Stovall's in the centre, and Helm's on the left. The enemy's skirmishers were driven back rapidly; and within about 700 yards, the left portion of the breast-works was encountered by Gen. Helm.—Two heroic efforts to take them were repulsed and that noble officer "ever ready for action," in the language of his division commander, "and endeared to his command by his many virtues, received a mortal wound, while in the gallant discharge of his duty."

The brigade was then withdrawn two hundred yards in the rear. This unfortunately left a gap in our line, which was the source of much trouble and disaster during

the rest of the day, as the enemy was not slow to pour into the opening, and secure a position, from which he had a cross fire upon our troops attempting to swing round upon his left.

Learning that Gist's brigade was in our rear, I sent a staff officer to bring it up in all haste, to fill the gap made by Helm's withdrawal. The request was misunderstood, for instead of getting this single brigade from Gen. Walker, his two divisions came up, accompanied by Lt. Gen. Polk. The brigades of Walthall and Gist were then sent in, but there had elapsed something like an hour since the repulse of Helm, and the enemy was securely posted in the gap, and Walthall and Gist met with a front, and flank fire, which threw their brigades into confusion and drove them back precipitately.

Upon the repulse of Helm's brigade, Gen. Breckinridge had proposed and I had cordially approved a change of front of his two right brigades, so as to swing round on the flank and rear of the enemy's position. His account of the operations of these brigades, is as follows. "In the mean time, Adams and Stovall advanced steadily, driving back two lines of skirmishers. Stovall halted at the Chattanooga road. Adams after dispersing a regiment and capturing a battery, crossed at Glenn's farm and halted beyond in an open field. When Helm's brigade was checked and I had given Col. Lewis orders in reference to his new position, I rode to the commands of Adams and Stovall on the right. It was now evident from the comparatively slight resistance they had encountered, and the fact that they were not threatened in front, that our line had extended beyond the enemy's left. I at once ordered these brigades to change front perpendicularly to the original line of battle, and with the left of Adams

and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road, to advance upon the flank of the enemy. Slocomb's battery, which had previously done good service, was posted on favorable ground, on the west of the road to support the movement. The brigades advanced in fine order over a field and into the woods beyond. Stovall soon encountered the extreme left of the enemy's works, which retiring from the general North and South direction of his intrenchments extended Westwardly nearly to the Chattanooga road. After a severe and well contested conflict, he was checked, and forced to retire. Adams on the West of the road met two lines of the enemy, who had improved the short time to bring up reinforcements, and reform nearly at right angles to the troops in his main line of works. The first line was routed, but it was found impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery, and after a sanguinary contest, which reflected high honor on the brigade, it was forced back in some confusion. Here Gen. Adams, who is as remarkable for his judgment on the field as for his courage, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. Lt. Col. Turner of the 19th, La., was wounded and the gallant Maj. Butler of the same regiment was killed. Stovall had gained a point beyond the angle of the enemy's main line of works. Adams had advanced still further, being actually in rear of his intrenchments. A good supporting line to my division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results. As it was, the engagement on our right had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, and compelled him to weaken other parts of his line, to hold his vital point. Adams' brigade reformed behind Slocomb's battery, which repulsed the enemy, by a rapid and well directed fire, rendering on this occasion

important and distinguished service."

The whole division now fell back to a ridge parallel to, and overlooking the Chattanooga road.

The faultiness of our plan of attack, was now but too apparent. Perhaps never before in the history of war, had an attack been made in a single line, without reserves or supporting force. It was still more unfortunate that our attack was directly in front, against breast-works. The important results, effected by two brigades on the flank, proved that had our army been moved under cover of the woods, a mile further to the right, the whole of the enemy's position would have been turned, and an almost bloodless victory gained. A simple reconnaissance before the battle would have shown the entire practicability of the movement, and the advantage to be gained by it.

But while Gen. Breckinridge had to encounter the difficulty of opposing two lines, with a single one, Gen. Cleburne had the still more difficult task of attacking breastworks along his entire front and of disentangling his troops, mixed up with those of the left wing, owing to the want of adjustment, (already alluded to,) of the line of battle, before the action began. After alluding to the check of his advance, by the fire from the breast-works, Gen. Cleburne adds, "passing towards the left at this time, I found that the line of advance of my division, (which was the left of the right wing of the army) converged with the line of advance, of the left wing of the army, the flanks of the two wings, had already come into collision,—part of Wood's brigade had passed over Bates' brigade, of Stewart's division, which was the right of the left wing; and Deshler's brigade, which was my left was thrown out entirely, and was in rear of the left wing of the army. I ordered Wood to move forward the

remainder of his brigade, opening at the same time in the direction of the enemy's fire with Semple's battery.

That part of Wood's brigade to the left of Lowry's regiment, and to the left of the southern angle of the breast-works, in its advance at this time, entered an old field bordering the road, (Chattanooga-Lafayette,) and attempted to cross it in face of a heavy fire in its front; it had almost reached the road, its left being at Poe's house, (known as the burning house,) when it was driven back by a heavy oblique fire of small arms and artillery, which was opened upon both its flanks; the fire from the right coming from the south face of the breast-works, which was hid from view by the thick growth of scrub oak, bordering the field. Five hundred men were killed or wounded by this fire, in a few minutes. Upon this repulse, and Lowry's regiment also having been forced to retire, I ordered the brigade still further back to reform. Semple's battery, which had no position, I also ordered back.

I now moved Deshler's brigade by the right flank, with the intention of connecting it with Polk's left, so filling up the gap left in my centre, by the withdrawal of Wood. This connection, however, I could not establish, as Polk's left had in its turn been driven back also. Finding it a useless sacrifice of life for Polk to retain his position, I ordered him to fall back with the rest of his line, and with his and Wood's brigade, I took up a strong defensive position, some three or four hundred yards in rear of the point from which they had been repulsed. Deshler's brigade had moved forward towards the right of the enemy's advanced works, but could not go beyond the crest of a low ridge, from which Lowry had been repulsed. I therefore ordered him to cover

himself behind the ridge and to hold his position, as long as possible. His brigade was now *en echelon*, about four hundred yards in front of the left of the division, which here rested for some time.

In effecting the last disposition of his command, Gen. Deshler fell—a shell passing fair through his chest. It was the first battle, in which this gentleman, had the honor of commanding, as a general officer. He was a brave and efficient one. He brought always to the discharge of his duty, a warm zeal, and a high conscientiousness."

The whole corps had failed in its attack. Breckinridge had been compelled to fall back a short distance, and Cleburne still further after a heavy repulse. But the fierceness of their assault had a most important bearing upon the issue of the battle. It appears from the report of Gen. Halleck, that Rosecrans gave us the credit of having a plan of battle, and trying to seize the road, between him and Chattanooga. He believed that our forces were massed on his left, and he detached largely from his right, in order to secure his line of retreat. A gap was made by the withdrawal of an entire division, and Longstreet's troops passed through the opening. All the accounts of the enemy agree in this view of the battle.

A heavy pressure upon us, when first disordered by the repulse, might have been serious, but our left wing now came into action, and McCook and Crittenden were soon fleeing before the heroes of Manassas and Murfreesboro.

After our line had been reformed and the troops somewhat rested, I reported in person to Gen. Polk, and told him that I wished to renew the attack, when the gap between Breckinridge and Cleburne should be filled, and that not less than a brigade could fill it. He promised to have it filled and I learned that Brig. Gen.

Jackson's brigade was selected for that purpose. That officer however never occupied the gap, taking post opposite it, but far in rear. Gen. Polk had directed me to take charge of all the attacking forces, and Walker's corps was ordered forward, and advanced in beautiful order, and gained some important advantages; the Chattanooga road was once more seized, and our guns thundering in the enemy's rear. Unfortunately, the left had been disordered by the oblique fire from the unfilled gap, and the right brigade instead of being formed across the road was aligned parallel to it, and thus became exposed to an enfilading fire.

The forcing back of the enemy's right had thrown some of his troops with a battery to the Cloud house, in rear of the position gained by Walker's right, and his whole force was driven back. This second repulse from the Chattanooga road, though unfortunate, probably saved the troops occupying it from destruction; for that ever watchful officer Gen. Forrest reported to me soon after, that a heavy column of the enemy was coming from the direction of Chattanooga. His active scouts soon brought in some prisoners, who gave the information that Granger's corps was passing. Skirmishers were thrown out towards us and there was every indication of a flank attack. Preparations were made to meet it. Forrest's artillery aided by a section under Lt. Gracie opened upon the marching column, which however passed on. A portion of it went to the left of the corps, and advancing in column upon Cleburne was met with a storm of shot and shell and driven back in confusion.

It was now 3½ p. m., and Lt. Gen. Polk ordered a general advance. Some delay was occasioned by attempting to get the gap on our left filled by the brigade of Gen. Jackson; staff officer after

staff officer having in vain been sent to him. Cheatham's division, which had been taken out of line by Lt. Gen. Polk and placed upon reserve, had been sent up to meet the supposed attack from Granger's corps. I directed Gen. Cheatham to make the advance, but learning from him that he came up as a support to Gen. Breckinridge, I turned over the order to advance to the latter officer, who responded with alacrity and his brave men sprang eagerly forward. Two brigades of Cheatham under the immediate command of that gallant officer went to the left of Breckinridge to establish connection with Cleburne. Gen. Forrest agreed to move forward and seize the Chattanooga road, while Breckinridge swept down it southward, and in rear of the breast-works.

As the whole line was moving forward a message was received from Gen. Cleburne that Brigadier Gen. Polk had carried the north-west angle of the enemy's works—the point where Helm, Walthall and Gist had been repulsed in the morning. Cleburne's account of this brilliant affair is:

"Capt. Semple, acting chief of artillery, (Maj. Hotchkiss being disabled by a wound received the day before,) selected position in front of the line, and placed his own and Douglass' battery within two hundred yards of the enemy's breast-works and opened a rapid and most effective fire, silencing immediately a battery which had been playing upon my line. About the same time, Brig. Gen. Polk charged and soon carried the north-western angle of the enemy's works, taking in succession three lines of breast-works.

In this brilliant operation, he was materially aided by Key's battery, which had again been moved by my orders to my extreme right and run into position by hand. A large number of prisoners, (regulars) was here taken.

The enemy abandoned his breast-works and retired precipitately. Brig. Gen. Polk pursued the enemy to the Chattanooga-Lafayette road, where he captured another piece of artillery."

Gen. Breckinridge's second attack was not attended with the insuperable difficulties of the morning assault. The left wing was driving the enemy everywhere. Brig. Gen. Polk had secured the troublesome angle of the breast-work. Forrest was thundering away on the right. Gen. Gist, of Walker's command, had worked his way to the enemy's rear, and Col. Govan, commanding Liddel's brigade of the same command, had seized the Chattanooga road. Gen. Breckinridge thus describes his successful advance.

"A line of troops on my right and covering a portion of my front, advanced at the same time. A portion of these troops obliqued to the right, and my line passed through the rest, who seemed to be out of ammunition, so that after moving a few hundred yards, the enemy alone was in my front. The division advanced with intrepidity, under a severe fire and dashed over the left of the intrenchments. In passing over them, I saw the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne, whose brave division stormed the centre. Several hundreds of the enemy ran through our lines to the rear. The rest were pursued several hundred yards and beyond the Chattanooga road. Of these, some were killed and a good many were taken prisoners, but most of them escaped in the darkness. It was now night; pursuit was stopped by order of Gen. Hill and throwing out pickets, I bivouacked in line near the road."

The whole corps was halted in the Chattanooga road, and parallel to it. The darkness might cover a concealed foe in the thick wood in our front or it might lead to an engagement between the two wings of our army, as Longstreet

was known to be pressing northward while the right was pressing southward, though his exact position was not known. A personal examination soon showed that there was no enemy in our immediate front, and Hood's division was found halted perpendicularly to the road and but a short distance from our left.—Scouts were sent out with orders to proceed a mile in our front.—They returned reporting no enemy to be found in that distance. Others were directed to go three miles, who made a similar report before daylight.

Never perhaps was there a battle, in which the troops, were so little mixed up and in which the organization was so little disturbed. The corps was ready to march or fight at dawn in the morning, with thinned ranks, it is true, but with buoyant and exultant spirits. The morning however was spent in burying the dead and gathering up arms. At 4 p. m., the corps moved towards Chickamauga and encamped after midnight near Red-house bridge. The next day (Tuesday) was spent in idleness. On Wednesday, the corps moved up directly towards Chattanooga, with what object is unknown, and perhaps ever will be.

The report has been made tediously long, in order to embrace points, which have been since the battle, the subjects of controversy. It has been thought best to refer to the action of divisions as described by their own commanders; and much regret is felt that I cannot do the like justice, by Maj. Generals Cheatham and Walker, temporarily under my command, as their reports have not been submitted to me. No eulogy of mine can however add to the reputation of those veteran soldiers, or to that of their gallant commands. A like regret is felt in the case of Gen. Forrest, who though not under my command,

most heartily co-operated through the day, and rendered the most valuable service. I would ask no better fortune, if again placed on the flank, than to have such a vigilant, gallant and accomplished officer guarding its approaches.

Gen. Breckinridge claims the capture of nine pieces of artillery, which were removed and saved. He also took a large number of prisoners. He carried into action three thousand seven hundred and sixty nine (3769) men. Of these, he lost one hundred and sixty six (166) killed; nine hundred and nine (909) wounded, and one hundred and sixty five (165) missing. Among these, we have to mourn Brig. Gen. Helm, whose gallantry and loveliness of character had endeared him to every one; and Maj. R. C. Graves, chief of artillery of the division. "He had won eminence in arms, and gave promise of the highest distinction. A truer friend, a purer patriot, a better soldier never lived."

No tribute can do justice to "the unknown and unrecorded dead," most of them exiles from home and family,—men who had endured every hardship, trial, and privation for so long a period, but to find at last nameless graves. Uncheered by the world's applause and uninfluenced by the hope of distinction, they sacrificed ease, comfort, happiness, life itself, upon the altar of country.

Brig. Gen. Adams was for the third time severely wounded. It was difficult for me to decide, which the most to admire, his extraordinary judgment as an officer, his courage on the field, or his unparalleled cheerfulness under suffering.

Those intrepid officers Colonel Nickols 4th Ky., Col. Caldwell of the 9th Ky., Lt. Col. Turner and Maj. Butler of the 19th La., were wounded—the latter mortally.

Gen. Cleburne claims the capture of four pieces of artillery and his prisoners were very numerous.

He carried into action five thousand one hundred and fifteen (5,115) officers and men. Of these in the two days fight two hundred and four (204) were killed, fifteen hundred and thirty nine (1,539) were wounded, and six are missing.

The entire casualties in the corps out of the eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-four (8,884) taken into action, are as follows.

Killed, - - - -	370
Wounded, - - - -	2448
Missing, - - - -	172
Total. - - - -	2,990

The grateful duty remains of appropriately noticing those whose position, as well as gallantry, attracted attention. The division commanders behaved most nobly and exhibited all those high qualities so requisite in officers of their grade,—coolness, courage, judgment, and personal attention to small, as well as great matters. Gen. Breckinridge says of his brigade commanders, "to Brig. Gen. Stovall, to Col. Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helm's brigade; to Col. R. L. Gibson, who succeeded to the command of Adam's brigade, the country, is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties."

Gen. Cleburne says, "I have already incidentally called attention to the gallant conduct of Brig. Gen. Polk, but it is due to him and to the country, which wishes to appreciate its faithful servants, to say that to the intrepidity and stern determination of purpose of himself and men, I was principally indebted for the success of the charge on Sunday evening, which drove the enemy from his breast-works, and gave us the battle. Col. Mills is entitled to be remembered also, leading his regiment through the battle until the fall of his brigadier—the lamented Deshler—he was called by seniori-

ty, to command the brigade, which he did with gallantry." The extraordinary merit of Col. B. J. Hill of the 20th Tennessee, came under my personal observation. This noble officer has been distinguished on many a hard fought field, and has been content with a subordinate position provided he can serve his country.

Col. M. P. Lowry has been deservedly promoted, and a worthier object of advancement could not have been selected.

Both division commanders speak in the highest terms of their staff officers.

My own staff at all times and under all circumstances rendered zealous, efficient, and intelligent service.

Maj. J. W. Ratchford, Captain West and Lt. Reid, who have been with me from the out-break of the war, exhibited their usual coolness and judgment on the field. The latter was severely wounded. Lt. Col. Anderson, A. A. G., whose services have been so invaluable to me as an adjutant, was equally efficient on the field. His horse was killed under him by nine

balls. Lt. Col. Bondurant chief of artillery, wounded in McLe More Cove, was again on the field and ever at the post of duty.—Maj. Avery, Inspector General, Maj. Cross, A. A. G., and Maj. Duxberry, chief of ordnance, did their whole duty with zeal and fidelity. Lt. Morrison, A. D. C., a young and gallant soldier had his horse killed under him while aiding me in rallying some demoralized troops. Maj. Scherk, chief commissary, and Capt. Ewing, chief quartermaster, attended faithfully to their respective departments. Chief Surgeon A. R. Erskine, though, very unwell did not cease to attend to his wounded until the close of the battle. A more feeling and conscientious officer can seldom be found.

The denseness of the woods prevented Capt. Bain, signal officer, from rendering any service on the field, but all his previous reports were accurate and reliable.

Respectfully submitted,

D. H. HILL,

To

Lt. Gen.

LT. GEN. POLK,

Com'dg Right Wing.

A HERO'S DAUGHTER.

(M. C. L.)

She boasts no Amazonian charms,
Minerva's helmet never bound her ;
And tho' she finds delight in arms,
'Tis—when her father's are around her.

She does not aim to make a mark,
Like Philippa—(as Froissart wrought her ;)
She is no modern Joan D' Arc,
Like Garibaldi's wife or daughter.

And while there meets in her young veins,
Ancestral blood—the patriot's—sage's—

Whose fame, rung out in trumpet strains,
Goes gathering glory down the ages ;—

She is not prond, nor cold, nor grand ;
No haughtiness her tone evinces ;
Her heart is open as her hand—
Her hand is liberal as a prince's.

She does not awe you with her eye,
And yet its glance goes straightway thro' you,—
A latent fire to warm you by—
A steady, stellar light to woo you.

Her smile is like the golden day's,
Irradiating every feature ;
You catch its influence as you gaze,
And own—' she is a gracious creature ' !

So genial her responsive mind,
With every varying mood agreeing,—
You wonder how she comes to find
The very key-note of your being.

Beneath her sparkling surface-flow,
The breezy freshness, and the laughter,—
Wells deep and strong, an undertow
Of rare and racy wisdom, after.

Sweet, fire-side graces all are her's ;
The *chataleine* beside the bodice,
Is but one token that avers
She is a very household goddess !

Accepting with un murmuring lips,
War's stern decree,—its griefs—its losses ;
And nobler thro' that blood-eclipse,
And stronger for its burdening crosses,—

She folds no hands in languid pause,—
Child of her father,—true to duty,
She weeps at heart, the dear, 'lost cause,'
Yet fills the busy hours with beauty.

Her heroism holds in view,
Our people's strife for life,—the lesser
Yet bitterer one !—There's work to do,
And well she does it : so—*God bless her !*

PURITAN PECULIARITIES.

This book,* though put forth as the work of Dr. Craven of the U. S. Army, is in reality written by Major Halpine, better known in the literary world as Miles O'Reilly, into whose hands were placed the notes of the conversations purported to have been held by Mr. Davis with his medical attendant. It should also have borne on its title page the words, "founded on fact," sometimes prefixed to weak romances as a kind of apology for their want of interest, the reader being expected at sight of them to excuse the author's tameness by recollecting he might have been more endurable, but for his desire not to depart too far from the facts on which he has founded his fiction, and thus be forced to depend on his own unaided genius.

Mr. Davis is known by all the world to be a prisoner in the keeping of a brutal and tyrannical jailor, General Miles, at present in the U. S. Army, late a carpenter in the State of Massachusetts; a man utterly ignorant, not only of the most common-place courtesies observable between gentlemen, no matter what their relative positions may be—with which indeed we had no right to expect him to be conversant—but totally indifferent to, if acquainted with, the decencies of civilized life. Beside him, Dr. Craven shines as the good Samaritan, who constantly endeavours to pour oil and wine into the sufferer's wounds, and is as constantly prevented. His *pose* is a good one, and represents him as always acting as much like a gentleman, as we could reasonably expect from a man who could play the spy, in the character of a physician, and give to the world the

saecred secrets which his profession placed in his possession. Were he really the kind hearted honorable gentleman he would have us believe him to be, his lips would have been sealed during Mr. Davis' life time at least, as to what he saw and heard; or at any rate opened only to speak for the prisoner's honor and advantage, and with his consent. The substantial kindness, which he showed Mr. Davis, makes us unwilling to believe that Dr. Craven would wantonly and maliciously misrepresent his words and actions; he seems a good hearted, vain man, who wishes to appear to advantage and make money by writing a sensational book, which will take with the masses. Enough of Gen. Miles' brutality, and Mr. Davis's suffering are revealed to gratify the Northern people, who would not have been pleased had the prisoner been treated like a gentleman, or a simple political offender; but the truth respecting "the prison life of Jefferson Davis" is no more told than if the writer drew altogether from his own imagination, and the newspaper sensationals.

The whole book is an artfully woven tissue of truth and falsehood. Mr. Davis' conversations, instead of being those of a cultivated gentleman, are dressed up in most fanciful style, and his words distorted and twisted, sometimes until they make him say just the reverse of what he really feels and believes, while not one-tenth of the indignities offered him by General Miles are revealed. We are told, that by Dr. Craven's persistence, the prisoner was removed to Carrol Hall, where the quarters formerly occupied by the officers on duty at the fort were fitted up for him, but we are not

* Dr. Craven's *Prison Life of Jeff. Davis*.

told that this fitting up consisted in turning one of the rooms into a cage, three sides of which are composed of iron bars from the ceiling to the floor, that out side of this cage pace three sentinels all night, and inside there is nothing but a very narrow iron bedstead, with one thin matrass, a wooden stool, on which stands a basin and pitcher, and a table and a chair. We are told of Dr. Craven's exertions to get the prisoner's fare improved, and his meals sent to him at the hours when he could eat them, but we are not told that these meals were pushed through the bars of this cage by rude soldiers, with "Jeff, here's your dinner;" nor are we told that the officer of the day is ordered not to remove his hat when he is in Mr. Davis' presence, and the soldiers forbidden to salute him. Had Dr. Craven really intended to do Mr. Davis good by the publication of this book, he would not have concealed any of General Miles' persecutions of him, and would at least have consulted him before giving publicity to conversations, into which, he tells us, he purposely drew the prisoner to rouse him, when sinking under the prostration of disease. He obtained permission from Mrs. Davis to publish the first two letters she addressed him, which were simple enquiries respecting her husband's state, and, without her knowledge he added a third addressed to him—but in reality written for Mr. Davis only—a letter which no Southern woman can read without a thrill of sympathy and indignation at its exposure. The tears start to our eyes when we read little Maggie's grace, so expressive of the feelings of thousands of us when our fathers, husbands, and brothers were undergoing the horrors of Fort Delaware, Elmira, Johnson's Island, and other Federal prisons. We can appreciate Mrs. Davis' feelings when she says in a letter to a friend, "imagine my surprise

when it appeared in print. All the letters are mis-printed, and the sense is almost lost, but my only complaint is that the whole of it was not so obscure, as to prevent the world from entering into my privacy." This is by no means the only time the author, whether Dr. Craven, or Major Halpine, has twisted words until he has perverted the sense. Speaking of Gen. David Hunter, he makes Mr. Davis say: "Hunter, of whom I asked him especially, was his beau ideal of the military gentleman, the soul of integrity, intrepidity—true christian piety—and honor. Mr. Davis had long been associated with him both in the service and socially, and believed Hunter's secret of success due in a great measure to his unwillingness to bend to anything mean or sinister, he was rash, impulsive—a man of action rather than thought, yielding to passion, which he regarded as divine instincts, the natural temper of a devotee or fanatic."

Now did we not know that Mr. Davis really said, "as for Hunter, he is simply a brute. I once thought him a conscientious man, but that is past," we could by no amount of evidence be made to believe that Mr. Davis could ever utter praise like the above of a man whom he had, when President of the Confederate States, outlawed for his brutality to the Southern people. Why did not the author go on and make Mr. Davis at least excuse, if he did not approve of, Gen. Butler's course in New Orleans, and his order making knitting needles contraband of war in that place? He is quite as likely to do so as to praise Gen. Hunter, or to justify, as he is made to do in this book, the making of medicine a contraband of war. But General Butler is no longer a popular man and a place on his staff is not an object, so he is not lauded through Mr. Davis' lips.

But these are glaring falsehoods, the improbability of which will strike any reader, who thinks for one moment that one of the characteristics of Mr. Davis as a public, as well as a private man, was the pertinacity with which he clung to an opinion once formed and expressed. What we complain most of in this tissue of truth and fiction, is that the author shades the brilliancy of Mr. Davis' character as a man, as well as the lamps placed in his bed room; we can excuse the concealment of some of "the secrets of his prison house." Perhaps the author was ashamed to tell them, he seems indeed to have sufficient gentlemanly feeling to do so. Perhaps the words, he puts into Mr. Davis' mouth respecting the shameful act of shackling, are the expression of his own sentiments. We hope so, for as we said before we are anxious to think as well of Dr. Craven as we possibly can; but not for one moment do we believe in the truth of his picture which represents Jefferson Davis as weeping over the shame inflicted on *him*, and *his* country, by the brutality of his enemies. He knew too well that although the suffering was his, the shame would forever cling, not to the immediate perpetrator of the act, General Miles, but to the authorities who ordered it. Shame to Mr. Davis or the South from any act committed by the government of the United States or its agents! Never! We never had occasion to blush for Mr. Davis when he was "our President," and now, in our bitter humiliation and bondage, we can still proudly point to him in his iron cage as our representative man. Every brutal indignity offered him strikes at the great Southern heart, and is intended so to strike by its perpetrators. He bears all with the dignified composure of the christian gentleman, conscious that it is not in the power of mortal man to degrade,

or bring him to shame, while he is true to himself. He has done nothing in which the Southern people, women, as well as men, have not participated to the best of their ability; and "he bears his sufferings as only one other has ever done, one whom he resembles, in that he bears in his own person the sins of us all."

It would have been impossible for a man of strong character to hold the position Mr. Davis did, for four years without meeting with bitter opposition, but the hearts even of those who denounced his policy as ruinous to the cause of the South, must, if they still beat for that "lost cause," thrill with indignation at the cruel and insulting treatment he receives, and he stands to day higher in the opinion of his opponents, and the affection of his friends than ever before. Slanders against his public character, history will vindicate, and the South can bear with composure. We are no more annoyed on hearing from Dr. Craven that when Secretary of War he disposed the U. S. Troops and arms with a view to the "late rebellion," than we were at the charge of his conspiring against the life of Mr. Lincoln. There is about as much truth in the one as there is the other. Mr. Buchanan has cleared Mr. Davis of the first charge most honourably, and the conspiracy story must go down before the most careless examination; we can therefore bear to hear of its circulation with equanimity and are even indifferent whether it is believed or not, by the world at large for the nine days that Dr. Craven's book will be a wonder. It is like the report of the half million of dollars which he carried off from Richmond, we shrugged our shoulders and wished he had had it to carry off, but our blood boiled when we were further told that he was taken disguised as an old woman in a hoop-skirt, and wadded hood, and

plaintively exclaimed he "did not know that the United States warred on defenceless women and children." Perhaps the Federal officer who gave us this bit of information had some reason to complain of the sharpness of one Southern woman's tongue, when we retorted "dost you think that four years experience should have taught him that the United States *did* war on defenceless women and children?"

Slanders like these are the mosquito bites that fret the shackled giant, and in such a light only can we view Dr. Craven's "Priston Life of Jefferson Davis."

REGULUS.

I.

Have ye no mercy? Panic rage
Boasted small skill in torture, when
The sternest patriot of his age,
—And Romans all were patriots then—
Was doomed with his unwinking eyes,
To stand beneath the fiery skies,
Until the sun-shafts pierced his brain,
And he grew blind with poignant pain,
While Carthage jeered and taunted. Yet,
When day's slow moving orb had set,
And pitying Nature—kind to all—
In dewy darkness bathed her hand,
And laid it on each lidless ball,
So crazed with gusts of scorching sand,—
They yielded,—nor forbade the grace,
By flashing torches in his face.

II.

Ye flash the torches!—Never night
Brings the blank dark to that worn eye:
In pitiless, perpetual light,
Our tortured Regulus must lie!
Yet tropic suns seemed tender: they
Eyed not with purpose to betray:
No human vengeance, like a spear
Whetted to sharpness keen and clear,
By settled hatred, pricked its way,
Right thro' the blood-shot iris! Nay,
Ye have refined the torment! Glare
A little longer through the bars,
At the bay'd lion in his lair—
And God's dear hand, from out the stars,
To shame inhuman man,—may cast
Its shadow o'er those lids, at last,
And end their aching, with the blest
Signet and seal of perfect rest!

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

VAUCLUSE.

"There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,—
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying."

I could desire the present sketch to be devoid of all sentimentalism such as not unfrequently grows out of a detail of personal, family reminiscences; for Vaucuse,—rich in historic interest, as the birth-place and residence of Judge Abel P. Upshur, one of Virginia's most nobly-gifted sons,—needs not the extraneous and questionable adornment of fancy flights, or the stereotyped maudlin musings upon times and things now passed away forever.

Even a dim etching of Judge Upshur's career as jurist, politician, statesman, comes not, it is obvious, within the province of the present writer;—to the historian's pen be all these accorded, while herein is assumed the less ambitious task of depicting faithfully, in mono-chromatic sketches, something of domestic and social life at Vaucuse in the palmy days of Old Virginia hospitality.

Having premised thus much, something,—policy, perhaps,—bespeaks indulgence for chance transgressions in the way of that sin, at the outset deprecated, the present writer, being no more proof against such, than many other gossiping chroniclers.

Around an old family seat, birth and death,—laughter and mourning,—bridal-wreath, and funeral-yew, are so closely and intimately intertwined and blended, that it is frequently difficult to select what will be of most interest to the general reader; and the present narrator, looking upon the past's pictured page foresees, that at times a too prolonged gaze at some

favorite scene may incur the charge of tediousness, from those less peculiarly interested, and whom these pages may have failed to imbue with the desired sympathy, in their own sentiments of pathos or pleasure.

But truce to preface, and if I might but borrow a tithe of the charm so witchingly set forth, in every minute detail of that prince of gossips, Pepys, I shall have happily accomplished my work, albeit not in an atmosphere of courts and titles.

Vaucuse was the homestead of the Northampton branch, of "the Upshur family" who, according to the historian of "39, or thereabout, had lived upon the eastern shore two hundred* years, cultivating the soil and adorning society." It was built by the father of Judge Upshur, but was subsequently much enlarged and improved by the latter,—is situated upon Hungar's creek, about three miles from its mouth, and was, in the years not so very long ago, the loveliest spot in all that beautiful wave-girdled garden,—the eastern shore of Virginia.

When I say lovely, I do not speak of architectural effect—a prettily-constructed wooden building, tasteful in design, faultlessly kept; there was genial home-beauty, in every line and angle of its capacious and hospitable proportions,—beside that un-translatable *je ne sais quoi*, which marked it as the residence of the Old Virginia gentry.

* Howe's Hist. Va.

Far as the field-gate,—the farthest point from which, in front, the white outlines were dimly visible through grand old shade-trees—there seemed to be wafted out to the approaching guest, a weird atmosphere, suggestive of the cheer and charm within. These were not belied upon nearer approach. Who was ever received by the aristocratic, nay, courtly old servant—Davy Rich—and read not “welcome!” in his very gesture? Why, every wag of old Cossack’s tail as he arose from his mat at the front door, and shook his black, but gray-besprinkled fleece, said “welcome! and a happy sojourn with us!”

Poor old dog!—Uncle Davy, whose especial charge he was, laid him away in a decent grave of his own digging, long ere the days of the broken household.

The Vacluse house was of that some time popular outline indicated by the letter L, the shorter portion of the letter projecting front on the left hand, this formed a chain of pantries, butler’s-closets, store-rooms,—culminating in the kitchen, the special domain of old black Phebe,—queen of cooks, whom, in my mind’s eye I see, as in days of yore, presiding with her “slice” sceptre in hand.

At the extreme right of the dwelling was the study, or “office,”—its books upon books, within, its climbing rose without, and the interval between this and the other extreme of the house a succession of vine-clad porches,—transept windows peeping through floral and leafy curtains,—green-turf and shrub and flowering tree.

I see,—how plainly!—the open entrance-hall or passage with its paper in gray wreath-panneling, bordered in the old style with rich, crimson, full-blown roses, with their half-opened buds and deep-green leaves in velvet paper. I see the broad stairway,—easy of ascent, on the left hand, entering,—the dining-room further on

upon the same side,—its paper of cerulean blue, with carpet to match, and upon its walls, facing each other, the portraits of two—“lovely and pleasant in their lives.” Two devoted friends,—Com. George P. Upshur and William Kennon, U. S. N. They are painted in lieutenant’s uniform. It was a piece of their innocent, youthful vanity, I have heard, to deafen themselves to all the oft-urged solicitations for these portraits until “promotion” came. The former breathed out his latest day on duty, in Spezzia, but his remains were gathered unto his fathers in the Vacluse burial-ground. The original of the other picture preceded his friend many years upon the dusty highway, and his ashes lie, if I mistake not, at Norwood, his home in Powhatan county.

On the right hand front, opened the parlor, and this again into an apartment of like size,—“the library,” by way of distinction, but then, parlor, chambers, halls, all were libraries here.

I see heavy folios,—ponderous tomes of history and science. I see poetry, and all the arts represented, and read, as of old—with in the cover, the familiar printed label:—

ABEL P. UPSHUR,
Virginia.

Legere et non intelligere perdere opus.

There were rows and rows of volumes, quaint, curious, and valuable beyond price, and like the fragrance of some flowers I have known, the aroma of that library will ever, now and then haunt me, a sort of gentle presence,—a faint, antique, indescribable odor,—a spiritual exhalation,—(who shall say?) from the remains of the mighty dead enshrined there.

I am not speaking figuratively, but in the commonplace and actual, of a literary atmosphere.—

Let us go through the parlors,—or libraries—observing *en passant* their pale gray-tinted walls with rose cornices like the hall. Out by the back porches with their twining coral woodbine and white jessamine,—the former, in warm weather, invariably the resort of those tantalizing humming-birds. Out upon the lovely garden breathing its odors of a thousand flowers, for a view of the beautiful sheet of water in front and extending far away to the right hand, into the Chesapeake. In the same direction, approached by an ornamental gateway leading from the garden, is Little Neck Point with its orchard-grass and superb oaks, presenting to view a very English-looking pleasure ground.

Away down on "The Point" stands a rustic seat under a clump of holly and oaks, and on some of the former are carved the names of ladies and their lovers,—family names and those of visitors.

A little cove and glen separate "Little Neck" and "Great Neck,"—which latter is the terminus, in that direction, of the Vaucluse plantation, as also of "Church Neck," a peninsula about four miles in length, commencing at the venerable edifice* from which the "Neck" takes its name.

Royal sunsets are to be seen from Great Neck Point. Old Chesapeake in high wintry winds tosses and tumbles her giant billows, and each separately reflecting the day-god's parting glance, you cannot say if they are crowned with foam or fire. Gold, purple, crimson, glow in the illuminated expanse, and in the magical blending of wave and sky, we cannot determine if the quenched orb has gone down to burnish the billow or absorbed it into itself. The sighing of the blast along the sand-beach and among

the giant pines calls landward again.

Back to the house and that enchanted garden with its broad squares of turf be-studded here and there with ornamental trees,—its stately antique-looking Lombardy poplars, each with its bird-house nailed high up the trunk, where Matron Wren or Sparrow, might keep her callow brood unmolested by juvenile raiders.—Little slate-topped, white-bodied domiciles they were, with tiny, make-believe chimneys,—and on the left hand of the front walk—on which, beyond the reach of hostile, Shermanizing cat—commissary stores in the shape of egg-bread were supplied each morning, either by Judge Upshur, or his vicegerent, Uncle Davy, stood Birdie's table.

Roses? The very breath of Atar Gul went sighing through this garden, and Cashmere's Vale, I believe, presented no such variety of this Queen of Flowers. Three hundred kinds flourished in the Rosery and on the borders,—but all the beauties of the parterre were represented, almost to the remotest species of each, and my article must not be a Floral Catalogue.

Down the garden to the creek, through by the cedar trees. Under them is a long bench to rest if you've a mind. Down the steps, if you please. There is a descent of about sixty feet,—then there is a pier some forty or fifty feet long,—then the bathing house, where is (or was) to be had, the most luxurious of salt-water-baths.

Only a few yards from the pier and there is an eminently picturesque feature in the fair landscape,—the quaint figure of Uncle Jim Weston, the old negro coachman, seated in his canoe,—more popularly "*coona*," a crusty-looking, sunbaked straw hat upon his head, and drawing in with hook and line, the finest sheepshead and hog-fish that ever were seen.

*Hungar's Church, built in colonial times.

Up this high flight of steps again,—if you are not weary of my eccentric ups and downs—and over there to the right, some squares from the ascent, is one matted with tangled weeds and vines:—rank grass grows there and luxuriant trees make daylight dim. When a child, the present writer approached this spot with whisperings and an impromptu banishing of mirth, for here gleam gravestones cold and old,—and some too, new comparatively.—Among the former lie the parents of him, who was master of Vaucuse, when I knew it first.

In these rooms, or some of them, to which we have given a cursory glance, used to figure, as I have been told, those stately dames, our grandmothers, both in their maidenly and matron beauty.—Powdered hair, crape cushions, high-heeled, spangled shoes, and those traditional brocades which “stood alone,” were in all their glory then,—for the song and the dance went round then as after, and attraction never failed here, for the refined, the erudite,—the thorough-bred lady and gentleman.

Fine society could Church Neck boast at one time,—within its own confines. Adjoining Vaucuse was Pear Plain, the residence of Col. Littleton Upshur, an elder brother of the Judge,—a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, who at one time represented his county in the Legislature, and whose reputation for benevolence spread far and wide through all the country round.

Chatham, three miles farther on, was the elegant home of Gen. Pitts, father of the present Judge of the Superior Court for the Fifth District of Va. At the Glebe, about the same distance from Vaucuse, lived the Rector of Hungars Parish, Rev. Simon Wilmer, father of the Rt. Reverend

Bishops of Alabama and Louisiana, respectively.

Your correspondent could not come to Vaucuse, mentally or in *propria persona*, without flitting about the hall and chambers above, and glancing out upon the upper portico matted with Macrophylla foliage and white roses, and back, within, at the familiar but mythic animals upon the walls, Griffins, I believe,—and then some impossible creations with horses' heads, and necks proudly arched, but scaly bodies, with fins and fishes tails:—heathen goddesses, beside,—“ladies” we used respectfully to call them.

But,—charm above all other charms! I cannot pass by, without the tribute of a quotation, at least one article to which I confess myself largely indebted for days of delight:—

“Vaucuse,—sweetest of Dream-land! In my earliest days one highly-favored spot hereabout was a dimly lighted, almost dark garret room containing a “retired” piano-forte, which had belonged to Judge Upshur's mother, and around which, we little children, with our black mammys, used to throng delighted.

I would not like to know, now, exactly how that superannuated instrument sounded,—and this upon the same principle that inspired Rousseau to shun in after life a complete copy of a simple village-ballad, certain detached verses of which had charmed his ear in early youth.

I am unable to say what the influence then was,—whether the subdued light,—the musical(?) notes, the general romantic surroundings of Vaucuse,—but there was a weird state of existence engendered then and there, upon which, far as serene enjoyment goes, no strain of Strakosch or Ole Bull, with Steinway or Eigen-

brandt to back them, has ever wrought improvement."

Here are figures moving hither, thither,—for it is Summer, or Spring,—the gay season on the Eastern Shore.

There are groups about the passages, on the porches,—in parlor, library,—dining-room, as inclination suggests.

In the parlor, beside the centre-table, sits a guest, a sunny hearted old lady, doing some very nice sewing. On the table, among other curiosities and relics, is an open book, upon whose pages lie a pressed branch of cypress. It was gathered from the tomb of Laura by Com., then Lieut. Geo. P. Upshur, previously mentioned herein. A young man of the company took up the dried plant, observing,—“This then waved above her rest, whose lover sleeps

‘In a tomb in Arqua.’”

“I would not barter *this* Vaucluse for the charms of Petrarch’s Italian Villa,” answered the old lady, “the sweet purity of domestic life, of *Old Virginia life*, breathed out in a terrene Paradise such as this, I consider as the acme of earth’s beatitudes.” It was Harry Gilmor’s grandmother who spoke; she was a great aunt of Mrs. Judge Upshur, and was by birth and rearing a Virginian.

Here flit other figures familiarized with these surroundings.—County-people who can boast the oldest genealogies in the State,—that is, if they please to boast thereof. Here are the Donnells from Baltimore;—the Banckers, the Chanceys, the Cadwalladers of Philadelphia.

Here sits, at his favorite game of chess, Professor St. George Tucker, Professor of Law in old William and Mary, Judge Upshur’s most intimate friend.

How this gentleman, (Judge T.) opened my juvenile eyes by asserting that he had never known a woman spell “separate,” at first

trial,—she always wrote it, he said, “seperate.” Up to that time, I had supposed that “grown up” people were born knowing everything.

A few days subsequently, and on a boating excursion, setting out from the pier elsewhere mentioned, the Judge repeated passages from “The Corsair” and declared that to have written the first four lines of that poem he would be willing to be dead. The *deathless* can afford to be prodigal thus.

The blessed old Bishop of Virginia, the venerable and Right Reverend William Meade, a quondam class-mate of Judge Upshur at Yale, never made his Pastoral visit to this section of his diocese without a longer or shorter sojourn at Vaucluse, and never came hither without holding a long conversation,—theological and evangelical—with pious Uncle Davy, of whom he was very fond. Uncle Davy was a well-read man himself, having “Clarke’s Commentaries,” the “Life of Dr. Adam Clarke” and such lore, at his fingers’ ends.

Years after, when the old homestead had passed into other hands, and this faithful old domestic had almost lived out the freedom bequeathed him by his master,—when his intelligent mind had become but the *debris* of its former self, a gentleman, a friend of the family, found him traveling on foot not many miles from Baltimore. He had come from Washington, where of late years his home had been.

The gentleman accosted him kindly and asked where he was going that way.

“Going down home to my master,” was the reply,—promptly but feebly.

“It was touching,” said the gentleman, “to observe the strange, vacant expression of his countenance. I remembered him a happy Virginia slave, respectable, respectful,—and most highly respected, presiding with grace

over subordinate servants and the whole domestic *ensemble* of Vaucuse hospitality,—and again, gracing the appointments of Diplomatic and Cabinet dinners during Secretary Upshur's residence in Washington."

Uncle Davy's words were prophetic. But a few short weeks, and he went *home to his master*,—not, however, to the old Eastern Shore home he was seeking.

Moonlight upon Vaucuse.—And I believe that on one other place, alone, of all the earth, it shone as brightly as there.

Upon the broad Hungars' waters, stretching far out to the bay, wavelets, in their shimmer and sheen seem liquid diamonds, each facet reflecting supernal light.—The white-winged craft, which by day dotted the waters have nestled away in their moorings, but another, and another, and yet another canoe, punt, or batteau shows its torch-light here and there,—beacon of destruction, kindled by some plantation negro for beguilement of dazzled mullets,—or "fat-backs," as the local term is,—the lightwood-knot being a popular means of alluring them when weirs and seines are inaccessible.

I recollect such nights, when there were gay groups and silvery laughter from the shore, the bath-house pier, and the garden heights above, and there are phosphorescent flashes from the water where Beppo, the big black Newfoundland, jumps in to "fetch" the sticks thrown for him.

There are guests at the house on some such occasion, and in some of the days of their sojourn is handed about an Album belonging to one of the ladies,—Miss ———, of Northampton, a lovely and valued relative, wherein are written,—signed "A. P. Upshur," the following lines:

In heathen story, we are told
The tuneful Nine are never old,
In heathen verse, 'tis sweetly sung
The tuneful Nine are ever young.

And hence it is, in reason plain
Why still they look with cold disdain
On aged wooers, who incline
To worship at their glowing shrine.

Lady, I feel their withering frown,
For fifty winters o'er me flown
Have left their frost and chilling snow
Upon my bare and furrowed brow.

I cannot wake the tuneful lyre,
Its chords a steadier hand require,
Nor will they yield one note divine
To such a trembling touch as mine.

Another duty calls me now,
Another altar claims my vow,
And bowing lowly, meekly there,
Be this my wish and this my prayer:—

His blessing rest upon thy head!
His influence o'er thy heart be spread!
His choicest gifts to thee be given,—
Of peace on earth and rest in Heaven!
Vaucuse, 1841.

This lady bore the same maiden name as his mother.

In the quiet home days there was reading, a great deal of it,—conversation, music,—domestic affairs most conscientiously and exactly managed, and there was, on Judge Upshur's part, enthusiastic devotion to the education of his daughter and only child, whose name was to her latest day a synonym for all things holy and beautiful and of good report in the character of woman. I spoke of reading. I remember, some winter nights, at Vaucuse, when I was wont to get sleepy very early, seeing the ladies of the household form themselves in a circle by the bright fire to hear Shakspeare or some of the other poets read, and though I can claim no precocious appreciation of Avon's immortal bard, yet I would sit up with the best of them, charmed by the beautiful cadence,—the mellifluous tones of the reader. Very well, though, do I recollect one occasion on which a faint speck of inspiration seemed to find its way to me, though it may have been only sympathy with the weeping listen-

ers to King Lear. It was the closing of the Fifth act, the conversation between the old white haired king and his daughter Cordelia. The ladies had their handkerchiefs, to their eyes—but whatever was due to this circumstance, I am very sure I have never heard the mere sound of words speak so much since.

The "office," was the sanctum, from whence were sent forth valued contributions to various literary enterprises. Thence came the able Review of Judge Story's work, upon the merits of which, forensic criticism has pronounced encomiums rarely transcended in the department of legal literature. Here also were prepared, in more leisure moments, essays for the "Southern Literary Messenger" then in its palmy days,—T. W. White, Esq., as its conductor, and numbering among its other illustrious contributors, such men as Judge Beverly Tucker, and Thomas R. Dew,—also a Professor of William and Mary College.

In 1841, in the early days of President Tyler's administration, the family removed from Vacluse, as its master was summoned to the position of Secretary of the Navy,—subsequently, to that of Secretary of State; so, from thence up to the period of that sad catastrophe which terminated his career, Vacluse came to be a summer resort instead of the home it had been,—which character, however, it re-assumed, indeed,—continuing therein until the marriage of his daughter, and at intervals afterward, until it passed into other hands, whither the present pen declines to follow, being no morbid feeder upon iconoclasm.

Some considerable time had elapsed after the final breaking up, when one,—since sainted,—casually referred to in these pages thus wrote the present writer:—

"Poor old Aunt A.—(one of the old family servants,) is living yet, and *hones* after you all, and *Virginny*. I believe almost as much as I do. * * * *

I fall into this train of thought and feeling with you; for the old home is peopled again with living forms, and gentle voices are ringing in my ear, and I turn to life anew and wonder how it is that I live on and on, while all other things are passing so swiftly."

My labor of love is ended.—Poorly, inadequately performed, I am painfully sensible. Much might have been recorded better worthy of preservation, and reproduction,—and perhaps, too, incidents have been dilated upon which had been as well tacitly consigned to oblivion. The would-be Artist has idealized but little, if, indeed, at all, and the work, such as it is, respectfully submitted,—not, however, without a lingering, loving gaze thereafter.

There is, to me at least, a charm about those pictures, as they hang in the halls of Memory,—the glowing originals from which these are copied, and I love to think about them—write about them, and even now, while these landscapes pass from my hand to the public.

"There breathes a living fragrance
from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood,"

warming them anew into life and reality.

FANNY FIELDING.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER I.

It was during the first year of the war, while the Confederate army was about E—, that I offered my services as nurse, in the Hospital in F.— The number of sick, who were brought in each day was so large that all persons, who were willing to assist, found immediate employment, whether experienced nurses or otherwise. It seemed as if the knowledge came to us, as it was needed, for in all my experience in the different hospitals, I never saw one case of shrinking on account of ignorance—each one felt that in doing their duty faithfully, they would be helped in the time of trial. The patients were principally those with low fevers—but it was strange to notice how differently, the same type of fever, would affect different men. Some would be brought in apparently convalescent—except, for an unnatural brightness about the eye, and an occasional wandering in conversation—such cases were almost always fatal. Others we would see looking, as if they had scarcely life in them—wasted and haggard, to the last degree, but often these would be the very cases to recover.

I remember one bright beautiful Sunday afternoon, I was sitting by the bedside of one of the patients, reading, when we heard shouting, and an unusual excitement in the street. It proved to be Col. R—'s regiment of cavalry from North Carolina, which was on its way to the front. The sick man begged that I would raise his head, so he might see the "boys" as he called them. He had scarcely seen them before he uttered an exclamation, and tried to get from his bed and reach out of the window. I endeavored to quiet him, and asked what it was he wanted.

He could only repeat the words "there he is—I saw him—I saw him." I found I could not control him, and having called one of the male nurses to assist me, we at last prevailed upon him to lie down. After he had recovered from the fainting caused by the great exertion he had made, he looked around him, and asked "where is he?" and then taking my hand begged that I would let him see "Harry." I thought he had become suddenly worse, and sent immediately for the Surgeon.

As soon as he saw the patient, he said he was laboring under some great excitement, but he thought it was from some external cause and not from the fever. The man still repeated the cry—"let me see Harry—let me see him!" To soothe him, I said, "very well, you shall see Harry, but you must try and go to sleep." I then gave him a composing draught, and hoped on his awakening, he would have forgotten the cause of his excitement, or would be able to tell us more about it. I could not think he had *really* recognized any one in the N. C. regiment, as he was from another State.

It was now quite late, and I was obliged to leave him,—thinking he would sleep quietly all night and I should find him much better in the morning. On my way to the hospital, the following day, I met one of his friends coming up for me. Before I had time to ask any questions he said, "Oh Mrs. —, do come as quick as you can to poor Roberts, he is mighty bad off; says he is going to die but he must see you first."

Knowing how ignorant persons magnify any change of symptoms, I said I hoped he was mistaken, and that Roberts was not so "bad

off," as he thought. "Indeed he is,"—he replied,—“I see it in his face, he is *bound* to go now.” I hurried on with a sad heart, but still hoping for the best—every one I met on my way to the ward told me the same thing, that Roberts was “going fast.”

I remember I had a bunch of flowers in my hand, which I had brought him, thinking it would cheer him to see anything so bright and beautiful; but I never gave them to him. On reaching his bedside I found he was dying—so I laid them at his feet and they were buried with him in his coffin. As soon as he saw me approaching, his whole face lighted up and he said, “there she is”—but in an instant his countenance fell, and he sank back murmuring—“but Harry’s not with her.” I took his hand and tried to make him notice me, but it was in vain.

He only spoke once more, and that was when the surgeon had ordered that very hot water should be put to his feet, to try and bring about reaction—he said “it is a dead man they are working on—make them let me alone,” and then taking my hand in his added, “take care of Harry, wont you?”

In a few moments, he had breathed his last; and I was left with the words “take care of Harry” ringing in my ears. And how was I to do it? Should I look for him in the regiment that had passed by,—or was he still in the town? I felt as if I was willing to take any step to fulfil my patient’s last request; for never in my life have I met with a braver or more noble heart than his, and if the spirits of the departed are allowed to know what is passing here—he knows how—“I took care of Harry.”

E.

ÆSOP AGAIN.

A Parable to prove it true,
Old Wisdom is as good as new.

A Lamb one morning, on the brink
Of a brooklet, stooped to drink.

A Wolf, *above*, on mutton bent,
Assailed that hapless innocent.

“Vilest of varlets! dare you dream,
The while I drink, to rile the stream?”

Quoth Lamb, “how can I rile it, till
The stream you mention runs up hill?”

“Ha! caitiff! by your speech I know
You bit my Father, years ago!”

“How *could* I bite him?” Lamb replied,
“Ere I was *born*, your Father died.”

“Base miscreant! you mean I lie!
Now one, or both of us must die!”

The Lambkin died no doubt, but I’ve
A “notion” that the Wolf’s alive!

And Logic, with a Lamb in sight
Doth not impair his appetite.

T.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER XX.

The house of the bishop, who was the spiritual guide of the Benjamin family, was situated on the Southern portion of the plateau occupied by the church buildings. It was a large, irregular building, surrounded with shrubberies, and gardens—looking inexpressibly sweet and home-like. The west wing was larger than the other portion and was occupied by widows and orphans and aged people, who had no one to support them. Their rooms were as spacious, airy and clean, as to be found anywhere. In the center of the building below was a handsome entrance hall, and back of this was the refectory, with a long row of windows opening upon a finely kept lawn. The eastern wing was occupied by the bishop's family. The bishop's family consisted of his wife and three beautiful daughters, Rebecca, Anna and Mary. Adele was particularly charmed with their graceful manners and pure, lovely faces. The young girls undertook to show the church buildings to the travelers, and the first building examined was the treasury. It was a richly stored magazine—the first room they visited was the room where the first fruits were offered. A young deacon received them. What a luscious display! Pomegranates and figs, peaches and grapes, melons and pineapples, (the latter from their conservatories.) “Why,” exclaimed Millie, “who could ever eat such a quantity of fruit?”

“It is for the bishops and deacons, the widows and orphans, the poor and the strangers,” answered the young deacon.

“I have never seen finer specimens of each variety of fruit,” remarked Adele, “just see, Mrs. Cecil—those grapes surpass any-

thing our graperies produce in England. You must have a remarkable soil sir,” she added to the young deacon.

“Our soil, when properly cultivated, yields surprisingly, but the beauty of these specimens, does not give you a correct idea of the general produce, which is much inferior to this. Our people always select the best of everything, for the Lord's table.

Charlie Mowbray was listening intently, and he now exclaimed, “But the Lord does not eat those things, does he?”

“No, my darling,” said his mother “but do you not remember our Savior says,” “Inasmuch as ye have given unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have given unto me.” When we feed the sick, God accepts it, as though these services were rendered to him in person.”

Charlie drew a long breath, and presently hid his face in his mother's dress and sobbed.

“What is the matter with my pet?” asked the devoted mother. “Oh mamma, when little Jack Hare was sick last winter, I did not like to stop playing to carry the fruit to him, which you sent—I did not remember that to serve him was to serve Christ.”

“But you will remember it in future my love,” said his mother. “And I hope God will give you a long life, in which to serve Him by serving your fellow beings.”

They now visited the granary, where the tithes of grain were stored and then the oil room where the delicious produce of the olive was gathered—and then descended into the wine vaults, which were paved with stone, beautifully kept

and lined with casks—the produce of their vineyards.

The young deacon said—“These things are chiefly for the bishops and deacons. God promised them thus “All the *best* of the oil, and the *best* of the wine, and of the wheat, and whatsoever is first ripe in the land, have I given unto thee;”—and—“Even so (i. e. in the same manner) hath the Lord ordained that whosoever preacheth the gospel shall live of the gospel.”

Sir Alfred turned to his grandson and said smiling. “If the clergy of England and Scotland were supplied with tithes and fruits of the best, Great Britain yielded, they would live in so lordly a style that the profession would be soon overstocked.”

“That difficulty is avoided” said the deacon “by our bishops *selecting* their successors, and keeping the ratio the same as the Levites bore to the Israelites.—We believe that our Savior introduced no new form of government, or church polity, but vitalized and perfected the old.”

From the treasury, they went to the college for young men. This was a noble building, not materially different from English colleges, however, except in the baths. A strong deep stream of pure water poured through a marble aqueduct, the whole length of the northern wall of the building, and above this stream were several hundred bathing rooms, each supplied with every necessary toilette appurtenance.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Inglis is seated in his study, on Saturday evening, when his niece Ellen enters, with a somewhat perturbed countenance. “Uncle” said she abruptly, “did I not hear you say that Ignatius Loyala was a single-eyed, whole-souled, Christian?”

“Softly—softly—my love—you quite mistake—I only said he was a whole-souled, single-eyed man. So was Alexander the Great, so was Julius Caesar, so was Napoleon.”

“Then you do not approve of the character and teachings of Ignatius Loyala?”

Dr. Inglis glances across the room to where his sister-in-law—Miss Agatha Campbell, who is a devoted Roman Catholic, is seated at her embroidery frame, and replies in a low tone.

“Of course not, my love. How could it be possible for me, a bishop of the church of Scotland, to approve of the character and teachings of the founder of the Jesuits?”

Miss Campbell is an elegant and beautiful woman, though past

the bloom of youth, and she raises her fine hazel eyes at this remark and a delicate flush rises to her pale cheeks.

“See now,” said Dr. Inglis “you have forced me into the lists, and Agatha is ready to do battle for her church. You may take up the gauntlet yourself, my lady, for I really hav’n’t time—my sermon *must* be written.”

“Oh, my dearest Miss Campbell, I did not know you were sitting so quietly in that recess. We will not quarrel about religions—we love each other too dearly for that: I think I am a more genuine Catholic than you, however, for I believe that many of your church are saved, while you do not believe that one of mine will ever reach heaven.”

“I pray that you may, dear Ellen.”

“Yet you do not pray believing; for you cannot think that I will ever leave the church in which I was born.”

“It is useless to discuss the subject,” said Miss Campbell sadly.

"come and tell me what Paul wrote you from Syria. I believe you had a letter yesterday."

"Oh yes, and he is so infatuated with that half Judaic church which has emigrated to Palestine, that he can talk of nothing else. I am afraid Paul is running wild in his ideas of scriptural truth, and that is principally what I wished to ask Uncle about this evening."

"There is no end to the formation of sects among the Protestants," said Miss Campbell. "I am grieved that my poor Paul should be the founder of another."

"Paul preaches a saving gospel to perishing sinners, my dear Agatha," said Dr. Inglis, looking up from his manuscript.

"But Uncle," said Ellen timidly, "do you not think that this introduction of Judaism into a christian church, is a dangerous heresy. They observe the Jewish Sabbath. They call the sacrament the passover, and are very particular to observe it at the exact time of the Jewish passover. They observe all the Jewish purifications, (as they designate them, baptisms,) they will not eat any food forbidden in the Jewish law."

"Well, my dear, and what other crimes do they commit? I wonder how much guiltier they are than my niece Ellen, who is rather particular in observing the law of Paris in her dress—who religiously observes her mamma's birthday—and makes it a point to have the castle table supplied with fat poultry, tender beef and mutton, the sweetest butter and cream, and will have no other, and who

sends to London for the best confectionary."

"Oh, but Uncle, I do not make these things religious duties."

"Neither do the Hebrew Christians claim that their observances of the laws, to which you object, have any merit in them, but only that they are wise and good regulations. I was inclined to think as you do, at first, but Paul's arguments have convinced me that we cannot do otherwise than allow them their own liberty in these matters."

"They observe the seventh day as a day of rest. St. Paul gives them liberty to do so—they observe the Mosaic law, with regard to food. St. Paul gives them liberty to do so—they are zealous of the law—so was the church of St. James at Jerusalem—and he did not object to it: I think myself that they have proved themselves so far, true converts; and I think there is less danger, in clinging too closely to the Mosaic law, than in departing too far from it. But I really wish you ladies would take your embroidery, and your musical tongues into the drawing room, or garden, and leave me to my studies. You may then dispute about Paul's church and the Jesuits, at your leisure."

The ladies smilingly obey, and Ellen Inglis and Agatha Campbell, spend the rest of the afternoon in talk, in low, loving, cooing tones. Miss Campbell is ten years older than Ellen, but they have grown up together like sisters, although of different faith; one born in the church of Rome—the other in the church of Scotland.

CHAPTER XXII.

The party of travelers, who drew near the sweet secluded vale of Nazareth, have subsided into perfect silence, as the holy spot comes into view. The swelling hills around encircle the valley, as with a soft, reverent embrace and the

village in the distance lies in the hazy afternoon light, with an air of repose, as though all things slept. No sound disturbs the profound stillness, save the shrill "chirping of the cricket in the long summer grass." Under an aged

and gnarled oak, probably like the one in which the silken locks of Absalom were entangled in his swift flight, a beautiful Arab boy, who seemed to have been guarding a flock of goats, which were clambering up the hill side, had fallen asleep. Adele, who had dismounted and was walking with her husband, almost started, on seeing this lovely sleeping boy. Her mind was so full of the infancy and boyhood of Christ, that this child, in his noble beauty, seemed an embodiment of the infant Savior. Mr. Molyneux walked on to an eminence which commanded the whole valley, and Adele was alone. She drew in with long breaths, the sweet air of the valley—she kneeled and kissed the grassy, blossomy sod, which the feet of our Savior, the child-God had pressed—she looked up at the floating clouds in the blue sky overhead, and never before had earth, air and sky seemed so inexpressibly dear! The childhood of Christ had been spent in this spot! He, the God of all, condescended to take the form of human nature and showed what surpassing loveliness may be found in *sinless human nature*. No fault—no selfishness—no littleness—no unworthiness, appeared in the fascinating nature which he assumed. When he joined, in the pretty gambols of the village children, no scowl of anger deformed the beautiful brow—no selfish interests compressed the childish lips—no false shame ever bowed the noble head. Human nature without one blot—one stain—one deformity. How happy the sinless child must have been. Our feeble minds can form no true conception of it. We look back at the happy moments of our own childhood, very, very happy; but there were intermingled with these happy moments, tears and disappointments, griefs and fears. Filled with these thoughts, Adele heard Mildred's joyous voice shouting, "Mamma, mamma."—

She turned and found Mildred running towards her, and Adele, the beautiful young mother, opened her arms, and the breathless little cherub nestled there, with her arms around her mother's neck. "Oh mamma," said Mildred, as soon as she could speak, "is it true that the Savior to whom we pray, and who hears us every day in heaven, lived a little child in this place?"

"Yes my Mildred, this is where our Lord, was a little child like you, and grew up to be the only sinless man, who ever lived."

"And does He love this village, because he lived here, with his mother when he was a little child?" asked Mildred.

"I do not suppose, darling, that he loves this spot, more than any other on earth;—the love of Jesus is not finite—not limited like ours. When he was on earth, there was a woman, who I think must have loved him very much, exclaimed, 'oh, the blessedness of his mother.' She thought the mother of this divinely lovely person, must be supremely happy; and do you remember his reply to her, my love? He said 'yea,'—that is, he assented to her remark, but he added 'more blessed are those that hear the word of God and *keep it*.' So you see, my dear little pet, that our Savior's kingdom is *spiritual*. His mother was very dear to him, but he tells us that those who do the will of his Father are equally dear. This spot is probably also dear to him, but a prayer from our home in England, or from the deserts of Africa, or from the jungles of India, will be just as acceptable to Him as from the holy vale of Nazareth." "Oh mamma," said Mildred "I would love to live here. I do not think I ever would be naughty, if I could think of our dear Savior all the time, and if I lived here, I should think of him every hour."

Adele smiled as she kissed the bright, up-turned face. "My own

love, the *heart* is the same in all places—it is God's grace and no outward impressions, which purifies the soul. You cannot understand these things quite yet, but you will learn more and more every day."

The tents were soon spread and dinner prepared.

Charlie Mowbray and Millie, were holding a whispered conference, over some dishes of figs and nuts. "No," said Mildred, "I will ask Mamma Cecil." Her face was very grave, and bright, as her question was asked.— "What did our Savior eat, when he was a little child in this place?"

"Probably just what you and Charlie are eating now," said Mr. Benjamin, who was generally listening, when his little grandson Charlie was a party in the conversation. "The common people of the Jews to which class our Savior belonged, lived usually upon the cereal and fruit productions of the earth. And even Ziba, accustomed to the habits of royalty, brought as a present to David, 'two hundred loaves of bread, an hundred bunches of raisins, and an hundred of *summer fruits*, and a quantity of wine,' but no flesh. The Israelites complained bitterly in the wilderness, that Moses had

not brought them 'to a land of seeds, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates.' And do you not remember, Charlie, that when your favorite hero David, found a famished Egyptian beyond the brook Besor, and this Egyptian could give him intelligence of the raiding party, who burned his home in Ziglag, and carried off his beloved Abigail and his children, what food they gave the hungry man to revive him? Bread, figs and raisins, and 'when he had eaten, his spirit came again, for he had had no food for three days.' And Nehemiah, in complaining of his countrymen for bringing provisions into Jerusalem, on the Sabbath day, says they brought 'sheaves and wine, grapes and figs, and all manner of burdens.' So we may suppose, my boy, that our Savior, lived upon the beautiful and delicious products of the earth—on the graceful grain which springs from the rich bosom of the earth, and on the beautiful fruits which droops from the boughs and vines overhead."

Charlie and Millie were very much delighted, and both resolved that they would always eat what grandpapa supposed our dear Savior ate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We will next notice our party of travelers on Mt. Scopus, looking over the intervening forest of olive-trees, upon the turretted walls, the lofty domes, and alas, alas, the Turkish mosques and minarets of Jerusalem. Mr. Benjamin whose love for the holy city has been intense as a Jew, loved it still more as a Jew and a Christian. With tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, he exclaimed, or rather groaned, "Jerusalem! oh, Jerusalem!—trodden down of the Gentiles—desecrated—humiliated, in dust and ashes!" The tears also filled Charlie Mowbray's large

black eyes, at seeing the emotion of his grandfather, and doubling up his little fists, and in the attitude of an English pugilist, he exclaimed. "When I am a man, I will bring an English army here and kill the horrid Turks. I will be a general, like Sir Henry Havelock, and whip everybody." This infantile burst of indignation, and military ambition, made his father and Mrs. Cecil laugh heartily.— But the others were too deeply impressed with the beauty, sadness, and solemnity of the scene, to do more than smile at the handsome boy's wrath.

Oh, the thrilling interest which enveloped the holy city. Calvary! Calvary! was that indeed the spot, upon which the son of God made the great atonement for the race created in the image of his Father, and who had fallen to so fearful a depth, from so high an estate! Calvary! Calvary! He condescended to become our elder Brother—the son of our Father, God—and suffered the agonies of crucifixion, to redeem us from our sins, heinous. The crucifixion!—with outstretched hands, as if in benediction, he is raised between earth and heaven, connecting the two, in his untold physical anguish.—With outstretched hands blessing the race, whose fiendish hatred is exhausting itself against him.—Such love, such purity, such dignity, such glory—human language fails in this great theme. There too is the Mount of Olives, from whose picturesque summit this our glorious Christ, having completed his work of Redemption, rises to his Father in heaven. There is Gethsemane—there the Mount of Zion—Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

It being too late to enter the city that evening, the tents were pitched in a grove near by, and the party spent the night here. The next morning at breakfast, Sarah related a singular dream which she had had during the night. She said:

“I dreamed that I was still looking at Jerusalem, when a cross of intense white light appeared suspended in the air above the hill of Calvary. It was not fire, but a pure, intense white light like that of the sun, and in the form of a cross, the outlines of which were sharply defined, and from which emanated so brilliant a light that the sun seemed invisible.—The inhabitants now began to leave the city, pouring in terror from all the gates—I dreamed that portions of this terror stricken crowd, soon reached the point where we were standing, and re-

ported that for two days an unusual heat of atmosphere has been observed, increasing every moment, and on the second day, they first observed the cross of light suspended over Calvary. The heat becoming intolerable, they now began to fly, and not a living soul was at present left within the walls of the cross-illuminated city. All the mountain tops around were crowded with spectators, who gazed almost breathlessly at the solemn, and beautiful scene. The light was so brilliant, that every dome, arch, window, turret and minaret appeared with marvellous distinctness. It gave them the appearance of fire and although no flames were perceptible, the work of combustion was evidently going on, for from the intense whiteness we have sometimes seen metals assume in a furnace, they began to totter—to fall—to crumble as silently as the ashes from a glowing coal;—and soon every vestige of walls and buildings disappeared, but still the earth beneath seemed all aglow with burning light. And all up the surrounding mountain sides, the pure, white glowing heat spread, consuming every vestige of vegetation, disintegrating every stone, until it seemed to melt, or sink into the earth, and still the vivid cross, kept motionlessly its towering position. When everything was consumed, the light began to decline gradually, and slowly to fade out, except in the cross, which remained as brilliant as ever. Clouds now began to gather, and the torrents of rain to pour down upon the valley, the heat of which caused heavy volumes of steam to rise in the atmosphere. The rain continued for some time, and when it ceased, the earth bore the dark rich hue of virgin soil—the outlines were softened and the valley with the cross above Calvary looked as lovely as when Melchizedek, king of Salem, and priest of the most high God, probably first se-

lected it for his oratory. I dreamed that we now hastened down to the valley, and stood where the city lately was. We ascended the hill of Calvary, and looked with awe upon the cross above us. I then awoke."

Mr. Benjamin listened to the recital of this singular dream, with his eyes fixed upon his distant and beloved Jerusalem, as if he listened to a prophecy. Alfred Mowbray looked uncomfortable, and yet more serious than was his wont—he took his wife's hand and said tenderly.

"My love, your feverish dream was probably caused by fatigue

and the excitement of seeing Jerusalem for the first time. But I must admit," he added turning his eyes towards the city "that it was a remarkable dream." He knew from the language in which Sarah had told it, that it had made a deep impression upon her.

And here upon the mount overlooking the holy city, "beautiful for situation and the joy of the whole earth," emblem of the heaven to which we press, we take leave of our Adele St. Mann, surrounded with loving hearts and tender care.

THE END.

A FRAGMENT FROM MEXICAN HISTORY.

During the Mexican war, we read Mr. Prescott's charming book, the "Conquest of Mexico," in the country, which he has described with all the living truth of the landscape painter. Day by day, we were more and more impressed, with the accuracy and life-likenesses of his pictures: whether we were wading through the deep sands, among the tangled chapparal of the *tierra caliente*, marching through the gorgeous forests and enchanted scenery of the elevated plateaus, or gazing from the table lands upon the snow-capped summits of Orizaba, the Cofre, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. The glowing imagination of the great word-painter enabled him to portray with amazing fidelity, the luxuriant vegetation, the green valleys, sparkling streams, barren salt-plains, olive-crowned hills and sierras of this region of story and romance.—We were fortunate too, in being able to read in the very places made historic by the heroic deeds of

Cortez and his followers, the military sketches of the stout soldier Bernal Diaz, the fascinating volumes of Don Antonio De Solis, and the more philosophical work of Don Francisco J. Clavigero.—These are the authorities, upon which Mr. Prescott chiefly relied in writing his celebrated History. We have not read his book since 1847, but our impression is, that he derives his accounts of battles, mainly from Bernal Diaz; the policy of the Spanish campaigns, and the relations of the Aztecs to the neighboring nations are furnished by De Solis; while he looks to Clavigero for information in regard to the antiquities, origin, religion, mode of worship, manners, customs and social characteristics of the Aztecs, Tlascalaus, and other numerous nations in that once populous region. Clavigero is especially satisfactory in regard to the religion of the Aztecs, Toltecs, and other tribes of aborigines; and in that subject, we were particularly interested. We were struck

with two facts, to one of which, we do not remember that attention has ever been called. 1st. That the Indians, like the idolatrous Jews, loved to worship upon "high places." Their sacrificial rites were all performed, upon the flat tops of temples of *cal y piedra*, which thickly dotted the surface of the country. Cortez in a letter to the Emperor, Charles V. told him that from the altar, crowning the height of the pyramid of Cholula, he could count four hundred turrets, where heathen worship was performed. Other writers, probably more accurate, say that there was a tower in the plain around Cholula, for every day in the year. This pyramid is still one of the wonders of the world. It is of earth; according to the estimate of Clavigero, 500 feet high and half a mile in circumference. We ascended to the top of it in 1847, by a winding road, the one hundred and twenty terraces counted by Bernal Diaz having disappeared and left a conical surface. The temple, constructed by the Toltecs, has been replaced by the church of our "Lady of Cholula." When we were there, women and children swarmed around selling rosaries, and other objects of religious veneration to the Catholics, or alleged Toltec relics. Fragments of pottery, of high polish and exquisite finish, were offered for sale, and we were told that the mound was full of them. We saw some peasants digging for them and large quantities were disinterred near the surface. But we could not tell, whether or not, these were the workmanship of the former inhabitants. The city of Cholula, which once contained, as the early chroniclers say, 200,000 inhabitants, has dwindled down into a little town, peopled by the mongrel race of Spaniards, Indians and negroes,—a sad illustration of the degeneracy, springing out of the practical working of the Jaco-

bin doctrine of the equality of races.

The second thing, we particularly noticed, was that the word *teo* or *teos*, so nearly identical with *theos* the Greek name for God, enters into the names of the deities, of the places of worship and of the orders of priesthood, with the Aztecs, Toltecs, Totonacs, and all the races of Anahuac. Thus the goddess of Heaven with the Totonacs, was *Centeotl*. Her temple was on a hill, three miles from the city of Mexico, where now stands the most renowned church of the new world, that of the "Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe." (In the village of Guadalupe at the foot of this hill, was signed in 1848, the treaty of peace between the American and Mexican Commissioners.) The temples were all called *teocalli*, house of God, or *teo-pan*, place of God. A sacred district, a religious possession, was called *Teo-talpan*, land of the Gods.—Twenty miles from the city of Mexico, were the famous temples of *Teo-tihuacan*. The priests went by the general name of *Teo-pixqui*, ministers of God. The High Priest was *Mexico-teo-huatzin*; his two assistants had the brief name of *Tepan-teo-huatzin* and of *Huitznahua-teo-huatzin*. When our readers have satisfactorily pronounced the last name, we can give them many more compounds of this word *teo* or *teos*.

It is well known that Cortez never could have succeeded in conquering Montezuma, the Mexican King, had he not formed alliances with the other tribes, who had been oppressed by, or were jealous of, the Mexicans. He first made a league offensive and defensive with the Totonacs, and next with the warlike Tlascalans. But the latter, like some other people, were not converted to union principles, until after a desperate and bloody struggle. The "arrogant youth" Xicocentatl their leader having failed to conquer the Spaniards by

day, was told by oracles to attack them at night, when their God would be unable to protect them. Cortez discovered his plan, and so signally frustrated it that the Tlascalans were glad to make peace.

Ever afterwards, they made faithful and true allies to their conquerors, and when the Spaniards were driven out of the City of Mexico on that night of disaster, which is still called in their history, *noche triste* (sad night,) the Tlascalans received them into their city. Before they reached their place of refuge, however, they were compelled to give battle to the Mexicans at Otompan, and there the Tlascalans "fought like lions," says Bernal Diaz, for their new allies and "late enemies."—But for the timely assistance thus given, Cortez and all his followers must certainly have perished.

The government of Tlascala was a pure aristocracy—all power resting in a Senate composed of hereditary nobles. This Senate had been hostile to Montezuma and fearful of his growing power.

Cortez had wished to conciliate them, and widen the breach between them and Montezuma. He had accordingly sent four ambassadors, with words of cunning, as well as of kindness in their mouths. One of the most graphic and eloquent chapters of De Solis is devoted to this interview. The Spanish ambassadors failed, as we have seen, to propitiate the Tlascalans. The brave Indians rejected all overtures of alliance against those of their own color, until they were beaten in the field. But like all true soldiers, they were faithful to the new obligations forced upon them by the fortunes of war.

But it is not our design to follow the authorities, which Mr. Prescott has so skillfully used. We propose to make an extract from an author, whom we imagine he never read, viz: Don Bernal Diaz De Fabnoso. The fragment re-

lates to a former war between the Mexicans and the Tlascalans.

"The arms of the Senate had been successful for the first two years of the war. The Mexicans had been driven back everywhere, and it was thought that the Capital itself would have been captured, but for some boats of war, which Montezuma had placed upon Lake Tezcuco and Lake Chalco. But the great wealth of the king enabled him to hire many auxiliaries, the Cholultecans, the Tezeocans, the Nauthlecan, the Iztapalapans, and the Otomies, a nation, says De Solis, "barbarous even among barbarians." The tide of war now turned. The armies of Montezuma swept almost without resistance over the country. The Otomies, sometimes called the Bummercatls, were let loose to ravage, burn, and desolate the fair country of Tlascala. It was as the garden of the Lord before them, and a waste, howling wilderness behind them. The Senate removed, for safety, the vast numbers of prisoners they held, to the tierra calliente (hot country) where the close confinement, vile water and unhealthy climate killed many of them. Strict orders were given to feed them just as the Tlascalans soldiers were fed. But now the country, ravaged by the Bummercatls, afforded but little nourishing food, and this added to the suffering, and death of the Mexican prisoners. The Senate of Tlascala pitying their suffering, offered to give them all up to Montezuma, without exchange. But he refused to receive them.

Finally, the brave Tlascalans were overpowered and sued for peace. Montezuma recovered the men who had been in prison, and with them he took their head jailer Wirzcoatl. In great wrath, the King summoned the jailer before him.

Montezuma. 'Wretch! you carried my soldiers to an unhealthy

place, where thousands of them died."

Jailer. "Dread Sovereign! it was the only place in Tlascala judged to be safe."

Montezuma. "Why did you take them to a safe place? 'Twas the very thing I did not wish you to do. Villain! you are the murderer of my soldiers."

Jailer. "Great King! my government but followed your example. You placed Tlascalau soldiers on an Island in Tezcuco, and among the bleak sierras, where they froze to death every night.—Your own officers state that 22,500 Mexican prisoners died out of the 261,000, whom we held, that is, one out of every eleven; while 26,500 Tlascalans perished, out of the 200,000 you held, that is one out of every seven and a half. Great King! The Tlascalau prisoners were worse treated than the Mexican prisoners."

Montezuma. "Monster! you had starved my men."

Jailer. "Mighty Monarch! I fed them as our own soldiers were fed. Your Bummercatls had so desolated Tlascala that little food was left in it. Our Senate offered

to give you up all your men, even without exchange; but you would not take them."

Montezuma. "Ha, Villain! I have caught you at last. So you wanted to get rid of my men, that you might have food enough left for your gaunt, and hungry soldiers, in order to strengthen and encourage them to fight me, as they did three and four years ago, when they were sleek and fat. By this, I know that you deserve to die.—Ho, guards! away with him.—Take him to the top of the Teocalli in the great square, beat his brains out on the sacrificial stone in the sight of all the people."

Away with him!

And you Chief Priest! see to it that the great drums are beat from all the Teocallis in my kingdom, the moment the wretch expires, summoning all my pious subjects to return thanks to Teocatl (Goddess of darkness) that Mexico has been avenged upon her enemies."

Here the fragment of history ends.

Moral. Never be head jailer to the weaker party. Alas! poor Wirzeoatl!

GENIUS AND THE DOMESTIC TIES.—Moore laid it down as a rule, that genius and domestic happiness were incompatible with, and excluded, each other. One day, when he asked in Wordsworth's presence, if such was not necessarily the case, the grave poet of the Lakes replied—"Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius: a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of the domestic ties."

—From *Country Gent.*

GRATTAN'S VENERATION FOR OLD TREES.—He loved old trees, and used to say: "Never cut down a tree for fashion's sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, while fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinnelinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down.

"Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house." Grattan.—"You mistake; it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down, let it be the house."—*Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.*

WHEAT CULTURE.

The agriculturist is more unreasonable in his expectations of "gathering where he hath not strewn" than almost any other man. He regards the soil as a producer only, and seems to forget entirely that it is also a consumer. The dairyman does not expect his cows to yield milk without food—the merchant does not expect a profit more than in proportion to the capital invested. But the farmer relying upon the generous earth, expects her to yield her increase year after year without bestowing a dollar upon the food, without which she must necessarily become exhausted. "But," says the farmer, "I invested in *land* as the merchant invests in *goods*, and my land should yield me an annual profit, without farther investment."

No, my friend, you invested in land, as the merchant invested in a store-house, and as he fills his store-house, as fast as his supplies are exhausted, so should you supply to your lands ingredients which form crops, as fast as they are consumed by the growing grain, cotton or tobacco. If the customers of the merchant fail to find his shelves replenished, and call for this article and that article without finding it, they desert him for some better establishment.—So the crops of the farmer, if their demand for this and that ingredient in his soil is not supplied, fail to grow, and both merchant and farmer fail in business.

Your land, in its present state will yield, say, six bushels of wheat per acre (\$12 per acre)—and if by spending \$10 per acre to fertilize it, you can raise sixteen bushels per acre, you will thereby have a gain of \$20 per acre, with no additional labor except

that of applying the fertilizer to the land. The merchant thinks he is doing a good business if he realizes twenty per cent.—But here is a gain of a hundred per cent. And this is far from being mere theory. In England it is the constant, annual practice—farming there is a fast money making business.

Wheat is the most important crop to man. In this country, the usual practice is to sow it broadcast, allow the weeds and bushes to rob it of half its nutriment—give it no attention until it is ready to cut, and then exclaim with lugubrious countenances "my wheat is a failure!"

In England, every farmer considers himself unacquainted with his business until he finds out what fertilizers his soil requires, and when this knowledge is acquired, his way is clear. "Every shilling I spend is that much gain" and he applies lime, guano, gypsum or the phosphates with no niggard hand. When his land is ready, he does not sow the precious seed—some thick—some thin—some too deeply covered and some not covered at all. A well made drill puts each grain in its proper place, at its proper depth, and covers all securely. When the dark green rows appear, no weeds are allowed to retard their rapid growth, they are hoed at least twice, and at harvest, the hale and rosy English farmers, in spite of having to pay \$10 per month for laborers, and what would appear to us fabulous rents, smile and say, "Farming is a most profitable business, if well followed."

And this difference is simply owing to English energy, English thrift and English science.

We will now consider in detail their method of culture—manuring, drilling, weeding and hoeing.

1st. Applying fertilizers. "The more money you put into your soil the more you get out of it" is an English adage and a golden one. But this money must be put in with some sense and judgment. The merchant who fills his store house with goods not suited to the market, proves himself unacquainted with his business, and the goods are left upon his hands, a dead loss. You would then think him a very foolish person to conclude therefore that merchandizing did not pay, and give up the business. You would say rather "profit by your experience, study the wants of your customers, and then see if it will not pay."

So we say to the farmer, ascertain what your soil requires—if you make a mistake, profit by your experience—study your soil, study your business. What would be thought of a manufacturer who understood nothing about his machinery—you would think his machinery might play the wild with him. It is the business of the farmer to understand the character and requirements of his soil, and as soon as this knowledge is acquired, to act upon it with a will.

Baugh's Rawbone Phosphate can be procured at less than \$50 per ton, if taken in quantities of ten tons and over.

You are probably going to sow one hundred acres in wheat. As your land may, in its present state, yield six bushels per acre, we will consider your crop worth \$1200. If by applying a quarter of a ton of phosphate per acre, you can bring your field to yield sixteen bushels per acre, you will for an outlay of \$1250, make \$2000.

You consider \$1250 a heavy outlay for manures. Your merchant friend would not consider it a heavy outlay for goods, however; and you may expect, with as much

certainty, at least, as he does, a profitable return. Even if our farmers had to pay such rents as they do in England, this would not be a losing business.

2nd. Drilling instead of broadcast sowing. A drilling machine costs about \$60. By using it, a half bushel of seed is saved to the acre. In a hundred acres, you therefore save \$100 in seed alone. Two horses drill about seven acres a day, and here is an important gain, for the drill does the whole work of sowing and covering.—But the most important gain is the increased product of the grain. The farmers of Yates Co., N. Y., say that on an average the drilled wheat yields 40 per ct. more than the broadcast. (Country Gent. vol. 9, No. 15.) This great difference however, is not so perceptible, in the spring sown grain.—The great advantage of placing grain at the proper depth, and proper distance apart is shown by the following experiment. "Last season, I planted five oat seeds about four or five inches apart, and one inch deep, in good soil.—Without further attention, they yielded sixty seven stalks, averaging from eighty to one hundred oats to each head—being over *ten hundred fold*, instead of only from thirty to forty fold, the ordinary yield. I know of no reason why a whole field would not produce at the same rate, if planted as properly."

3rd. Weeding and hoeing. In England, one man with a group of children, armed with weeding forks, goes over the crop and eradicates every weed. The crop is hoed—usually hand-hoed twice, but in the celebrated Lois Weedon system, the culture is deeper and more thorough. This mode of culture has been so successful and attracted so much attention that we give the following account of it from *The American Farmer*, published at Baltimore.

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"The plan adopted by Rev. S. Smith, at Lois Weedon, in Northamptonshire, is to divide the field into lands five feet wide. In the centre of these lands, the wheat is dibbled at the rate of two pecks per acre in three rows, one foot apart, thus leaving a space of three feet in width unoccupied. When the plant is up strong, the whole of the land is dug with a fork and allowed to lie rough for the winter. In the following spring, the land is levelled and well cleaned by the use of the horse-hoe, and this implement is freely used until the wheat is coming into blossom. The rows of wheat are then earthed-up with a mould-board, and in the furrows thus made, the subsoil plough is used tolerably deep. To overcome the injurious influence on the wheat, which is found to arise from the land being too loose, the Crosskill roller is used before the ground is sown, and also in the following spring. In this manner one-half of the ground is occupied in producing wheat, whilst the remaining half is under preparation for the next year's crop. Under this system the produce of this land (not worth 33 shillings per acre,) has been raised from 16 to 40 bushels per acre.—The crops from 1847 to 1853 inclusive, averaged 34 bushels; the crop of 1857 produced 33 bushels; the crop of 1853 equalled 49 bushels; and thus the land, instead of showing any sign of exhaustion, gives proof of increasing fertility.—The question naturally arises, To what source are we to trace these anomalous circumstances, that with the repeated removal of these crops, without any compensation by manure, the soil advances in fertility? It can be referred to no other causes than those I have already named—the

conversion of the dormant matter of the soil into an active condition, whilst at the same time, and under the same agency, the soil feeds upon the nitrogenized matter of the atmosphere, and secretes a store of food for the growth of the succeeding crop."

To give some idea of the English mode of farming, we will state that Mr. John Hudson of Castle Acre, (an estate of about twelve hundred acres,) pays out \$5000 annually for artificial manures — \$10,000 annually for cattle food to make still better manures;—and he pays \$15,000 annually to his laborers, making an annual expenditure of \$35,000, or about \$25 per acre. When our Southern farmers learn to farm in this lordly style, they may expect Mr. Hudson's lordly returns.

Every hundred acres should have \$2500 judiciously spent upon it, and this \$2500 is *not* judiciously spent, if it does not yield you at least 25 per cent.

There is no reason why farming should not be the most profitable, the safest, the most independent, and the most agreeable business in the world.

THE HAVERSACK.

The Southern soldiers had but little reverence for the clergy, who visited them when comfortably quartered in some safe place, but were not to be seen in time of danger and privation. Such a man as the chaplain of the 23d N. C. Regt. who trudged along on foot in the mud or dust, or such an one as the chaplain of the —th S. C. Regiment, who remained with his charge amid the heat, stench and carnage of Battery Wagner, would command their love and respect, while they had but little regard for the "occasional rever-

ends" though possessing the learning of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, or the eloquence of the D. Ds. of Protestantism.

An anecdote or two will illustrate the feeling of the soldiers towards their *flying* visitors.

A distinguished clergyman came to preach to — brigade, when the enemy was "all quiet along the Potomac" after a pretty sound drubbing. Some one had made him a present of *real* cheese and crackers, the spoils of some U. S. sutler's wagon, which he was quietly enjoying by the road side,

while the troops were marching past. It was not long before the rebel sharp-shooters opened fire upon him, "I say, Jim, it's the rale artie-cle." "I wonder if the Parson's in the blockade-running business." "Mister, I'll whistle Yankee-doodle for you, if you'll gin me a smell of that thar Yankee cheese." "I haint had nothing to eat in three days, please sir let me have a slice of that crumb on your whiskers." Absorbed in his pleasant duty and perhaps in his meditations, the reverend gentleman had not heard at first the pattering shot around him. But when he became conseious that he was the target for all this desultory fire, he began to beat a retreat. Just then a long legged, and gaunt specimen of rebeldom stepped up to him, took off his old slouch hat, made him the most horribly awkward bow and said, "not any for me, thank you kindly, parson, you are powerful good, but that thar cheese would be too excitin' to my feelins."

When Meade advanced upon Lee at Mine Run, two of the "occasional" were on a visit to the incorrigible jokers of Rode's old Brigade. One was very long, and the other very short, but both were very desirous to see how a battle was managed. They accordingly pressed forward to the front, where the artillery was coming into battery. Everything was new to them, their curiosity was unbounded and their satisfaction equally so, at all they saw and heard. But alas! it was a short-lived pleasure; a puff of smoke arose just opposite them, a shrieking shell whirled past, then another and another. *That* was a part of the programme, they had not calculated upon. They hesitated a few moments, and then ran to the rear like quarter nags, amidst the loud cries of "run, big preach, little preach will catch you."—They enseeded themselves be-

hind a bank, but even here their sorrows were not over. For an empty flour-barrel happened to be near and a mischievous Alabama boy struck it, with the butt of his gun. The startled fugitives thought a shell had exploded by them, and once more took to their heels, cheered on by the shout "run big preach, little preach will catch you."

A quartermaster sends us the following anecdote of the hero of many a hard fight and many a tough joke. "Gen'l Jubal A. Early had a great prejudice agâinst quartermasters. I had often tried in vain to propitiate him. The orders on the night of the evacuation of Centreville was to burn all unnecessary baggage and let the wagons go light. My Colonel had heroically sacrificed all his articles of luxury and comfort even. But I resolved to store away some bottles and delicacies in an enormous chest, I had. I was busily engaged in this laudable enterprise, when Gen. Jubal rode up. 'What are you doing with that box?' 'I keep my regimental papers in it.' 'Are you the quartermaster of the army that you need such a box?' 'No General, I am quartermaster of the —th N. C. Regt.' 'I have a great mind to have you put in your big box and both thrown into the fire.' He rode off and *I saved my box*. Sometime after, I happened to be near him on a raw, bleak night, when he seemed to be nearly frozen with cold. I approached him with some dread, and offered him the hospitality of my bottle. *He was not offended* and examined the contents searchingly. At length he said, 'Captain did you burn that big box at Centreville?' 'No, General, I saved it.' 'Was this bottle in that big box, Captain?' 'Yes General.' 'Captain, I am glad that you did not burn that big box!' And I was glad you may be sure that I got off so well."

A soldier sends a tribute to a brother soldier and we use his own words. "At the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, the 14th N. C. Troops were lying down behind felled timber in front of Fort Magruder, having driven back the first advance of Hancock's troops."

Many dead and wounded Yankees were lying in close proximity to our lines, and the moans of the wounded were truly heart-rending. The enemy, however, was peppering away at long range and it was almost certain death to raise one's head above the timber. A Yankee was heard crying out 'water, water, friend or foe, water.' Private Beck of the 14th N. C. jumped up, and spite of the remonstrances of friends, and the orders of officers, walked a distance of 50 yards, and gave the sufferer his canteen, and returned unhurt, though exposed to a fire from the front and rear. He said that the 'God bless you' of the wounded man paid him for all his risk."

While the Jeff. Davis Legion of cavalry, belonging to Hampton's brigade, was encamped on the Va. Central Rail Road in 1862, a wild trooper more fond of ducks and chickens than of military duty, went out foraging among the coops of a farmer, whose house stood near the camp of the Legion. The next morning, the good man of the house came over to the tent of Colonel Martin, complained bitterly of the outrage and asked for a guard. Colonel Martin directed a guard to be sent with strict orders, to watch the feathery treasures, by day and night. A common punishment in our regiment was putting offenders on *extra-guard* duty. But on this occasion, the most exemplary men were chosen to perform the delicate task of protecting the poultry against midnight marauders.—Young L., a handsome Mississippian,

was one of the guard selected because of the uniform propriety of his conduct. Knowing that there were some very pretty girls in the house, he had dressed himself up in his best clothes, and with sabre drawn was pacing up and down on his sentry post, in all the conscious pride of being a protector to fair ladies, a well-dressed soldier and a fine looking man. But his happiness was not to last forever. A pond of water was near the house, at which the troopers watered their horses.—Private R. who was believed to have stolen the chickens, rode up to the pond, and seeing the evident enjoyment of L. cried out loud enough to be heard by the girls. "So you have been caught at your tricks at last, and Colonel Martin has put you on guard to punish you, I told you to let the chickens alone, but you would not mind me," and then putting spurs to his horse, dashed off before the bewildered sentinel could deny the charge.

The sole survivor of the incident gives us the following. "Previous engagements had so thinned out the line officers of the 1st N. C. Infantry (State Troops) that at the battle of Malvern Hill, companies C and E of the regiment were both under command of one subaltern, a second Lieutenant. Company C was our color company, and when we moved into action, five corporals, the remnant of the old color guard, marched with our flag.

Our attack was made up the face of a steep hill, and through the yard and garden of a parsonage. The fire of the enemy both with artillery and small arms was exceedingly heavy, and upon our gaining the crest of the hill, its effect was too severe to be endured. We did not fall back, however, but rushed forward to the road beyond, which had been worn down so as to afford a very fair cover to

the troops in line of battle. The distance to the road from the top of the hill was not more than 75 yards. But during the time we were making this short run, corporal Latham was shot dead with the colors in his hands; Lanier took them and instantly fell mortally wounded; Wiggins seized them and had his knee shattered; Herring took his place, but to fall also with a wound through the body. Finally, corporal Calvin Jones took the flag and held it while life lasted. He was a fair, delicate boy of 16 from the county of New Hanover. A ball shattered his arm. I said 'go to the rear and give me the flag.' 'Oh, no sir! I can carry it yet!' The one arm does double duty. Another shot mangles his girl-like face. 'Let go, I can hold it yet!' Another ball pierces his noble breast.—'Take it, Lieutenant, I can carry it no farther!' His officer, with the assistance of Evan Atkinson and George Lumsden (both of whom have been since killed) laid the brave boy behind a bank safe from farther mutilation, where as noble a soul was breathed out as ever animated mortal mould."

Two gallant cavalry generals, a friend tells us, were in the habit of joking each other about the poverty of their respective States. General G— of N. C. was accustomed to taunt General Y— of Georgia with the whortle-berry proclivities of his people. The other would retort by alleging that the "tar-heels" lived on persimmons. These jokes never alienated the heroic brothers in arms, but their mutual good feeling came near being broken off on one occasion. As General G— was putting his brigade into camp, he observed a squad of men drawn up under a persimmon tree near the spot, which he had chosen for his own tent. "Who are you and what are you doing?" asked General G—. The sergeant saluted

him with his sabre and said in the most respectful manner, "I have been ordered by General Y— to guard this persimmon tree until General G— should come up, and then turn it over to him for the use of his brigade!" The sergeant made good his escape; but twas a long time before the practical joke was forgiven by General G—.

A friend from Texas gives us the following.

Any one, who spent the winter of 1862 and 63, in Camp Douglass will remember a poor insane prisoner from Kentucky, who used to roam about the camp and haunt the stores of the sutlers. This poor fellow had an insatiable appetite, rendered ten-fold more keen by his slender rations; and many a time were we awakened at night, by the awkward attempts of the lunatic to steal our rations. It was the design of his messmates to get him exchanged and carry him back to Tennessee and from thence send him to his home, which was in the enemy's lines. But when we were exchanged at Petersburg and stopped for a few days at the "Model Farm," it came to the ears of the commandant of the post that there was a lunatic among the paroled prisoners. So he sent out a Surgeon to examine the unfortunate man, to see whether he was a fit subject for the insane asylum. The Kentuckians were very desirous to carry the poor fellow with them and did all that they could to deceive the Surgeon; so that after a long and rigid examination, he was at a loss to decide as to the man's insanity. Finally, turning to the group looking on and anxious to know the result, he asked impatiently, "is the man rational or not?" "Yes Doctor" replied one, "I would call him very *rational*, very *rational* indeed, he not only eats his own rations, but the rations of the whole mess whenever he has a chance to steal them." The roars

of laughter which followed, so put out the Surgeon that he left us incontinently and we went on our way rejoicing with our *rational* mess-mate.

The same friend sends us a touching tale of true affection.

“Major B. had command of a battalion of Texas cavalry, well-known to the people of that State for its deeds of daring among the snow-capped mountains of New-Mexico and the swamps of Louisiana. While serving in Louisiana, previous to the first raid of Banks on the Red River Valley, he fell in love with a sweet girl, proposed and was accepted in due form.—But just at this juncture, Bank’s column came along carrying ruin and desolation in their track.—Our forces fell back into the interior, but the fair young girl remained with her mother on the plantation. When the Federal Army retreated to Brashear City, the Confederates were close upon their heels, and of course, one of the first acts of the enamored Major was to call upon his promised bride. Her mother had been ruined by the raid, the negroes had all been carried off, stock all killed or taken away, every thing of value about the plantation had been burned or destroyed. The young lady met her lover and said, ‘when I engaged myself to you, I was the owner of thousands, to-day, I am penniless. It is not right to hold you to your pledge under these circumstances, you are free.’ ‘No,’ replied the Major, ‘I love you and not your property. You are dearer to me now than ever.’ Some months afterwards, the noble Major fell desperately wounded, while bravely fighting at the head of his battalion in the battle of Fordoche. He lingered long in the Hospital, but was finally able to come out—a wreck of his former self. His right arm had been amputated, and three fingers had been taken

off his left hand. The lady was his tender and devoted nurse, through all those weary months of suffering and confinement.—When he began to convalesce, he said to her, ‘I am a cripple and must be helpless all my life. It would be selfish in me to ask you to throw away yourself on such a wreck as I am.’ ‘No,’ said she, ‘you did not desert me in my distress and poverty. Nothing but death shall ever part us again.’

They now live in the village of — in Texas, affording a beautiful example of devoted happiness and of the reward attending true nobleness of soul.”

We give up the remaining space in the Haversack, to the good things presented by a young lady of Louisiana, and will not spoil them by any condiments of our own.

“Emmett McDonald, one of Missouri’s bravest sons, passing through our village on his way to Hartville—‘ill fated field’—stopped a few moments under a tree; several ladies went out to speak to him. One said to him ‘Colonel McDonald, you must not be too brave. We cannot afford to lose you yet.’ ‘Madam,’ said he, taking off his broad brimmed hat and looking around him with a smile, I can never forget, ‘Missouri is my home. I am fighting for Missouri; if I die, let me die on her soil, happy if my blood be a part of her ransom.’ In less than two days—he was dead.

On the same occasion, that of Marmaduke’s raid into Missouri, Jan. 8th, 186—. I was standing at the door about 2 o’clock in the morning, watching the troops go by. Seeing the flag bearer stop a little way from the door, I called out ‘please sir stop and let us see the flag’—as I was spending the night some distance from home with some other young ladies, equally anxious with myself to look upon the ‘Bars and Stars.’

'If you are good rebels you may—if not, you shall not. I know one little rebel lady in this town I would be glad to see, and thank her for her kindness to me once. Miss E—— is her name.' I was pleased of course, but said nothing. The lamp was brought out that he might see whether we were "rebs" or not. On our mutual look at each other, I was delighted to find in him, a soldier I had once aided to escape from prison. I was made acquainted with his Captain, who told me the flag was presented to him by the ladies of Little Rock, and he added, 'I shall live or die as God may will it—but I shall never leave my flag.' He fell the next day at Springfield.

During the war, our house was seized for Head Qrs. at different times—and ourselves obliged to leave it. Not satisfied with this—rooms were seized for different purposes in the one in which we took refuge, generally the "brave and patriotic defenders of our Union" were camped in the yard, and all around us.

I remember many amusing incidents—among the many, which were *very otherwise*. There was a very loud talking captain, who used to annoy us very much. He was, a 'Massachusetts man,' and had the *pleasant qualities of mind and person and manner*, which usually characterize the natives of the 'Hub of the Universe'—the Athens of America.' One day, he had annoyed my little sister very much by ridiculing the way our soldiers dressed. Seeing her red face and flashing eyes, he stepped up before her and said—'Well, little miss, if the gray coats were to get me and ask you what they must do to me, what fate might I anticipate?' Looking at him with great scorn, and dignity she said—'well, Captain F. I'd tell them to treat the poor fel-

low like a gentleman, as the worst punishment they could inflict upon him.'

Two dazzlingly dressed young officers wearing the "true blue" came one day for me to play for them, which I did with as good a grace as might be. After I had finished, one of them with a very gallant bow and smile said 'I am surprised and sorry that so good and pleasant a lady should espouse so bad a cause.' 'Ah, I replied, 'Shakespeare says 'there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' Looking rather perplexed he says at last 'Shakespeare—ah! yes! he is one of our Virginia generals!! The bard would have risen from his grave at such an accusation (that is *if he had heard it*) spite of his malediction on whoever should move his sacred bones.

One day, a lank visaged specimen of the genus homo, came in wearing an old cloth coat much too short in the waist and sleeves with the *brass labels* from off *sardines boxes!!* on his shoulders to designate his position in the 'State militia.' Handing me a large envelope bearing a very red tape appearance, he said in a voice of

Linked sweetness long drawn out, 'Miss, there's my commission, I come to git you to read it fur me. Them Dutch letters is rather too much fur me, I haint got no book-larnin no how, though I have got to be one uv Uncle Sam's ossifers.' I read his commission: at its close he said reflectively, 'Dad used to say Elic, you aint never goin to be no account. I wonder what he thinks now that I've got a shore enough letter from the Governor. Some of the boys said he'd spelt my name wrong. Elic's my name—Elic Sander. *Sander's my middle name.*' I said 'well it's all right—Alex is only an abbreviation of your name.' 'What in thunder is a-abbreviation?' I explained.—

'Yaas,' said he, 'but I dont like it begining with A. I hate that letter worse'n the whole row. I had to be mighty nigh beat to death 'fore I larnt it.' This same hero after awhile went to a store to get some shoulder straps.—The elerk covered the eounter with the glittering composition of 'Bullion' & velvet. 'Elie' was amazed and delighted; he pried a great many—finding the *Col's* straps with the eagle on them, to be but one dollar higher than some others, he bawled out 'darn a dollar, who cares for a dollar! Gim me them with a *hen* on em!' Proud bird of the free! what a fall was there!

A captain in the militia, who was somewhat wont to sacrifice at the shrine of Bacehus, one day getting into a quarrel with a fellow officer, took with great patience all opprobrious epithets the factitious eloquence of his friend could supply—but on being taxed with *cheating at cards*, he broke down. 'Sam' said he, 'I'd rather you'd not 'a said anything about that; I could stand you to call me a *rogue* and a *liar*, but I'd rather be *stuck full of pine splinters* and *burnt at a stake* than to have my *honor impeached*!!

An officer high in the *enviable honors* of State now—whose ambition during his military career was to win the reputation of being without mercy—in which he succeeded—once on the occasion of a retreat from our place, hid two old guns under a woodpile; then

told his wife to ask his nearest neighbor's boys to cut wood for her, giving her instructions to watch them, and if they reported the guns to the advancing rebs, tell him of it. One of the boys fell into the trap. Captain K. returned in the night after the retreat of the 'rebs,' went to the home of the boy (a brat ten years old) and *captured* the little fellow, took him to his house—looked him up under guard—gave him no breakfast. Next day went to the mother, a very old lady—told her if she did not pay him \$50.00 the alleged price of the guns—he would hang the boy to the nearest tree—but the lady assured him she had no idea of paying for articles 'contraband of war'—and getting her horse declared she would immediately report him at District Hd. Qrs., 18 miles off. He finally after terrible threats—released the boy—having kept him about 20 hours, *with nothing to eat—a solitary prisoner.*

An officer one day having stepped into a "rebel house" to get something to eat, began to boast of his bravery in a certain skirmish—in a manner which made our rebel blood boil—says he, 'we peppered the eowardly raseals severely though they would only fight from the brush. I was riding right into them when a bullet struek me.' 'Yes' said a little quiet lady with the utmost *sang froid*—'we heard that one of the lieutenants in Co. B. *had all his brains shot out.*' "

FRENCH TREATMENT OF REBELS.

The President has been blamed by the Jacobins, for his "leniency and courtesy to traitors." He has been denounced, for being in "league with rebels," because he is not disposed to disfranchise them and confiscate their property. It has even been asserted, with the utmost confidence, that no rebellion has ever been so tenderly dealt with. This shows a remarkable ignorance of history; and we propose to call attention to a few facts, connected with the suppression of the French rebellion against the line of the Bourbon Kings.

The French Revolution was a *bona fide* rebellion, against legally constituted authority, a revolt against a race of illustrious sovereigns. A legitimate monarch was deposed, imprisoned, and beheaded. The whole order of society was upturned. The most vindictive hatred was manifested towards everything venerable for its antiquity, and distinguished for its moral excellence. The Clergy and the Nobility were banished or executed. Men of fortune and of letters shared the same fate.—All, who were elevated above the mob by their rank, birth, fortune, intelligence or virtue, were persecuted with the most remorseless fury. A military enthusiasm was born amidst this wild tempest of passion, which guided and controlled by the greatest military leader of any age, carried the terror of the rebel arms to every Capital in Europe, and planted the rebel flag upon almost all of its strongholds. After the most brilliant triumphs, and most wonderful victories, during the space of twenty years, the insurgents were put down, by a combination of almost all the great powers of Christendom. Buona-

parte was exiled to Elba, the Emperor Alexander entered Paris, and Louis XVIII was placed upon the throne of his ancestors. It may be well supposed, that the allies would be exasperated by repeated defeats, and the ravaging of their respective countries. It may be well supposed that Louis XVIII would be exasperated by the murder of his relative; and the rebellion against a legitimate line of kings. Nor would it surprise us, to see this ill-feeling specially manifested towards the Army, which had wrought all the mischief. Now what are the facts? The Count D'Artois (afterwards Charles X) entered Paris on the 14th April, 1814, in advance of the new king and as his representative. Marshall Ney, as the representative of the rebel army, met him and thus addressed him "Monseigneur, we have served with zeal a government, which commanded us in the name of France; your Highness and His Majesty will see with what fidelity, we will serve our legitimate King." The Count D'Artois replied "Messieurs, you have illustrated the French arms; you have carried into countries even the most remote, the glory of the French name; the king claims your exploits; what has ennobled France can never be strange to him,"—(Alison.) If the President, or any of his representatives, has extended greater leniency and courtesy than this to Southern rebels, we have not heard of it.

A Provisional Government was formed, and a Constitution was adopted under the auspices of Alexander. A synopsis of this Constitution, we extract from "the narrative of the events, which followed Buonaparte's campaign into

Russia." This book was written by William Dunlap and published in the loyal and beautiful city of Hartford, Conn., in 1814.

"That the ancient nobility resume their titles, *the new preserve theirs hereditarily*, and the *legion of honor* be maintained; that the executive power is in the king; that the king, Senate and Legislative Body make the laws; laws may originate in the Senate or Legislative body, but those relative to taxation must originate in the latter: that the Senate consist of 150 or at most 200, their dignity hereditary, *the present Senators to remain such*, and the remainder of the number to be named by the King; a Senator must be 21 years of age, and all princes of the blood are by right Senators; that the *deputies of the legislative body*, as they were *when last adjourned*, shall continue until replaced by a new election to take place in 1816: they shall assemble by right on the 1st October of each year; the King may convoke extraordinary sessions of the Legislative Body, may adjourn it, may dissolve it, but in the latter case, another must be formed in at least three months: *that no member of the Senate or Legislative Body can be arrested, but by authority from the body, to which he belongs*; the trial of a member of either body belongs to the Senate: that equality of taxation is a right, and *taxes can only be imposed by free consent of the Senate and Legislative Body*; that the mode of recruiting the army shall be fixed by law; that the independence of the judiciary is guaranteed, the institution of juries preserved and the publicity of criminal trials; that *the military in service or on half pay preserve their ranks and emoluments*; that the person of the King is sacred and inviolable; the Ministers responsible for violations of the laws by public acts, which they must sign; that freedom of conscience and worship is guaranteed;

that the liberty of the press is entire, with the exception of legal repression of abuses resulting therefrom: that the public debt is guaranteed, and the sales of national domains irrevocably maintained; that *no Frenchman shall be prosecuted for opinions or votes, which he has given*, and *all are equally admissible to civil and military employments*: that the existing laws remain in force until *legally* repealed; that the present Constitution shall be submitted to the acceptance of the French people. Louis Stanislaus Xavier shall be proclaimed King of the French, as soon as he shall have signed and sworn by an act stating 'I accept the Constitution; I swear to observe it and cause it to be observed.'"

It seems from this, that the rebel soldiers were still retained in service; the rebel officers, who had gained patents of nobility for their services against their lawful sovereign, still retained their rank; they were as little disturbed in the quiet possession of the fortunes they had acquired by plunder, as Gen. Butler and the Bummers of Sherman have been. The French rebels, who had won the distinction of being enrolled in the legion of honor, could still boast of their prowess in the field. The Southern rebels were stripped of all insignia of rank, and the poor soldiers had to cut off the very buttons from their coats, though without a cent of money to buy buttons of a more loyal stamp, from some New England mint.

The rebel officers of the French Government were kept in office.—No new elections were held, in which, only loyal men were allowed to vote. No test oaths were applied. The judges, magistrates, sheriffs, police, postmasters &c., all remained, as they were. No French priest was forbidden to marry, or to exercise his clerical functions, because of want of loyalty. No taxes were imposed with-

out the free consent of the French rebels themselves.

Taxation and representation were indissolubly connected—the fundamental idea of President Johnston's policy. The injured French monarch freely conceded that the right of taxation must rest solely with the representatives of the people, though that people had been disloyal and rebellious. There was to be no proscription for opinion's sake. The assumption was quietly made that those, who had been most loyal to Napoleon, would be most loyal to Louis. No new patents of loyalty were taken out. This, we were told at Greensboro, was the plan of Mr. Lincoln and General Sherman. The troops were disbanded, in the expectation that all the functions of the State governments would be discharged, as hitherto, by the men, whom the respective States most honored, not those they most distrusted.

It will be objected by the Jacobins that the Constitution was too liberal, and that the revolt, which followed in less than a year, was in consequence of the indulgence shown to the rebels. We do not so read history. Alison tells a different story. Before giving his reasons, for a second outbreak of the French people against their lawful King, we would ask the candid reader, if there could be a more perfect refutation, than here given, of the Jacobin assertion that the leniency of the President has no parallel? Nor is there any philosophy in the Jacobin reason, for the second great rebellion. The French people, like the Southern, were sick of the war. They were for peace upon any terms. Their great suffering,—the enormous sacrifice of life, the heavy taxation, the waste and desolate fields—all the horrors of war were laid at the door of their once idolized Emperor. He was repeatedly mobbed on his way

to exile, once narrowly escaping with his life; and after that he made the balance of his journey in disguise. Notwithstanding, all this exasperation against him, and the utter exhaustion of the country, he left Elba on the 27th February following, and the French people rallied around him with enthusiasm. "The Bourbons had learned nothing, and had forgotten nothing." The King violated his oath, directly, and indirectly, and began a series of petty, as well as great, persecution of the men, who wished to be faithful to him. He sought to dishonor the soldiers, lately in rebellion, and make them forget the glorious deeds, they had performed. Some of the little acts of the King were, almost as small and contemptible, as cutting buttons off soldiers' coats.

We give the extract below, and let the reader make his own reflections upon it.

"They abolished the French colors, the object of even superstitious veneration to the whole French soldiers, and substituted in their stead, the flag of the monarchy, with which hardly any of the army had any association, and the glories of which, great as they were, had been entirely thrown into the shade by the transcendent glories of the Empire. They altered the numbers of the regiments, as well infantry as cavalry, destroying thus the glorious recollections of the many fields of fame, in which they had signalled themselves, and reducing regiments which had fought at Rivoli or Austerlitz to a level with the newly raised levy. The tri-colored standard was ordered to be given up; many regiments, in preference burned them in order that they might, at least, preserve their ashes. The eagles were generally secreted by the officers: the men hid their tri-colored cockades in their knapsacks. They altered the whole designations of the superior

officers, resuming those, now wholly forgotten, of the old monarchy.

* * * * *

These things were submitted to

in silence, but they sunk deep into the heart of the army and of the nation." (Alison's History of Europe.)

REVIEW NOTICES.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Reed, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1866.

A copy of the fifth edition of this valuable work has been placed in our hands. We need scarcely say that the typography and general finish of the book are all that the most fastidious reader could wish them to be. The volume is made up of the lectures delivered by Prof. Reed in the University of Pennsylvania; with which he was connected for twenty three years. The ripe scholarship, exquisite taste and discriminating judgment of Henry Reed are too well known to need any commendation from us. We would not presume to say a word in praise of one, whose fame is as great in the old world as in the new, but for our earnest desire to see this book placed in the hands of all young men pursuing a course of liberal studies. They can have no better guide of what to read and how to read.—The author's own style is a model of pure English, and would be of inestimable service to the student in forming his own. The general reader will find no book, which contains more, probably none so much, information upon English Literature, as does this volume of Prof. Reed.

We remember the profound grief felt in all parts of our country, when it was announced in 1854, that Prof. Reed had perished on board of the ill-fated Arctic: in the prime of life and in the full

vigor of his great powers. His harmless life, pure character and gentle nature had won for him friends all over the land. The Southern people will cherish his memory, not only on account of his rare scholarship and lovely qualities, but because he was the grandson of a confidential staff officer of our Virginia Washington, and the brother of the friend and legal adviser of our own Mr. Davis.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. By Rev. Edward Meyerick Gouldburn, D. D., New York, D. Appleton & Company, 1866.

We have given this book, by an eminent English Divine, more than a cursory examination. It is an earnest and eloquent plea for practical piety, among the professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a sincere admirer of the doctrines, forms of worship and mode of government of the Church of England. But apart from this, christians of all denominations may read his book with immense profit. Cold and insensible must be that heart, which does not catch a glow from the ardent zeal of the enthusiastic writer.

POEMS BY JEAN INGELow. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

In these days, when the word originality is almost obliterated from the literary world, it requires genius of no common order to take old materials and so combine and work them over into new forms, as

to produce the impression that they are used for the first time.—Such is the genius, which has made the name of Jean Ingelow a pleasant household word not only in her native Scotland and the rest of Great Britain, but also in the far away homes of our own land.

From the ingle nook of her manse home, she holds communion with half a world, binding with her womanly fingers, strange hearts to her own with the great silver chord of sympathy and love. She is the very priestess of nature, who in return, unfolds to her attendants some of her subtlest secrets. Her keen knowledge of human nature, her deep insight into the motives and springs of action, her genial, hopeful views of life, and her exquisite delineations of natural objects could have been obtained from no other source, and to it we may attribute the delightful freshness of her sparkling verse.

Our small limits do not permit us to even begin to do justice to the lady, or her work, as all who read them will readily perceive. We can merely indicate the entrance to the rich mine, leaving others to explore its golden depths and extract its diamonds at their leisure.

When all Jean Ingelow's poems are so good, it is difficult to make a particular selection, but we think that "The High Tide" is, in its weird horror, its graphic description, and its dreamy tenderness of sentiment, the most striking of all her works.

Next comes her "Songs of Seven," which might hang as a companion picture to the immortal "Seven Ages." Then the "Letter L," "The Star's Monument," "The Dead Tear" and a score of others rise up to our memory, each pleading its claims to special praise and admiration.

We may not linger, however among them, but can only express our thanks to their fair authoress

for the refined gratification, she has afforded us, summoning up all the varied excellence of her poetry, when we say that it is as pure and clear as the brooks she describes and as sweet as the violets that bloom on their banks.

POEMS OF FRANK MYRTLE.—J. B. McFerrin, Nashville Tennessee, 1858.

This is a neat and well-printed volume of poems by a Texan Author. The versification is smooth and correct.

EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN. By Virginia Penny, Boston, Walker, Wise & Company, 1863.

This is a beautifully printed volume of 424 pages. It is dedicated to "the meritorious and deserving women of the Country." We had supposed that the first adjective implied, of necessity, the second. This is not a time for idleness in either sex. There is a vast amount of useful information in this valuable book, which is now peculiarly opportune.

"The Home Monthly" is a new Magazine started at Nashville, Tenn. It contains 48 pages of reading matter. Price \$3 a year, invariably in advance. We give the new comer a cordial welcome, and wish it a prosperous and above all, an useful career. There is a healthy moral tone about the Monthly, which commends it to our mind. We trust that the South will have a pure literature, if she can have nothing else. We have been specially pleased with the opening article of the September number, and the poem by Fanny Fielding "Can't get anything to do." If all the young idlers about our towns could read this poem, we think that they would turn over lounging and loafing to the negroes. Just now it is a difficult problem, whether their example is worse upon the negro or that of the negro worse upon them.

We have received three copies of the "Missionary Link," a Monthly published in New York and Brooklyn by "The Women's Union Missionary Society," and also the "Third Report of the Philadelphia Branch of the Society."

We frankly confess that we wish that the missionary efforts of the ladies were confined to the nursery. If they had performed their duty faithfully in the proper department of female enterprise, we would never have heard the word "bummer," and never have seen lonely and blackened chimney stacks in Georgia, and South Carolina and North Carolina, marking the spots, where once there had been happy homes.

The narrative of "A Campaign from Santa Fe to the Mississippi" has been kindly sent us by our friend F. O. Seth, Esq., of Shreveport, La. This unpretending pamphlet is by Theo. Noel of the 4th Texas Cavalry. We are glad to see such efforts as Mr. Noel has made. The history of the war can only be correctly written by letting each brigade, and if possible, each regiment, tell its own tale of heroism, endurance and suffering. We earnestly hope that many others will imitate the worthy example set them by Mr. Noel. His narrative is full of interest to us, as it relates to operations in a distant field and one but little known east of the Mississippi.

The letter of Hon Francis W. Pickens to a gentleman in New-Orleans has been placed on our table. This able, thoughtful and suggestive letter has been printed in a pamphlet of 20 pages. The mind of Gov. Pickens is always active, and its conceptions are bold and independent. We regard him as a very safe guide, when he treats of the culture of

cotton and the effects of emancipation. But we must leave him when he turns to theology and attempts to teach from the Bible that there have been two distinct creations of man, and that the negro was created first. He gives as a reason for this belief, that the creation of man is mentioned in the 26th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, and that this subject is treated of again in the 7th verse of the 2d chapter. He thinks that the second reference is to a distinct creation. A very slight inspection of the writings of Moses would have shown the Governor that this kind of repetition is very common with the Hebrew leader. Thus the creation of the heavens and the earth are again referred to in the 4th verse of the 2d chapter. Does the Governor believe that we have two heavens and two earths? The Mohammedans believe that there are seven heavens. Christian astronomy tells of but one earth. According to the 1st chapter of Genesis, the vegetable kingdom was created on the third day. In the 9th verse of the 2d chapter, this creation is spoken of as though for the first time. Are there two vegetable kingdoms?

But the Governor's theory is inadmissible on other grounds. He thinks that there were but two distinct races. The negro was created first, (Sambo has the precedence these days!) and was made to be an eater of herbs. The second creation was of the white man (thrown into the back ground) who was to be a tiller of the soil. Does the Indian belong to the first creation? To which creation does the Esquimaux belong, who is neither an eater of herbs nor a tiller of the soil, but a feeder upon fish and blubber? Which of the two creations perished in the flood? Noah could not have belonged to both. If the flood had taken place in 1865, we might have supposed that the tillers of the soil had disappeared. Certainly, they are very

scarce just now in the South.—What becometh of the declaration of Paul “he hath made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth?” The nicest microscopic observations have confirmed the truth of this assertion and proved the white

man and negro to have identically the same blood.

We believe that abolitionism is infidelity in its most atrocious form, but we do not believe in hunting up strange texts of Scripture, with which to combat its wickedness.

EDITORIAL.

The report of the battle of Chickamauga in this number was not published by the Confederate Government, though called for by the Confederate Congress. This must be our apology for its appearance in this Magazine.

The absorbing topic of interest with us all in Dixie is still the proceedings of the two Conventions, which met in Philadelphia in August and September. The first was composed of the purest, best and most intelligent citizens of the United States. The second was made up of their opposites in every respect. The Jacobin Trinity was in the latter, Fred Douglas, the negro; Butler, the thief; and Brownlow, the blasphemer. Appropriately, Barnum was there to show up the unclean beasts. Appropriately too, Burnside was there with his soul attuned to Jacobin harmony, by the numerous pianos *captured* at Newbern N. C. Still more appropriately, the Southern members, *so called* were all born in the North, or were all, originally, the fiercest of secessionists and Yankee haters. Proselytes are always zealous, renegades are always truculent. We are not therefore surprised at the bloody speeches of men, who stood far off in the days, when blood was being shed. Brownlow wants three armies to march through the South; the first with the sword; the second with the torch; the third with the survey-

or's chain to lay out land for loyal men. General Sherman had more economical views than Brownlow. He made one army carry both fire and sword. If Brownlow had surveyed off for him the ground, which he occupied when Longstreet approached Knoxville, it would not make a *broad* field, but a very *long* one. The surveyor's chain would have to be stretched by the straightest line, as the crow flies, from Knoxville to Nashville. The reverend blasphemer fled by the shortest route.

The representatives of the army in the Jacobin Convention were Burnside and Butler. The former was never under musketry fire, probably never under artillery fire. The latter was always beyond the range of the most powerful guns of his own troops. A correspondent of a Northern paper, writing from Bermuda Hundreds, May, 1864, said that Butler, while making a reconnoissance, had been fired upon by a rebel picket and that he fled fast enough to make his coat stick out behind so that a game of cards could be played upon it. Now we happen to know, *certainly*, that no picket was at the point, where Benjamin took his fright. It may be, however, that his horse had stepped upon a dry stick, which popping made a noise like what he supposed a rifle might make—not having any personal knowledge of the latter sound.

The contest is now one between union and disunion, humanity and cruelty, decency and rowdyism, intelligence and ignorance, christianity and infidelity. The first Convention contend for whatever is pure and good; the second, for whatever is vile and unholy.

A corporal's guard of our lowest Southern population may sympathize with the latter, but we trust it is only a corporal's guard. We may not all relish all things done by the first Convention, but we can all bid God-speed to the good work against the powers of darkness. The speech of Gen. Dix is a model of good taste, good feeling and pure English. There were some little clap-trap scenes, which had better not been acted. The Massachusetts and S. C. farce ought to have been played upon a less solemn occasion. We are not now able to lay our hand upon any copy of the old English plays; and if our quotations be incorrect of the scene between the Brigand and the Widow Carrie, we hope to be set right.

Brigand. "I sent my bummers down to kill your husband, to cast your houses and barns, your man servants and maid servants, your oxen and your asses into the fires of fanaticism, in order that your dross being purified, the pure ore might shine more *conspicuously*." Carrie (weeping and embracing him) "I know you did it all for my own good." Brigand (tenderly) "sweet penitent!"

But we confess we look for more good from the "Soldier's Convention." The men, who have had mutual hate knocked out and mutual respect knocked in by hard blows, are the men after all, to cement the Union, if that delicate operation can ever be done. We hope that we will be pardoned for a personal incident, in this connection. We had two particular friends in the old U. S. army; the

one born north of the Susquehanna, the other South of it. Both adhered to the U. S. Government. The Northern man took the field and fought us obstinately; the Southern kept out of harm's way, but secured a good paying position, as a teacher. After the war, we wrote to the latter a brief business letter, which he refused to answer. The former, learning that we had fallen into the hands of the "Blessed Burean" and other benevolent institutions, sent us a kind invitation to bring the wife and little rebs to spend the summer months with him. It is easy in this case to answer the question "which now of these two, thinkest thou, is neighbor unto him, which fell among *thieves*?"

It seems to be a source of regret and almost of distrust with some of the Southern people, that the President, in his efforts to rescue us from the clutches of the Jacobins, has the co-operation of those, who originally stirred up all the mischief. We, however, feel differently, and can best illustrate our feeling by having recourse again to an anecdote of Judge Butler, of S. C. When the Judge was a Magistrate, some Irish laborers brought to him a comrade charged with some offence, and urged his commitment to jail.—The poor fellow plead that he was a stranger in a strange land, without home and friends, and at length bursting into tears begged that he might be "let off this one time." His accusers were so melted by his tears and pitiful prayers that they said "what are you after blubbering for Pat? sure if his bloody honor will dare to send you to jail, we'll *rescue* you." We imagine that Patrick would not have objected to the rescue, even though made by his original enemies. We likewise will not be choise as to the means of our deliverance.

The good people of Bonham, Texas, ask us to say that they want a gentleman and two lady assistants, of Southern birth and education, to take charge of a Female School of eighty pupils.—The climate and society are represented to be all that could be desired.

We have also been requested to notice the Prospectus of the "Spottsylvania Memorial Association of Va." The object of the Association is "to identify and remove the remains of the Confederate dead, buried in this County and the adjacent counties, to a Cemetery, the site of which has been selected." * * *

Any one by the payment of \$1. per annum can become a member of the association. Mrs. Dr. A. J. Boulware, of Spottsylvania C. H., is President of the Association. As every State in the South has some of her dead heroes buried in these counties, all must feel an interest in the noble object of this most christian enterprise.

Oscar Hinrichs, Esq., 172 William Street, New York, formerly a member of General Jackson's staff, is making a series of battle maps and is desirous to get sketches and information illustrating them from the participants in the bloody scenes of the war. He is specially desirous to get sketches, reports and facts from N. C. officers and men. He says truly, in a private letter, that N. C. did not get her due meed of praise for the gallantry of her sons; and it is for the survivors now to do justice to their own deeds and to those of their fallen comrades.

The Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery could only be passed *constitutionally*, when the Southern States were in the Union. We were then in the Union for the few weeks, during which this was being done. For this

brief privilege, we lost 4,000,000 of slaves valued at \$1,200,000,000 dollars in property. An Irishman had slept but two hours in a hotel, when he was aroused to take the night coach. "What is my bill?" asked Pat. "A dollar for supper and fifty cents for bed," replied the land lord. "Do you charge fifty cents for two hours' slape?" "Yes." "Thank your honor kindly for waking me so soon, if I had slept all night, it would have taken every cent of me money." We too have reason to be thankful for being awakened out of our brief dream of being in the Union. A few more weeks of such costly sleep, would have stripped us entirely of houses and lands.

When the Jacobins say and do hard and bitter things, their charge of want of loyalty in the South because our people grumble back a little seems to us as unreasonable as the complaint of the little boy, "Mamma make Bob have heself, he make months at me, every time I hit him with my stick!"

It is a curious illustration of the want of appreciation, by the South, of mechanical skill and inventive genius, that Wm. H. Wash, the inventor of the best percussion-cap machine in the country, probably, the most ingenious man in the U. S., is without employment, save as a mill-wright. In England honors would have been heaped upon him. At the North, wealth would have flowed upon him. But he is as poor and as neglected as was John Gill, of Newbern, N. C., the inventor of Colt's revolver.—Dr. Read, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the inventor of the Parrott gun, the best ordnance used in the war has fired a little better. But he had to carry his invention to Cold Spring, N. Y., and received but a pittance of the immense profits resulting from it.



